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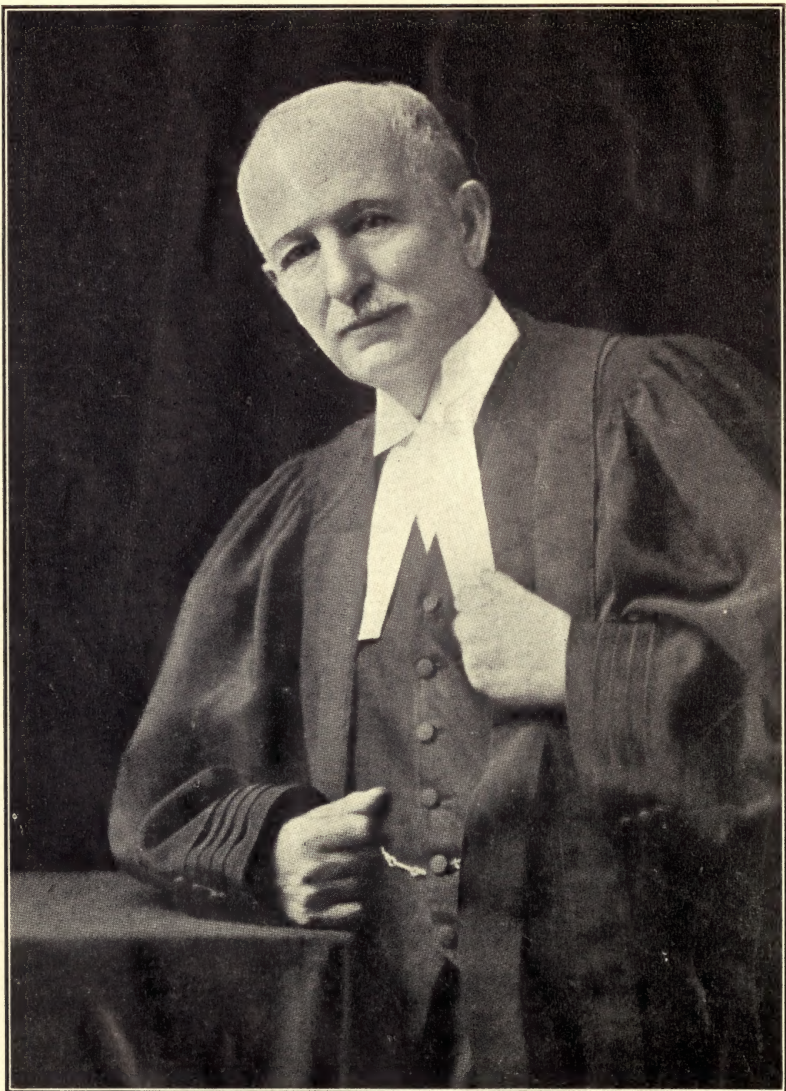
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ADDITIONAL HYMNS

WITH TUNES

FOR USE WITH ANY OTHER CHURCH HYMNAL.



Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

LONDON : NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

—
1903.

45205917✓

PREFACE.

As its name implies, this book is designed for use with, and *not in place of*, other Church Hymnals. Hence those hymns which are found in all such books, and without which no Church Hymnal would be complete, are not included.

For a similar reason, the hymns are here numbered from 801, so that the numbers may not interfere with the use of any other hymn book, no other Church hymn book having as many as even seven hundred hymns.

Each hymn in this book has its own distinctive tune, while the metrical index will indicate other tunes which could be used to any hymn, where it is thought inadvisable to have the assigned tune.

The hymn book most generally used in the Church, both at home and abroad, is *Hymns Ancient & Modern*, and no hymn or tune in this work is found in that compilation, so that with the two books no duplication occurs.

The lack of certain well-known hymns in that book and the need of extra hymns for certain occasions are often felt. This is clear from the fact that many supplemental appendixes and leaflets are now used with it, particularly books for mission services, children's use, and other special occasions.

It may be said by many that we already have too many hymns, and that a large number are most unsuitable. There is no subject upon which persons differ more thoroughly than the suitability of different hymns. No two people will ever agree as to all the hymns in any collection. The only way of dealing satisfactorily with this problem seems to be to give a comprehensive compilation, together with guidance as to the character of each hymn. Hence, in the index of first lines a letter has been prefixed to each hymn giving an indication as to its characteristic—whether a hymn of direct praise, a prayer, or sentimental, historical, etc., etc. Those who object to hymns of any particular class can, therefore, easily avoid their use.

Guided by these two principles, hymns have here been included for the following reasons:—

1. Hymns which, being in constant request, are inserted, not necessarily because of their merit, but rather because they have been found to be of real use in many cases.

2. Since the formation of other hymn books, much greater prominence has been given to music in connection with Choral Celebrations, and with this has grown a want of more hymns, especially short ones of one or two verses for different parts of the service.

3. So also has there grown a demand for further hymns on Almsgiving, for Processionals of a greater length than usual, for Harvest, Flower and Mission Services, besides other special occasions.

4. Finally, it is felt by very many to be a mistake to accustom children to the use of a Children's hymn book which will be discarded when they have grown older. Far better is it to accustom them at once, when young, to love the hymn book which they will use in after life. For this purpose a few more children's hymns than are supplied in other books seem to be wanted.

The very best thanks of the Editor are given to all those who by their kind co-operation and willingness to allow hymns and tunes to be included, have made this collection possible. Such kindness is indicated by an asterisk in the alphabetical lists.

Every endeavour has been made to trace the owner of each hymn and tune; if, therefore, there be any copyright infringed, the Editor trusts that he may be pardoned: the fullest acknowledgment will be made in future editions.

It is hoped that this book may be for the glory of God and the edification of Christ's Church.

C. W. A. B.

The Editor desires to acknowledge his obligations and tenders his hearty thanks for their kindness to Messrs. Skeffington and Son for Hymn No. 938, by the Rev. S. Baring Gould; Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., Ltd., for No. 904, by H. Bonar; The Warden and Council of Keble College for No. 874, by the late Dr. Bright; the Rev. H. A. Mills for No. 832, by E. Caswall; Miss A. M. Holmes for Nos. 919 and 924, by M. A. Cusack (Mary Frances Clare); Mrs. C. P. Clarke for Nos. 842, 845, 849, 854, and 916, by the late Rev. S. Childs Clarke; Mrs. Dix for Nos. 917 and 926, by W. Chatterton Dix; Messrs. Houlston and Sons for No. 859, from "Psalms of Life," by Miss Sarah Doudney; the Rev. F. G. Ellerton for No. 855, by

Canon Ellerton; Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons for No. 862, by Mrs. Findlater, and No. 876, by Miss J. Borthwick; Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co., Ltd., for Nos. 877, 887, and 942, by F. R. Havergal; Miss Hernaman for No. 918, by C. F. Hernaman; Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode for No. 946, and the Rev. H. Walsham How for Nos. 811, 813, 814, 815, 852, 871, 878, 879, 881, 905, 906, and 923, by the late Bishop W. Walsham How; Messrs. Methuen and Co. and Mr. Rudyard Kipling for No. 947; the Rev. J. E. Vaux for No. 840, by R. F. Littledale; Mrs. Monsell for Nos. 844 and 941, by J. S. B. Monsell; Mrs. Moultrie for No. 910, by Gerard Moultrie; Mrs. Parsons for No. 889, by Dean Plumptre; Messrs. G. Bell & Sons for No. 808, by Adelaide A. Procter; Mrs. Small for No. 936, by the Rev. E. G. Small; Mr. Eugene Stock for No. 903, by Sarah Geraldine Stock; Mrs. Boyd for Nos. 827 and 951, by the late Rev. S. J. Stone; Miss Saint for No. 929, by Charlotte Streatfield; the Misses Thring for No. 801, by E. Thring; the Rev. L. R. Tuttiett for No. 880, by L. Tuttiett; and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Mr. J. R. Sterndale Bennett for No. 869, by Catherine Winkworth.

For the use of tunes: to the Rev. H. E. T. Cruso for "Forward" (834), by Dean Alford; the Rev. L. J. T. Darwall for "St. Hubert" (876), by Leicester Darwall; the Very Rev. H. H. Dickinson for "Childhood" (924), by C. J. Dickinson; Mrs. Sidebotham for "Morning Light" (803), by E. T.; the London Sunday School Choir for "Henman" (837, pt. 3), by W. Henman; Messrs. Weekes and Co. for "Epiphany" (818), by E. J. Hopkins; the Rev. R. R. Chope for "Queen's Gate" (910), by G. B. Lissant; Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd., for "The Many Mansions" (929), by E. G. Monk; and Messrs. Metzler and Co., Ltd., for "Holy Offerings" (844), by R. Redhead.

For much kind and valued help in the compilation of this book, the Editor desires to thank very cordially the following:—F. L. Bedwell, Esq., M.A.; Misses A. C. and Winifred Brooke; William Creser, Esq., Mus. Doc.; the Rev. H. N. Grimley; William Mackenzie, Esq.; E. W. Naylor, Esq., M.A., Mus. Doc.; the Rev. R. F. Smith; the Rev. W. Wade; and the Rev. W. G. Whinfield, Mus. Bac.

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GENERAL INDEX.

† Denotes that a Hymn or Tune was specially written for this book, or is now published for the first time.

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The following capital letters are used to give a rough idea of the characteristic of each hymn. Of course, many hymns might be classed under two or three different headings. The classification here given is designed to be very slight, while space is given to allow of persons making their own classification.

A=Aspiration.

E=Exhortation.

I=Intercession.

N=Narrative or Instruction.

P=Praise.

S=Supplication.

T=Thanksgiving.

| First words of Hymn. | No. | Characteristic. | Author of Hymn. | Tune. | Composer of Tune. |
|-------------------------------------|------|-----------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| According to Thy | 825 | E | J. Montgomery | S. John's Westminster | J. Turle. |
| All blessing, honour | 882 | P | S. Childs Clarke | Stantes ante thronum | J. Stainer. |
| All for Jesus | 872 | P | W. J. S. Simpson | All for Jesus | J. Stainer. |
| †All praise to Thee | 866 | P | A. A. Toms .. | Emmeth | H. Smart. |
| †Almighty God, Whose | 867 | P | A. A. Toms .. | Martham | J. H. Maunder. |
| †Amid the ceaseless strife | 353 | N | S. Childs Clarke | Deum videbunt | J. Stainer. |
| †Amidst the thick darkness | 884 | I | J. C. R. .. | †Edgbaston | S. Royle Shore. |
| Ashamed of Thee? | 879 | S | W. Walsham How | Litlington Tower | J. Barnby. |
| Before the Throne | 919 | N | M. F. Clare .. | Guardian Angel | Traditional. |
| Be present at | 973 | S | J. Cennick .. | Rochester | Day's Psalter. |
| †Bless, Lord, these gifts | 973 | S | W. Wade .. | Rochester | Day's Psalter. |
| Bowed low in supplication | 852 | I | W. Walsham How | Imploro Te | J. Barnby. |
| Bread of the world | 836 | I | Reginald Heber .. | †Eucharist | J. E. West. |
| Brighter joys | 844. | Pt. 4. | J. S. B. Monsell | 1. Holy Offerings | R. Redhead. |
| Brightest and best | 818 | | Reginald Heber .. | 2. Holy Offerings | J. Stainer. |
| By cool Siloam's | 912 | S | Reginald Heber .. | Epiphany | E. J. Hopkins. |
| | | | | Holy Trinity | J. Barnby. |
| Daily, daily | 943 | P | S. Baring-Gould | †Wanborough | G. C. Martin. |
| Dayspring of eternal | 801 | S | Tr. E. Thring .. | The long hours | A. Sullivan. |
| England by thine | 951 | E | S. J. Stone .. | †St. Alban | J. F. Bridge. |
| Ere we leave | 839 | T | T. I. Ball .. | Dulce | J. Barnby. |
| Eternal! assembled | 843 | T | G. S. Hodges .. | St. Leonard | J. B. Dykes. |
| Faith of our fathers | 890 | E | F. W. Faber .. | †Holy Faith | G. C. Martin. |
| †Far off in fair Jerusalem | 920 | P | W. Wade .. | †Mariamne | J. Pointer. |
| Father, lead me day by day | 927 | S | J. P. Hopps .. | Supplication | J. B. Calkin. |
| †Father of Lights! | 868 | P | W. Wade .. | †Father of Lights | C. W. A. Brooke. |
| Father, see Thy children | 834 | I | W. B. Trevelyan | Forward | H. Alford. |
| Fierce was the wild billow | 883 | S | J. M. Neale .. | †Peace | John E. West. |
| Flowers from His own | 913 | T | W. St. Hill-Bourne | †Excelsior | J. H. Maunder. |
| For the beauty of the earth | 907 | P | F. S. Pierpoint .. | Gratias agimus | J. Stainer. |
| Forward, said the prophet | 938 | A | S. Baring-Gould | Forward, said the prophet | H. Fleetwood Sheppard. |
| Glory and praise to Thee | 820 | P | Tr. E. Caswall .. | Basle | Genevan Psalter. |
| God be with you | 902 | S | J. E. Rankin .. | †Dominus vobiscum | C. H. Lloyd. |
| God bless our native land | 945 | I | Anon. .. | †Fatherland | J. H. Maunder. |
| God of our fathers | 947 | S | Rudyard Kipling | †The Recessional | E. W. Naylor. |
| God save our gracious King | 944 | I | Anon. .. | National Anthem | Har. Vincent Novello. |
| God the all-terrible | 855 | S | (H. F. Chorley and J. Ellerton .. | 1. Ultor omnipotens | A. Sullivan. |
| †God the Father (Litany) | 960 | I | W. Wade .. | 2. Sabaoth | J. Stainer. |
| God the Lord a King remaineth | 861 | P | G. Thring .. | Cloisters | J. Barnby. |
| Gracious Lord of all | 916 | P | S. Childs Clarke | Kensington New Vienne | J. Tilleard. |
| | | | | | G. J. Elvey. |

| First words of Hymn. | No. | Charac- teristic. | Author of Hymn. | Tune. | Composer of Tune. |
|--------------------------------------|-------|----------------------|-------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| Hail! Festal Day (Easter) .. | 954 | P | Tr. T. A. Lacey | Salve Festa Dies .. | J. Baden Powell. |
| Hail! Festal Day (Ascension) .. | 955 | P | Tr. T. A. Lacey | Salve Festa Dies .. | J. Baden Powell. |
| Hail! Festal Day (Whitsuntide) .. | 956 | P | Tr. T. A. Lacey | Salve Festa Dies .. | J. Baden Powell. |
| Hail! Festal Day (Corpus Christi) .. | 957 | P | Tr. G. Moultrie | †Salve Festa Dies .. | J. Baden Powell. |
| Hail! Festal Day (Dedication) .. | 958 | P | Tr. G. Moultrie | Salve Festa Dies .. | J. Baden Powell. |
| †Hail! Festal Day (Holy Name) .. | 959 | P | Tr. W. Wade | †Salve Festa Dies .. | E. W. Naylor |
| Hail the sign | 901 | N | S. Baring-Gould | Hail the sign .. | G. A. Sarvent. |
| He is gone | 823 | N | A. P. Stanley .. | 1. St. Patrick .. | A. Sullivan. |
| Hear Thy children | 810 | S | F. Stanfield .. | 2. St. Hilary .. | J. Goss. |
| Heavenly Father, God alone .. | 910 | S | Gerard Moultrie | St. Palladius .. | R. R. Chope. |
| Here we stand | 847 | E | A. V. Magee .. | Queen's Gate .. | G. B. Lissant. |
| Hide me under | 971 | S | Ps. xvii. 8 | †Wychbold .. | W. G. Winfield. |
| Holiest! breathe an evening | 809 | S | J. Edmeston .. | †Hide me .. | John E. West. |
| Holy Ghost! come down .. | 925 | I | F. W. Faber .. | Angel-guards .. | J. Stainer. |
| Holy name of Jesus | 874 | P | W. Bright .. | †Lashbrook .. | H. L. Brooke. |
| Holy Offerings | 844 | T | J. S. B. Monsell | Dayspring .. | J. B. Calkin. |
| Homage of each humble heart .. | Pt. 1 | P | J. S. B. Monsell | 1. Holy Offerings .. | R. Redhead. |
| Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna .. | 918 | P | C. F. Hernaman | 2. Holy Offerings .. | J. Stainer. |
| I have a friend | 936 | E | J. G. Small .. | 1. Holy Offerings .. | R. Redhead. |
| I need Thee, precious Jesu .. | 933 | S | F. Whitfield .. | 2. Holy Offerings .. | J. Stainer. |
| I think when I read | 922 | N | Jemima Luke .. | Hosanna | Italian Air. |
| I was made a Christian .. | 888 | E | J. S. Jones .. | I have a friend .. | H. Elliot Button. |
| I worship Thee | 840 | P | R. F. Littledale | Burngreave .. | W. Staniforth. |
| †In friendship's tender bonds .. | 850 | S | W. Wade .. | Salamis .. | T. Adams. |
| In God the Father I believe .. | 963 | N | H. L. & A. Jenner | †Christian .. | J. Barnby. |
| In his own raiment | 961 | N | E. Monro .. | Nazareth .. | S. Reay. |
| In humble adoration | 845 | P | S. Childs Clarke | Friendship .. | F. O. Carr. |
| †In this hour of rejoicing .. | 853 | T | W. Wade .. | Story of the Cross .. | J. Stainer. |
| In our work | 926 | S | W. Chatterton Dix | Lux Mundi .. | A. Sullivan. |
| In the hour of trial | 875 | S | J. Montgomery .. | Victory | J. Barnby. |
| In the Paradise of Jesus .. | 929 | A | C. Streatfield .. | Evening Prayer .. | J. Stainer. |
| In the silent midnight .. | 931 | N | A. C. Benson .. | 1. St. Mary Magdalene | J. B. Dykes. |
| It came upon | 817 | N | E. H. Sears .. | 2. Falaise .. | E. G. Croager. |
| It is a thing most wonderful .. | 923 | N | W. Walsham How | The many Mansions .. | E. G. Monk. |
| Jesu, Master, Whom I serve .. | 877 | S | F. R. Havergal .. | Midnight | A. M. Goodhart. |
| Jesu, Master, Whose I am .. | 877 | S | F. R. Havergal .. | Noel | Traditional Air. |
| Jesu, still lead on | 876 | S | Tr. C. Borthwick | Quadragesima .. | J. B. Dykes. |
| Jesu, Thou hast willed .. | 949 | P | H. Jenner .. | Jesu, Master, Whom I serve .. | J. B. Dykes. |
| Jesus bids us shine | 930 | E | E. Miller .. | †Thine alone | E. W. Naylor. |
| Jesus is our Shepherd .. | 921 | E | H. Stowell .. | 1. Arnstadt .. | A. Drese. |
| Jesus! name of wondrous .. | 871 | P | W. Walsham How | 2. St. Hubert .. | Leicester Darwall |
| Jesus, the Crucified | 819 | E | W. J. S. Simpson | Smart | H. Smart. |
| Jesus was once | 924 | N | M. F. Clare .. | †Light | T. Adams. |
| Jesus, we Thy promise .. | 969 | S | C. Wesley .. | Kirkbraddan .. | E. C. Walker. |
| Lead me, Lord | 967 | S | Ps. v. 8 | Springfield .. | J. Clippingdale. |
| Let all our brethren | 911 | T | A. C. Ainger .. | Etiam pro nobis .. | J. Stainer. |
| †Lighten our darkness .. | 806 | S | A. A. Toms .. | Childhood .. | C. J. Dickinson. |
| Lilies, roses, daisies .. | 915 | E | Caroline Griffith | †Eleanor | C. A. Engelhardt |
| Lo! the voice of Jesus .. | 873 | E | A. E. Evans .. | From 'Praise the Lord' | S. S. Wesley. |
| †Lord, dost Thou look .. | 846 | I | A. C. Benson .. | Temple | J. Barnby. |
| Lord Jesu, we adore Thee .. | 833 | P | Anon. | Ombersley .. | W. H. Gladstone. |
| Lord Jesu, when we stand .. | 878 | S | W. Walsham How | Ecce Signum .. | J. B. Dykes. |
| Lord, keep us safe | 970 | S | Anon. | †Vox Jesu .. | E. W. Naylor. |
| †Lord, knowing Thy love .. | 830 | S | W. Wade .. | Unitas | John E. West. |
| | | | | St. Chrysostom .. | J. Barnby. |
| | | | | †In conspectu .. | W. Creser. |
| | | | | 1. Vespers | i. From .. |
| | | | | 2. In Memoriam .. | Beethoven. |
| | | | | | ii. A. Sullivan. |
| | | | | | J. Barnby. |

A=Aspiration.

E=Exhortation.

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| First words of Hymn. | No. | Characteristic. | Author of Hymn. | Tune. | Composer of Tune. |
|-----------------------------------|-------|-----------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Lord most holy | 854 | I | S. Childs Clarke | Gounod | C. Gounod. |
| Lord of all creation | 842 | T | S. Childs Clarke | Rex Gentium | F. H. Cowen. |
| Lord of might | 948 | S | M. B. Whiting .. | Bolwell | A. Sullivan. |
| Lord of power | 849 | S | S. Childs Clarke | Gratias | John E. West. |
| Lord of the worlds above | 864 | P | I. Watts | St. Godric | J. B. Dykes. |
| Lord, teach us how to pray | 965 | N | H. L. & A. Jenner | †St. Winifred | C. W. A. Brooke. |
| Lord, Thy people guide | 881 | I | W. Walsham How | Rejoice | Myles B. Foster. |
| Lord, Thy ransomed Church | 903 | P | S. G. Stock | Rustington | C. H. H. Parry. |
| †Lord, we ask not | 891 | S | W. Wade | †Perseverance | John E. West. |
| †Loving Father, throned | 892 | S | I. Leefe | †Court Lodge | R. F. Smith. |
| March, march onward | 889 | E | E. H. Plumptre | March onward | J. Stainer. |
| †O Father, ere the night | 804 | S | I. Leefe | †Laus Deo | E. W. Naylor. |
| O Father, see Thy children | 831 | S | Anon. | Remembrance | S. S. Wesley. |
| O God of mercy | 826 | S | J. Keble | Refreshment | G. M. Garrett. |
| O God our Father | 851 | I | W. Cunliffe | (1. St. Charles | G. C. Martin. |
| †O Great Redeemer | 856 | I | A. A. Toms | (2. St. Agnes | J. Langran. |
| O Jesu, Lord, remember | 832 | S | O Great Redeemer | W. Creser. | |
| O Jesu, Thou art present | 835 | P | E. Caswall | Crathie | J. F. Bridge. |
| O Lord our God | 862 | P | I. Leefe | St. Benet | H. J. Gauntlett. |
| O Love that will not | 908 | N | Tr. E. Findlater | Sleepers, wake | Phil. Nicolai. |
| †O Thou who with | 968 | S | Chapel Royal | Chapel Royal | A. Sullivan. |
| O Word of God Incarnate | 906 | P | W. Wade | †L'Autel | F. W. Morley. |
| O would my God | 869 | P | W. Walsham How | Blairgowrie | J. B. Dykes. |
| Oh King of kings | 946 | T | Tr. C. Winkworth | Praise | German Chorale. |
| Oh the joy, the joy of | 909 | T | W. Walsham How | Bishopgarth | A. Sullivan. |
| On our way rejoicing | 941 | P | A. P. Mitchell .. | Sursum voces | H. Elliot Button. |
| Once more an end | 914 | T | J. S. B. Monsell | Esther | A. H. Brewer. |
| Our Saviour Christ | 906 | N | S. Childs Clarke | Cottenham | C. Gounod. |
| Our Saviour's death | 837 | S | H. L. & A. Jenner | †Sawbridgeworth | A. H. Brown. |
| | Pt. 2 | | Anon. | Wetherden | T. R. Matthews. |
| Promises in sorrow made | 844 | S | J. S. B. Monsell | (1. Holy Offerings | R. Redhead. |
| | Pt. 2 | | | (2. Holy Offerings | J. Stainer. |
| Remember me | 827 | E | S. J. Stone | Gadsden | F. B. Townend. |
| Revive Thy work | 935 | I | (F. Crosby and A. Midlane) | Fareham | J. Goss. |
| Saviour, abide with us | 805 | S | J. M. Neale | Emmaus | R. R. Chope. |
| See Father, Thy beloved Son | 837 | S | W. H. H. Jervois | Henman | W. Henman. |
| | Pt. 3 | | | | |
| See the Church | 937 | P | B. Hardwick | †1. St. Mary | C. J. May. |
| †Servant of God | 893 | E | W. Wade | (2. Earl's Court | J. M. Jones. |
| Silently, softly | 972 | S | Anon. | †Somerton | H. M. Higgs. |
| Sinful thoughts | 844 | S | J. S. B. Monsell | Silentia | Anon. |
| | Pt. 3 | | | (1. Holy Offerings | R. Redhead. |
| Sleep on, beloved | 860 | I | S. Doudney | (2. Holy Offerings | J. Stainer. |
| Sleep thy last sleep | 859 | I | E. A. Dayman | Vale, vale | J. Stainer. |
| Spirit of God | 885 | S | C. F. Alexander .. | Requiem | J. Barnby. |
| Summer suns | 813 | S | W. Walsham How | St. Machutus | R. B. Wall. |
| Sweet it is to know | 932 | S | Anon. | Ruth | S. Smith. |
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| | | | | (2. Ruthford | C. Urhan. |

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E = Exhortation.

I = Intercession.

N = Narrative or Instruction.

P = Praise.

S = Supplication.

T = Thanksgiving.

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| " | .. 95 .. | 7 .. | 898 | " | .. 6 .. | 54 .. | 836 | " | .. 5 .. | 12 .. | 835 |
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| " | ..118 .. | 28 .. | 869 | " | .. 12 .. | 32 .. | 878 | " | .. 6 .. | 2 .. | 940 |
| " | ..119 .. | 151 .. | 880 | " | .. 14 .. | 2 .. | 929 | " | .. 19 .. | 16 .. | 862 |
| " | ..121 .. | 7 .. | 926 | " | .. 15 .. | 13 .. | 936 | " | .. 21 .. | 4 .. | 917 |
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- Ainger, Rev. Canon A.
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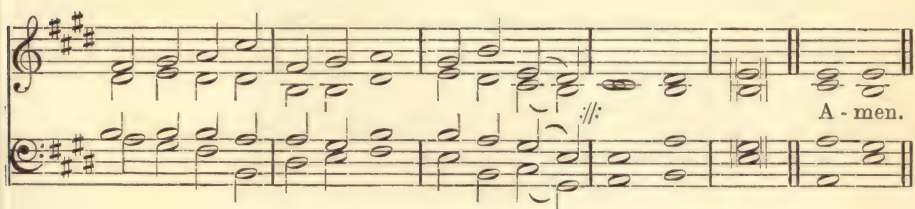
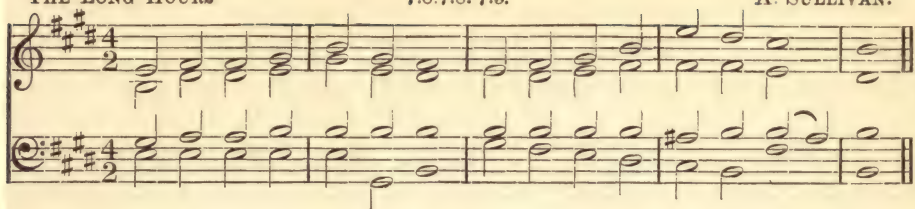
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ADDITIONAL HYMNS
WITH TUNES.

THE LONG HOURS

7.8.7.8.7.3.

A. SULLIVAN.



"The dayspring from on high."—St. Luke i. 78.

1.

DAY-SPRING of eternal Day,
 Light from depths of light unending,
 Flash on us this dawn Thy ray,
 Bright gleams on our faces sending;
 Chase, O chase thro' Thy great might,
 All our night.

2.

Let Thy kindly morning dew,
 On our weary hearts down-falling,
 Life's dry, withered sod renew,
 Pure, sweet trust and health recalling;
 Quicken us with hidden lore,
 Evermore.

3.

Grant Thy love with cleansing fire
 Burn out all our cold works' deadness,
 Kindle soul and heart's desire
 In th' uprisen morning redness;
 That we, ere we set in night,
 Stand upright.

4.

Sun of blessing, lift Thy face,
 Light us in Thy glorious keeping,
 Guide us into that sweet place,
 Through this vale of tears and weeping,
 Where the bliss, that thrills on high,
 Ne'er shall die. Amen.

Tr. E. THRING.

BRIGHTON.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



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"I am the bright and morning star."—Rev. xxii. 16.

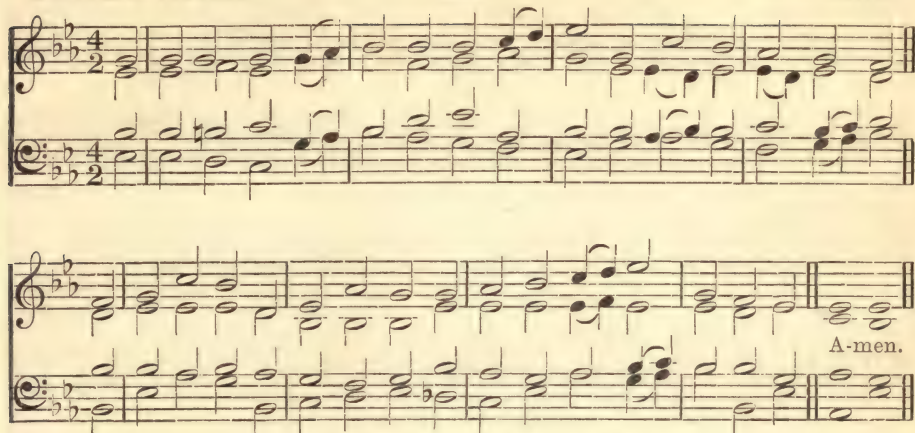
- 1 THE clouds of night have rolled away,
Now glorious shines the new-born day,
And we Thy children, drawing nigh,
Would praise Thy name, O God most high.
- 2 O Father, grant our hearts may be
All pure and clean in praising Thee,
No unrepented sin defile,
No thought untrue, no word of guile.
- 3 O Jesu, Morning Star most bright,
Pour on our souls Thy cleansing light,
That we with Thy true light may shine,
And follow Thee, our Star divine.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, our hearts renew,
Pour on our souls Thy heavenly dew,
That we each hour and every day
May walk in Thine appointed way.
- 5 Thus in the morning hour we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise
With saints and with the Angel host
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

ISABELLA LEEFE.

NOCTURNÆ TENEBRÆ.

L.M.

R. F. SMITH.

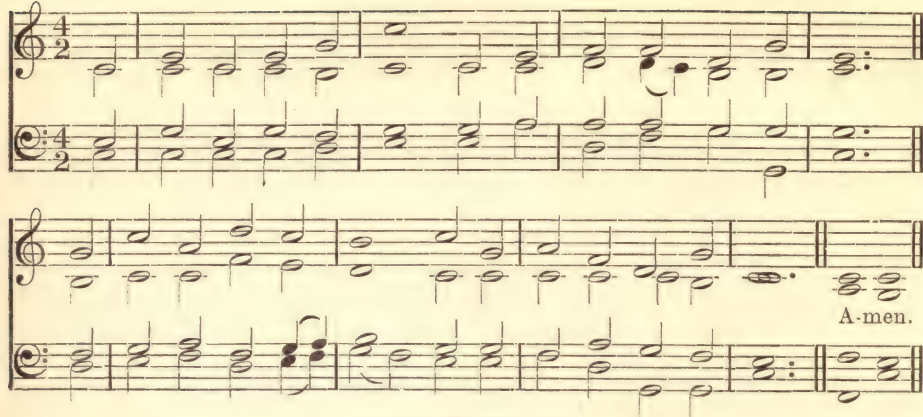


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"I am the bright and morning star."—Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 THE clouds of night have rolled away,
Now glorious shines the new-born day,
And we Thy children, drawing nigh,
Would praise Thy name, O God most high.
- 2 O Father, grant our hearts may be
All pure and clean in praising Thee,
No unrepented sin defile,
No thought untrue, no word of guile.
- 3 O Jesu, Morning Star most bright,
Pour on our souls Thy cleansing light,
That we with Thy true light may shine,
And follow Thee, our Star divine.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, our hearts renew,
Pour on our souls Thy heavenly dew,
That we each hour and every day
May walk in Thine appointed way.
- 5 Thus in the morning hour we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise
With saints and with the Angel host
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

ISABELLA LEEFE.



FOR THE YOUNG.

"He setteth an end to darkness."—Job xxviii. 3.

- 1 THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright ;
Praise be to Christ, Who keepeth
His people safe at night !
- 2 We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way.
- 3 But this we know most surely,
That through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.
- 4 Then, Jesu, let the Angels,
Who watched us through the night,
Be all day long beside us,
To guide our steps aright ;
- 5 And help us to remember,
In thought, and deed, and word,
That we are heirs of heaven,
And children of the Lord.
- 6 Then, when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day. Amen.

LAUS DEO.

L.M.

E. W. NAYLOR.



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"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

- 1 O FATHER, ere the night draw near
To us who call, incline Thine ear;
Grant sorrow true for every sin,
That we Thy pardoning grace may win.
- 2 O Jesu, Lamb of God, draw nigh,
Give ear unto our evening cry,
That we in peace may take our rest,
Safe sheltered by Thy Angels blest.
- 3 And Thou, O Holy Ghost, be near,
Pour on our hearts Thy holy fear,
That if we rise from sleep again,
Our souls may pure from guilt remain.
- 4 O praise the Father, praise the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise we with saints and Angel-host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

ISABELLA LEEFE.

EMMAUS.

S.M.

R. R. CHOPE.



"Thy sun shall no more go down."—Isa. lx. 20.

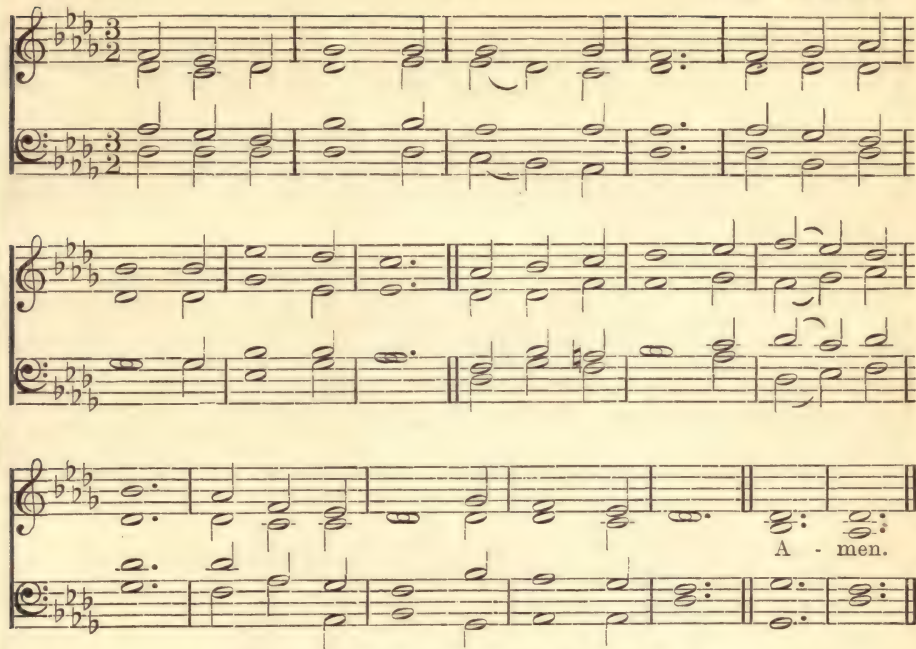
- 1 SAVIOUR, abide with us ;
The day is now far gone :
We would obtain a blessing thus,
By coming to Thy throne.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy Angels round Thee stand,
Where suns can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.
- 4 Praise Christ, the Only Son !
Praise to the Father give !
Praise to the Spirit ! One alone
In Whom alone we live. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

OMBERSLEY.

L.M.

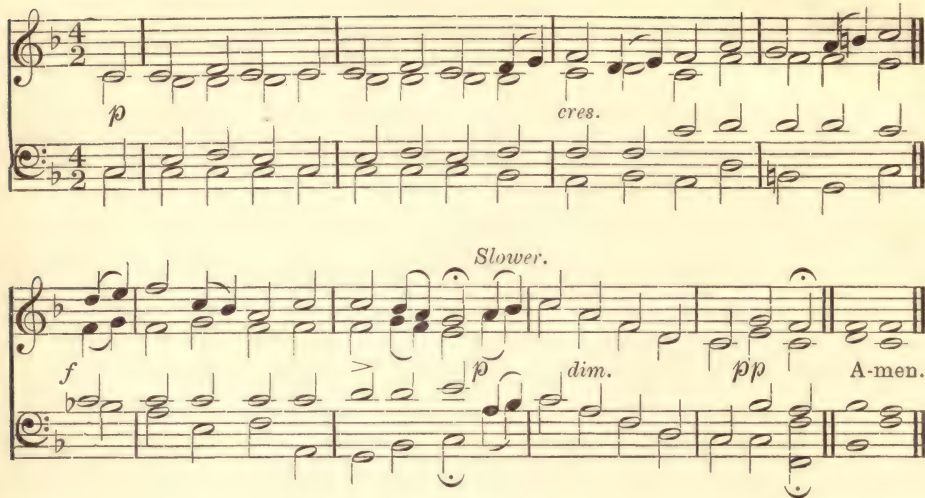
W. H. GLADSTONE.



"The Lord will lighten my darkness."—2 Sam. xxii. 29.

- 1 **LIGHTEN** our darkness, gracious Lord;
When fades the light of eventide,
Beneath Thy mercy's watch and ward,
Through hours of rest, may we abide.
- 2 Lighten our darkness, gracious Lord;
When doubt and fear the day obscure,
The light of faith to us afford,
From sins of darkness keep us pure.
- 3 Lighten our darkness, gracious Lord;
When falls the gloom of sorrow's night,
Then, Lord, our wills with Thine accord,
Our trust and confidence keep bright.
- 4 Lighten our darkness, gracious Lord;
'Mid death's deep darkness be our stay;
Sleeping in Thee, our strength restored,
May we awake to light of day. Amen.

A. A. TOMS.



"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—Ps. iv. 8.

- 1 WHEN o'er the fields the twilight falls,
And evening shadows round me creep,
I will not fear the coming night,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.
- 2 When life's fair scene is all o'ercast,
When round my path lie shadows deep,
Tho' all unknown my future lot,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.
- 3 When Satan seeks my soul to harm,
Do Thou my ways in safety keep,
Secure beneath Thy sheltering care,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.
- 4 When life's long day is well nigh o'er,
And friends and kinsfolk round me weep,
My soul to Thee I will resign,
And lay me down in peace, and sleep. Amen.

W. WADE.

ST. LEONARDS.

D.C.M.

H. HILES.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The third system includes a decrescendo (*dim.*) and a rill. marking, and concludes with the text "A-men."

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. xvii. 8.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THE shadows of the evening hours Fall from the darkening sky ; Upon the fragrance of the flowers The dews of evening lie : Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven, We kneel at close of day ; Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.</p> | <p>3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ; So fade within our heart The hopes in earthly love and joy, That one by one depart : Slowly the bright stars one by one, Within the heavens shine ; Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven And trust in things divine.</p> |
| <p>2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou despise, But let the incense of our prayers Before Thy mercy rise : The brightness of the coming night Upon the darkness rolls ; With hopes of future glory chase The shadows on our souls.</p> | <p>4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Upon our souls descend : From midnight fears and perils, Thou Our trembling hearts defend : Give us a respite from our toil, Calm and subdue our woes ; Through the long day we labour, Lord, O give us now repose. Amen.</p> |

A. A. PROCTER.

808 (SECOND TUNE.)

Evening.

THE ROSEATE HUES.

D.C.M.

A. SULLIVAN.

First system of musical notation for "The Roseate Hues". It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/2 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "♩ = 76.". The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note F#4, and continues with a series of chords and single notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for "The Roseate Hues". It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Third system of musical notation for "The Roseate Hues". It begins with the tempo marking "Faster." and changes the time signature to 3/2. The melody and accompaniment continue in this new tempo and time signature.

Fourth system of musical notation for "The Roseate Hues". It continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The text "A - men." is written below the bass staff.

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Evening.

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. xvii. 8.

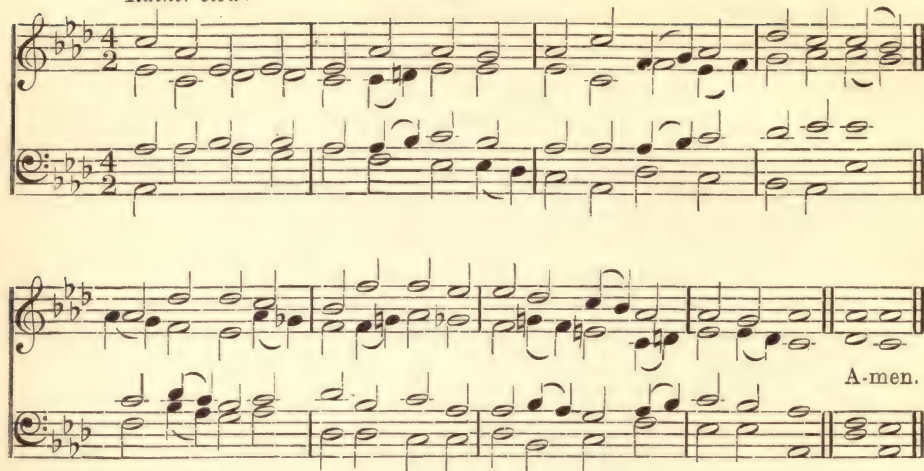
- 1 THE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky ;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie :
 Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
 We kneel at close of day ;
 Look on Thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.
- 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
 O do not Thou despise,
 But let the incense of our prayers
 Before Thy mercy rise :
 The brightness of the coming night
 Upon the darkness rolls :
 With hopes of future glory chase
 The shadows on our souls.
- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
 So fade within our heart
 The hopes in earthly love and joy,
 That one by one depart :
 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine ;
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven
 And trust in things divine.
- 4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
 Upon our souls descend :
 From midnight fears and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend :
 Give us a respite from our toil,
 Calm and subdue our woes ;
 Through the long day we labour, Lord,
 O give us now repose. Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

ANGEL-GUARDS.

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.

Rather slow.

“The darkness and light to Thee are both alike.”—Ps. cxxxix. 11.

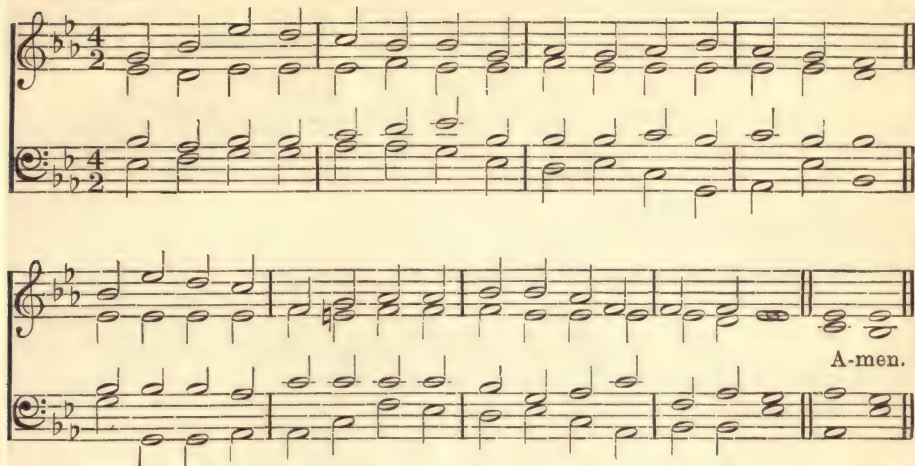
- 1 HOLIEST! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal,
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o’ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in bliss awake us,
Waiting thence our journey Home. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

ST. PALLADIUS.

8.7.8.7.

R. R. CHOPE.



"In Him is no darkness at all."—1 St. John i. 5.

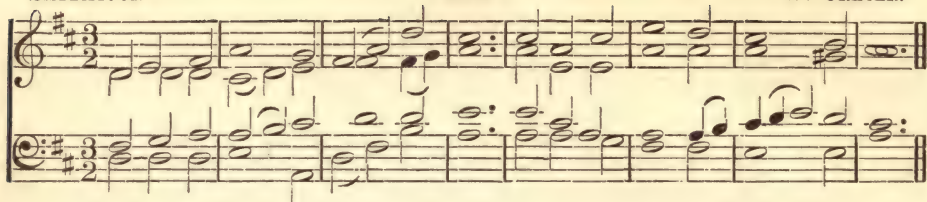
- 1 HEAR Thy children, Gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer,
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.
- 2 Save us from the wiles of Satan,
Through the lone and sleepless night,
Sweetly may bright guardian Angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.
- 3 Gentle Jesus! look in pity
From Thy great white throne above;
All the night Thine heart is wakeful,
Ever Thou Thine own dost love.
- 4 Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom;
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thy ransomed children home:
- 5 Gentle Jesus, hear Thy children
When they sing their hymns to Thee;
Who, with Father and with Spirit,
Art One God eternally. Amen.

F. STANFIELD.

SABBATHJON.

L.M.

W. CRESER.

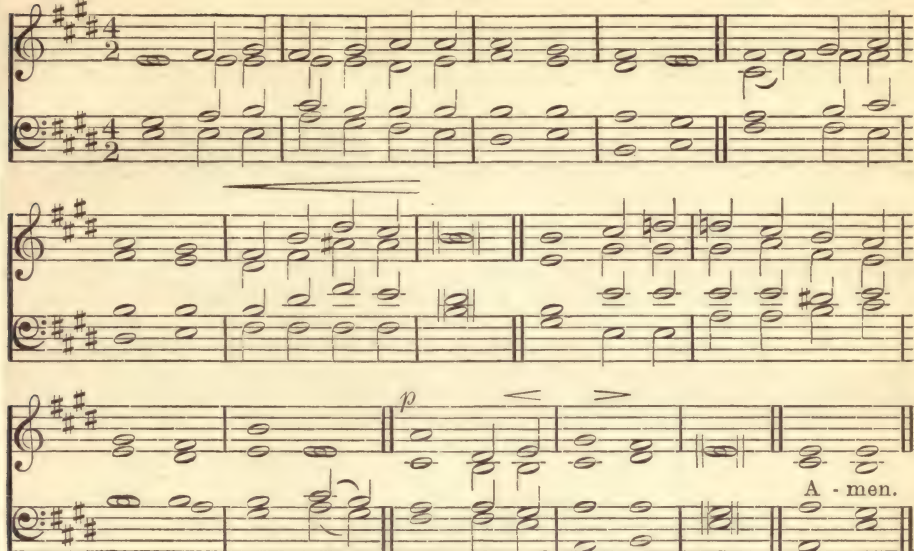


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"The evening and the morning were the first day."—Gen. i. 5.

- 1 This day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured:
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light Divine.
- 2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesu, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.
- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame;
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray!
- 4 O day of light, and life, and grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting place!
Thy hallowed hours, true gift of love,
Give we again to God above.
- 5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.



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SPRING.

"Thou renewest the face of the earth."—Ps. civ. 30.

- 1 WE thank Thee, Lord, that with the winter's ending,
The earth's long sleep is giving place to life,
Upon the bare brown fields anew descending,
For now the Spring has come.
- 2 Fair messenger from Thee, Who still bestoweth
On those whom Thy dear Son from sin hath freed,
Some good and perfect gift,—where'er man goeth
Some time the Spring will come.
- 3 It is an earnest that our darkest sorrow,
Through faith in Thee may changèd be to joy,
That in our hearts, though dreary be the morrow,
Yet the fair Spring will come.
- 4 It is an earnest that the grave's great sadness
Will not for ever hold the blessèd dead,
Throughout death's realm shall sound the trump of gladness,—
E'en there the Spring will come.
- 5 Lead us, O Lord, though dark the way and dreary,
To that fair land whose blossoms never fade,
Where hearts are no more sad, nor feet are weary,—
Where the true Spring hath come. Amen.

RUTH.

6.5.6.5. D.

S. SMITH.

A - men.

SUMMER.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."—Eccles. xi. 7.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SUMMER suns are glowing Over land and sea, Happy light is flowing Bountiful and free. Everything rejoices In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.</p> <p>2 God's free mercy streameth Over all the world, And His banner gleameth Everywhere unfurled. Broad and deep and glorious As the heaven above, Shines in might victorious His eternal Love.</p> | <p>3 Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance pour ; For Thy loving-kindness Make us love Thee more. And when clouds are drifting Dark across our sky, Then, the veil uplifting, Father, be Thou nigh.</p> <p>4 We will never doubt Thee, Though Thou veil Thy light : Life is dark without Thee : Death with Thee is bright. Light of Light ! shine o'er us On our pilgrim way, Go Thou still before us To the endless day. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

W. WALSHAM HOW.

RESIGNATION.

7.6.7.6.6.

C. GOUNOD.

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a piano part on the left and an organ part on the right. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The organ part begins with a *cres.* (crescendo) dynamic. The second system continues the piano and organ parts. The piano part ends with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The organ part ends with a *A-men.* (Amen) marking.

AUTUMN.

"He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons."—Acts xiv. 17.

- 1 The year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding:
The end is nearing fast.*
- 2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.
- 3 Oh! pour Thy grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.
- 4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.
- 5 Oh! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,
- 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

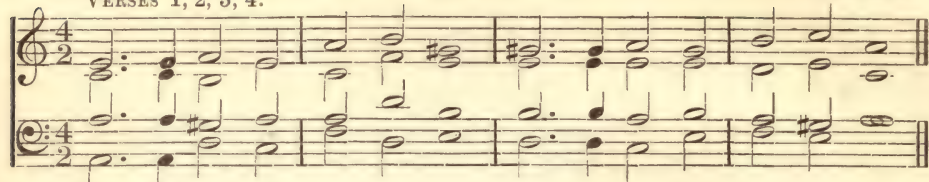
* The words of the last line of each verse should be repeated.

WINTER.

VERSES 1, 2, 3, 4.

7.7.7.7.

J. F. BRIDGE.



VERSES 5, 6.



A-men.

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WINTER.

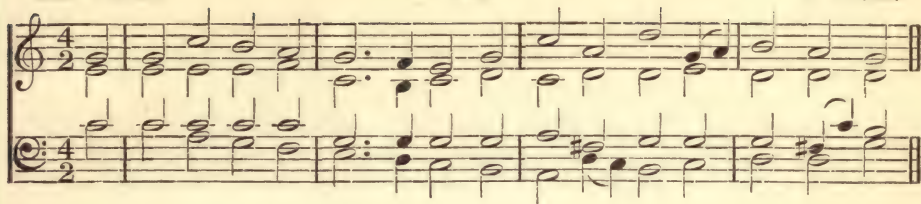
"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii. 21.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WINTER reigneth o'er the land, Freezing with its icy breath; Dead and bare the tall trees stand; All is chill and drear as death.</p> <p>2 Yet it seemeth but a day Since the summer flowers were here, Since they stacked the balmy hay, Since they reaped the golden ear.</p> <p>3 Sunny days are past and gone: So the years go, speeding fast, Onward ever, each new one Swifter speeding than the last.</p> | <p>4 Life is waning; life is brief; Death, like winter, standeth nigh; Each one, like the falling leaf, Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.</p> <p>5 But the sleeping earth shall wake, And the flowers shall burst in bloom, And all nature rising break Glorious from its wintry tomb.</p> <p>6 So, Lord, after slumber blest Comes a bright awakening, And our flesh in hope shall rest Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

REX VENIET.

L.M.

B. TOURS.



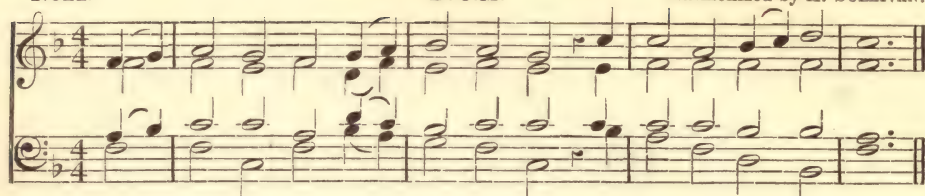
"Who may abide the day of His coming?"—Mal. iii. 2.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their ancient seat forsake ;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars no more shall yield their light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The Bruised, the Suffering, and the Dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a glorious Form,
'Mid cloud and darkness, fire and storm !
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 4 O King of Mercy, grant us power
To stand in that tremendous hour,
Before Thy wrath when sinners flee,
Vouchsafe to gather us to Thee. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

NOEL.

D. C. M.

Traditional Air,
harmonized by A. SULLIVAN.*A little slower.*

A-men.

"I heard the voice of many Angels."—Rev. v. 11.

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear—
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 With news of joy foretold :
 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,"
 From Heaven's all-gracious King !
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the Angels sing.

Christmas.

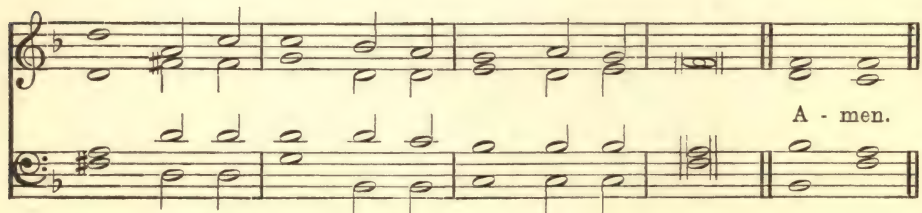
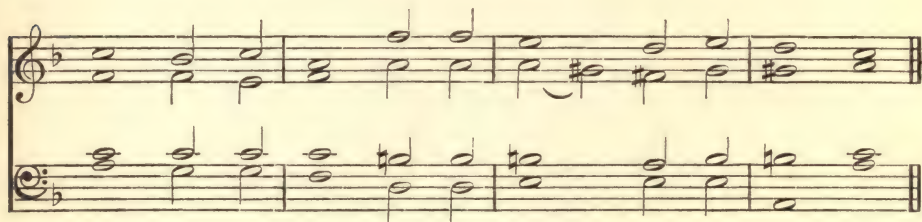
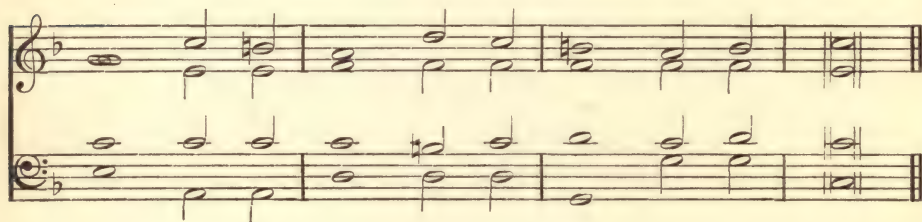
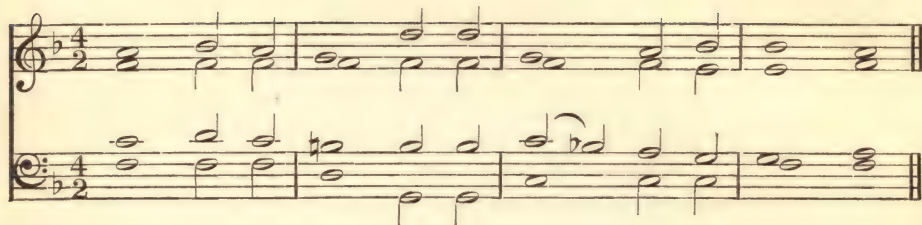
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the busy world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed Angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The words of peace they bring ;—
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing !
- 4 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the arduous way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and joyous hours
God's messengers will bring ;
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.
- 5 For, lo ! the days are hastening on,
By seers foreknown of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their king,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the Angels sing.
- 6 O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
This darkened world below ;
How through the gloom men take their way
With painful steps and slow.
Oh ! still the jarring sounds of earth
That round life's pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
To hear the Angels sing ! Amen.

E. H. SEARS.

EPIPHANY.

11.10.11.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



Passiontide.

“ Father, forgive them : for they know not what they do.”—St. Luke xxiii. 34.

- 1 Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me,
While He is nailed to the shameful tree,
Scorned and forsaken, derided and curst,
See how His enemies do their worst !
Yet, in the midst of the torture and shame,
Jesus, the Crucified, breathes my name !
Wonder of wonders, oh ! how can it be ?
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me !
- 2 Lord, I have left Thee, I have denied,
Followed the world in my selfish pride ;
Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,
Slay Him, away with Him, crucify !
Lord, I have done it, oh ! ask me not how ,
Woven the thorns for Thy tortured Brow ;
Yet in His pity so boundless and free,
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me !
- 3 Though thou hast left Me and wandered away,
Chosen the darkness instead of the day ;
Though thou art covered with many a stain,
Though thou hast wounded Me oft and again ;
Though thou hast followed thy wayward will ;
Yet, in My pity I love thee still.
Wonder of wonders it ever must be !
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me.
- 4 Jesus is dying, in agony sore,
Jesus is suffering more and more,
Jesus is bowed with the weight of His woe,
Jesus is faint with each bitter throe.
Jesus is bearing it all in my stead,
Pity Incarnate for me has bled ;
Wonder of wonders it ever must be !
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me !

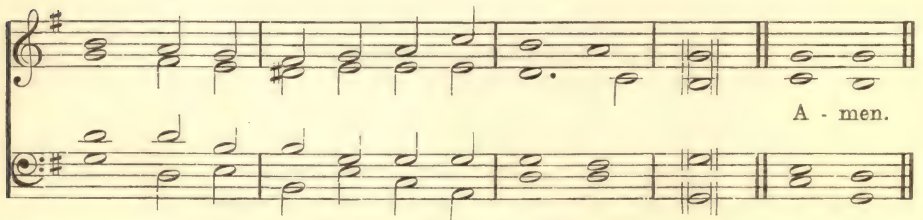


W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

BASLE.

10's, 5 lines.

Genevan Psalter.



Palm Sunday.

"Hosanna : Blessed is the King of Israel."—St. John xii. 13.

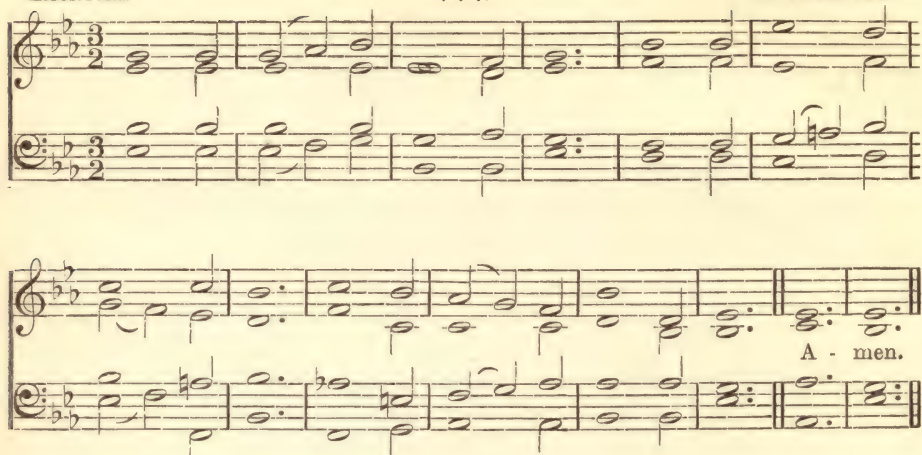
- 1 GLORY and praise to Thee, Redeemer Blest!
By loud Hosannas on Thy road confessed!
Hail ! Israel's King ! hail David's Son adored,
Who comest in the Name of Israel's Lord!
Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer Blest!
- 2 Thee once with palms the Jews went forth to meet,
Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we greet,
Glory and praise to Thee, Incarnate Word,
Who comest in the Name of Israel's Lord!
Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer Blest!
- 3 Thee, on Thy way to die, they crowned with praise !
To Thee, enthroned on High, our song we raise.
Glory and praise to Thee, Incarnate Word,
Who comest in the Name of Israel's Lord!
Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer Blest!
- 4 Thee their frail homage pleased, O gracious King,
Ours too accept, the best that we can bring,
Glory and praise to Thee, Incarnate Word,
Who comest in the Name of Israel's Lord!
Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer Blest!
- 5 Thy praise in Heaven, the Host Angelic sings,
On earth mankind with all created things,
Glory and praise to Thee by all adored,
Who comest in the Name of Israel's Lord!
Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer Blest ! Amen.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

LACRYMÆ.

7.7.7.

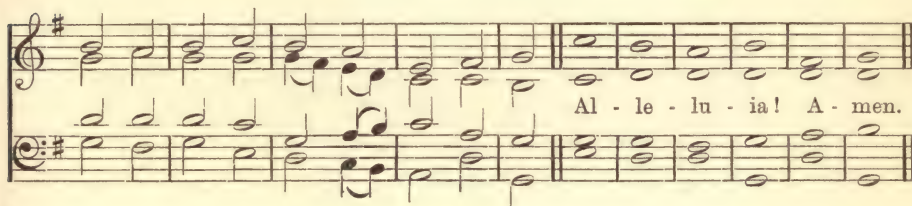
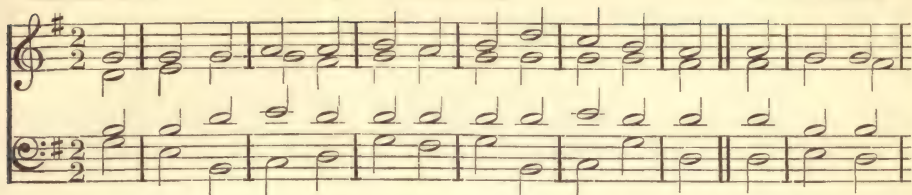
A. SULLIVAN.



"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.

- 1 WEEPING, as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even,—who are they?
- 2 These are they who watched to see
When He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursed Tree.
- 3 All is over,—in the tomb
Sleeps He, as in death's dark womb,
Till the dawn of Easter come.
- 4 All is over,—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.
- 5 Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.
- 6 Glory to the Lord, who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.

W. S. RAYMOND.



"I am He that liveth, and was dead."—Rev. i. 18.

1 THE happy morn is come !
Triumphant o'er the grave
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive lead ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done :
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

4 To God, the risen Son,
Father, and Spirit Blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address,
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

Alleluia ! Amen.

T. HAWEIS.

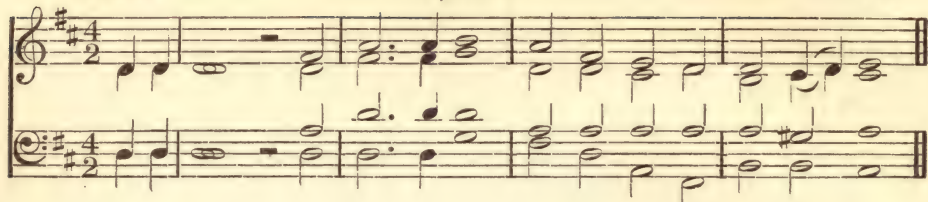
823 (FIRST TUNE.)

Ascension.

ST. PATRICK.

7's, 8 lines.

A. SULLIVAN.



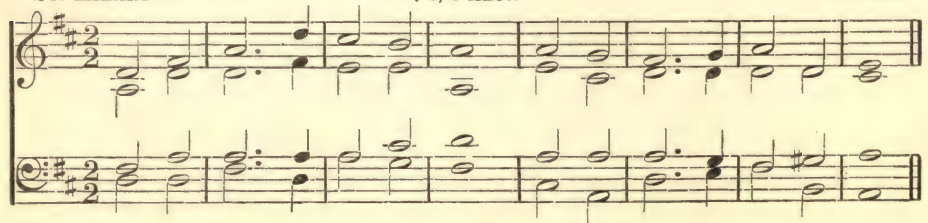
A-men.

823 (SECOND TUNE.)

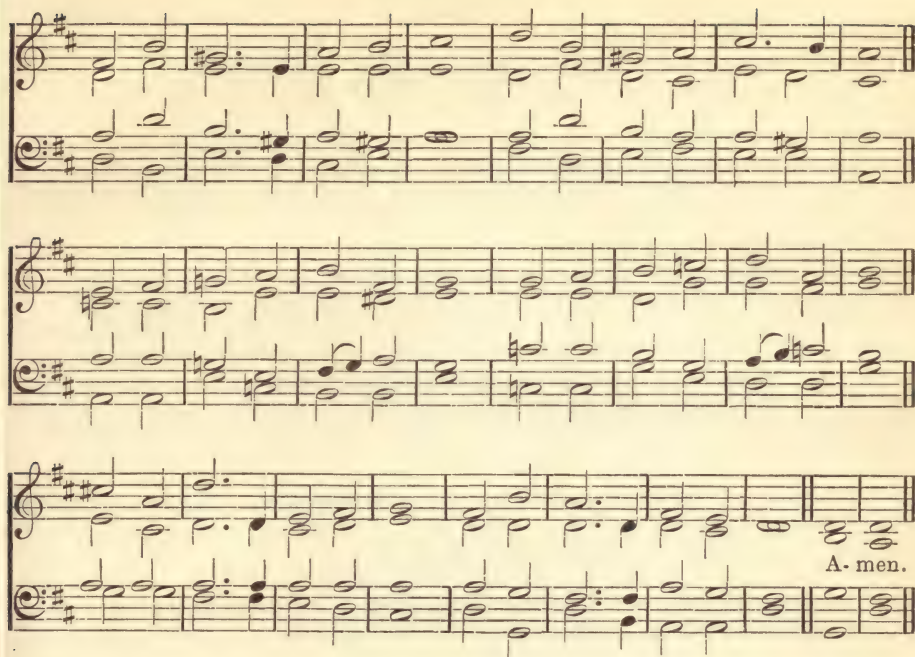
ST. HILARY.

7's, 8 lines.

J. Goss.



Ascension.



"He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight."—Acts i. 9.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 He is gone—a cloud of light Has received Him from our sight; High in heaven, where eye of men Follows not, nor angel's ken; Through the veils of time and space, Passed into the holiest place; All the toil, the sorrow done, All the battle fought and won.</p> | <p>3 He is gone—but we once more Shall behold Him as before; In the heaven of heavens the same, As on earth He went and came. In the many mansions there, Place for us He will prepare: In that world unseen, unknown, He and we may yet be one.</p> |
| <p>2 He is gone—towards their goal World and Church must onward roll: Far behind we leave the past; Forward are our glances cast: Still His words before us range Through the ages, as they change: Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead, He will give whate'er we need.</p> | <p>4 He is gone—but not in vain, Wait until He comes again: He is risen, He is not here, Far above this earthly sphere; Evermore in heart and mind There our peace in Him we find: To our own Eternal Friend, Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.</p> |

GLORIA.

8.7.8.7. 8 8.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

A-men.

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"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—II. Cor. iv. 6.

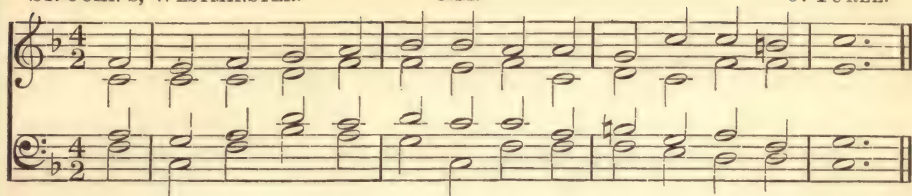
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHEN eve had come, and twilight fell, And day's long toil had ended, A chosen band of faithful souls Fair Hermon's slope ascended, To witness in that unknown place God's glory in their Master's face.</p> <p>2 But not alone, for two are seen Far famed in Israel's story; With Him they speak, Whose face and form Are luminous with glory; Beholding—hope of guilty race!— God's glory in the Saviour's face.</p> | <p>3 Almighty Father, throned for aye, From Heaven's splendour hear us, Grant us by faith in Christ to know Thy presence ever near us; Through all life's discipline to trace Thy glory in the Saviour's face.</p> <p>4 And when the great white throne is set, And heard the dread decision, May we, set free from earthly stain, See with an open vision, Beholding, ransomed by Thy grace, Thy glory in the Saviour's face. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

W. WADE.

ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER.

C.M.

J. TURLE.



"This do in remembrance of Me."—St. Luke xxii. 19.

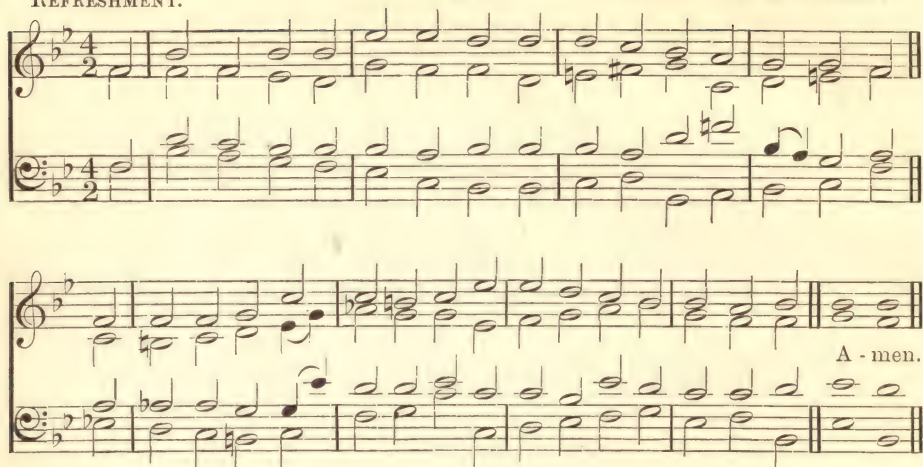
- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious Word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?
- 4 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ?
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

REFRESHMENT.

L. M.

G. M. GARRETT.



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—St. Matt. xi. 28.

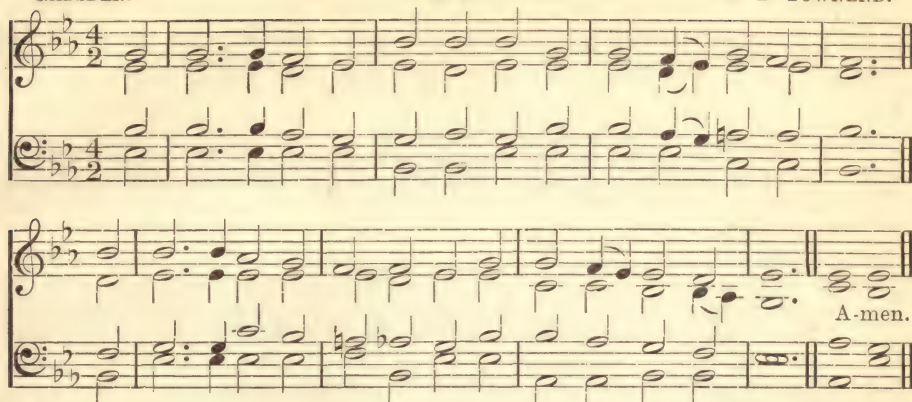
- 1 O God of Mercy, God of Might,
How should frail sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear.
- 2 For now, Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount and pierce the cloud,
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.
- 3 O agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought !
" It is my Maker—dare I stay ?
My Saviour—dare I turn away ? "
- 4 Sweet, awful hour ! the only sound
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Offering by turns, on Jesu's part,
The Cross to every hand and heart.
- 5 Refresh us, Lord, to hold it fast ;
And when the veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

GADSDEN.

C. M.

F. B. TOWNEND.



"The Son of God, . . . gave Himself for me."—Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 "REMEMBER Me : show forth My death
Until Mine Advent be":
Of His great altar feast He saith,
Who gave Himself for me.
- 2 I will not tremble nor delay,
Unworthy though I be :
He will not send my soul away
Who gave Himself for me.
- 3 For there, when sorrows come to prove
Where my true joy should be,
Most sweet the comfort of His love
Who gave Himself for me.
- 4 There, too, in calm of holy rest,
My weary head shall be,
As if it lay upon His breast
Who gave Himself for me.
- 5 There am I ever nearest Home,
Most sure of bliss to be
When in His glory He shall come
Who gave Himself for me.
- 6 O that I ever may abide
Where only life can be,
Still close and closer to His side
Who gave Himself for me. Amen.

S. J. STONE.

BELMONT.

C.M.

S. WEBBE.



"Man doth not live by bread only."—Deut. viii. 3.

- 1 WE offer gifts of bread and wine
To Thee, O God, most high;
Send down on them Thy Holy Ghost,
Descending from the sky.
- 2 With humble mind and contrite heart,
We come before Thy face;
Let all Thy blessèd saints on high
Implore for us Thy grace.
- 3 So shall the Holy Church on earth
With every grace be blest,
And so shall all the faithful dead
Obtain eternal rest.
- 4 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

T. I. BALL.

ST. ETHELBURGA.

S's, 6 lines.

W. S. HOYTE.

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"Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine : and he was the priest of the most high God."—Gen. xiv. 18.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THIS bread and wine, this off'ring pure Deign to receive, O God, we pray ; Upon Thy holy altar throne Thine own appointed gifts we lay, For we confess Thee Lord of all, And thus our bounden duty pay.</p> | <p>2 Send down Thy Spirit, Lord and God, Upon this bread and cup to brood, To make these earthly elements Our sacramental heavenly food, This bread the body of Thy Christ, This mingled cup His precious blood.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3 And then on us Thy Spirit pour
 Before Thine altar bending here,
 That we may this great offering make
 With reverence and godly fear ;
 Awaiting thus the last great day
 When Christ in glory shall appear. Amen.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

11.11.11.11.

J. BARNBY.



"Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord."—St. Matt. xxi. 9.

- 1 LORD, knowing Thy love and Thy parting command,
This do in continual remembrance of Me,
We, leaving the world, and forgetting its cares,
Submit ourselves wholly and only to Thee.

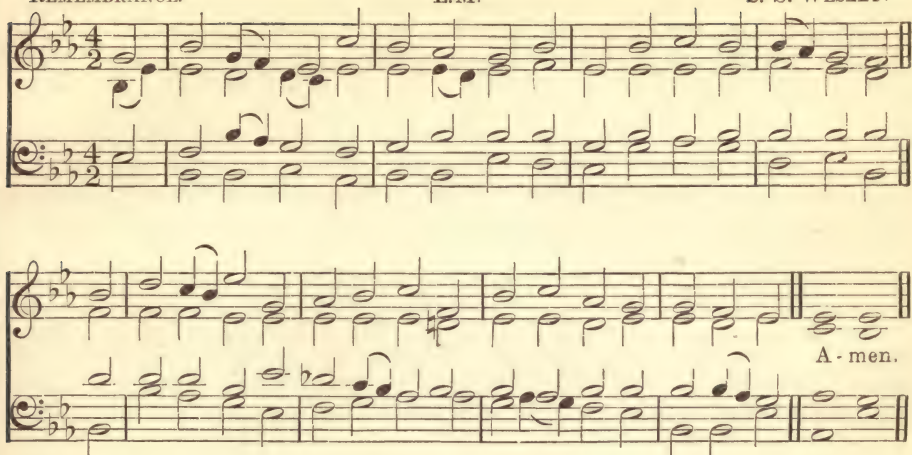
- 2 Lord, pardon our sins and our falls from Thy grace,
Unnumbered offences in thought, word and deed,
Give grace to the weary soul, comfort the sad;
Thou knowest our perils—fulfil all our need. Amen.

W. WADE.

REMEMBRANCE.

L.M.

S. S. WESLEY.



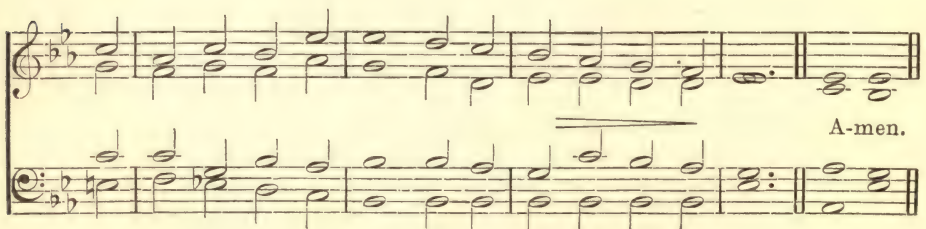
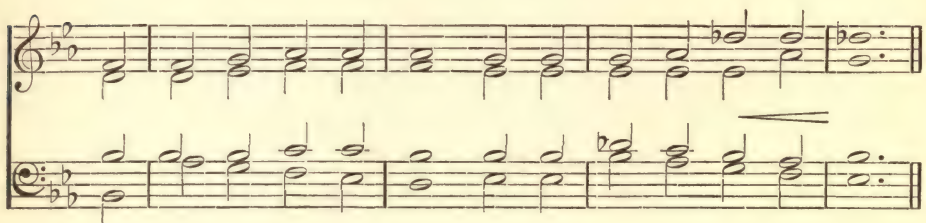
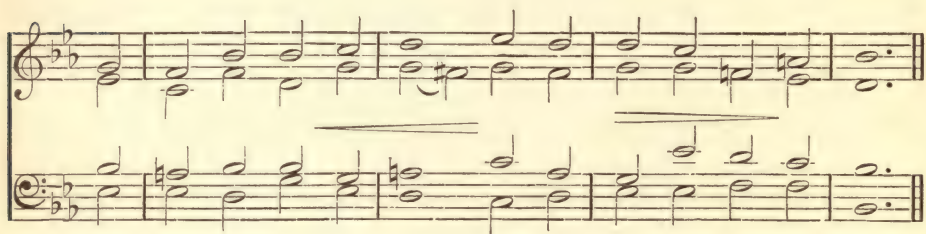
"By Him (Jesus) therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."—Heb. xiii. 15.

- 1 O FATHER, see Thy children come,
Unworthy sinners though we be,
Remembering all Thy tender love,
We come to praise and worship Thee.
- 2 Thou sparedst not Thine only Son
To die upon the cross of pain,
To win the pardon of our sins,
That we eternal life might gain.
- 3 "Do this," He said, before He died
We now obey His word of love,
And plead in these Thy courts below,
As He, our Saviour, pleads above.
- 4 Accept us, Father, for His sake,
And hear us as we pray to Thee,
That in our heavenly home at last
We may Thine unveiled glory see. Amen.

CRATHIE.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. F. BRIDGE.



Holy Communion.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven."—St. Matt. x. 32.

1 O JESU LORD, remember
When Thou shalt come again
Upon the clouds of heaven,
With all Thy shining train :
When every eye shall see Thee
In deity revealed,
Who here upon Thine altar
In silence art concealed.

2 Remember then, O Saviour,
I supplicate of Thee,
That here I bowed before Thee
Upon my bended knee ;
That here I owned Thy presence
And did not Thee deny ;
And glorified Thy greatness,
Though hid from human eye.

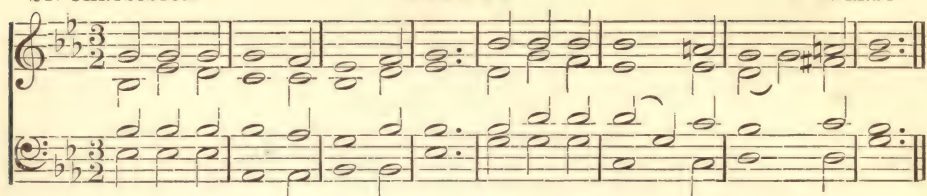
3 Accept, Divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise,
Be Thou the light and honour
And glory of my days.
Be Thou my consolation
When death is drawing nigh ;
Be Thou my only treasure
Through all eternity. Amen.

E. CASWALL.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

J. BARNEY.



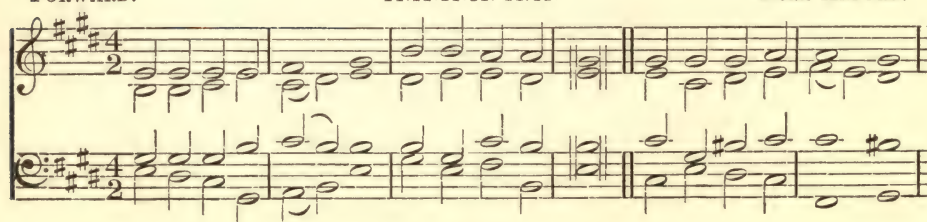
"So will we sing, and praise Thy power."—Ps. xxi. 13.

LORD Jesu, we adore Thee now,
 For Thou art truly present here;
 We bend before Thine altar throne,
 Thy hidden majesty revere;
 Jesu, our Lord, we Thee adore,
 O make us love Thee more and more. Amen.

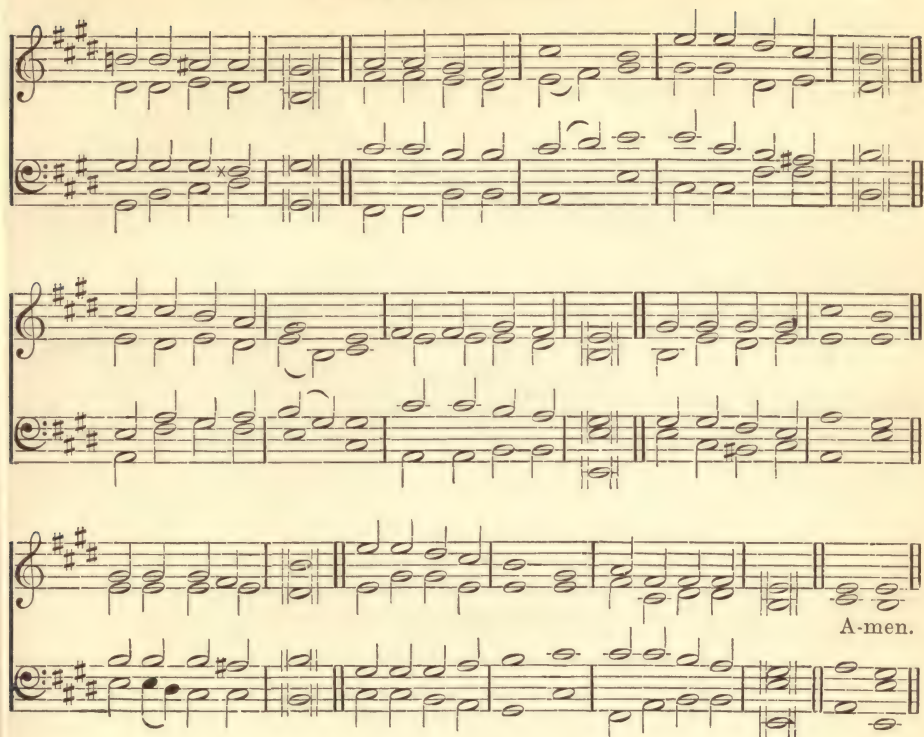
FORWARD.

11.11.11.11. 11.11.

Dean ALFORD.



Holy Communion.



"He died for all."—2 Cor. v. 15.

- 1 FATHER, see Thy children bending at Thy throne,
Pleading here the passion of Thine only Son,
Pleading here before Thee all His dying love,
As He pleads it ever in the courts above.
 Father, see Thy children bending at Thy throne,
 Pleading here the passion of Thine only Son.
- 2 Not for our wants only we this off'ring plead,
But for all Thy children who Thy mercy need,
Bless Thy faithful people, win Thy wand'ring sheep,
Keep the souls departed who in Jesus sleep.
 Father, see Thy children bending at Thy throne,
 Pleading here the passion of Thine only Son. Amen.

W. B. TREVELYAN.

ST. BENET.

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—Rev. v. 12.

- 1 O JESU, Thou art present
Where'er we kneel and pray,
And ever art Thou near us,
To succour night and day.
- 2 How can we hope in heaven
To kneel before the throne,
Or join the joyful worship
Of Thee we love alone.
- 3 If now, before thine altar,
We ne'er have knelt in prayer,
Nor hailed the wondrous presence,
Which Thou vouchsafest there ?
- 4 Above, below, one worship
Unites the Church in one,
The ceaseless adoration
Of God's Incarnate Son.
- 5 'Tis thus, O Lord, before Thee,
Thy sweetest grace we hail,
Thy eucharistic presence,
Though hid beneath the veil. Amen.

ISABELLA LEEFE.

EUCARIST.

9.8.9.8.

JOHN E. WEST.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 4/2 time, key of B-flat major. Tempo marking: $\text{♩} = 80. pp$. Dynamics include pp and p . The music features a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include p . The melody continues with some rests and ties.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include p , $dim.$, $>$, pp , and $A. men.$. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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"Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life."—St. John vi. 54.

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
 By Whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in Whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken;
 Look on the tears by sinners shed;
 And be Thy feast to us the token,
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

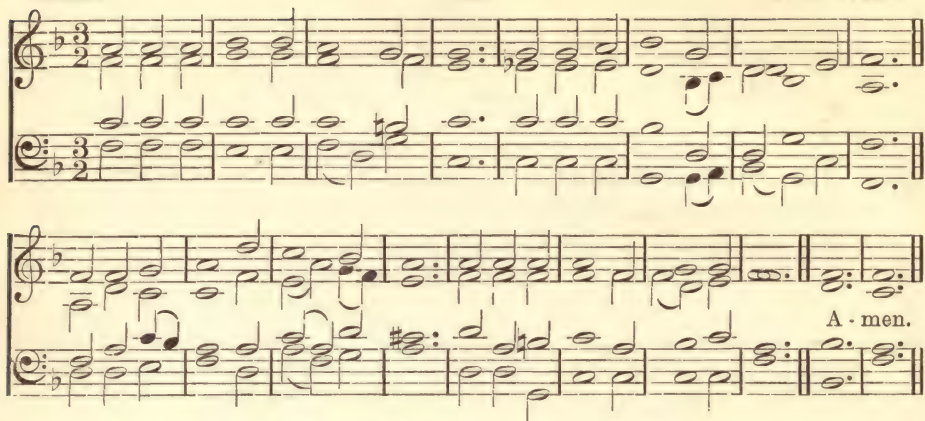
837 (PART I.)

Holy Communion.

ILKLEY.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. iii. 17.

1 We offer, Lord, this Sacrifice,
And Thy great Majesty adore,
We thank Thee for Thy gracious gifts,
And praise Thy name for evermore.

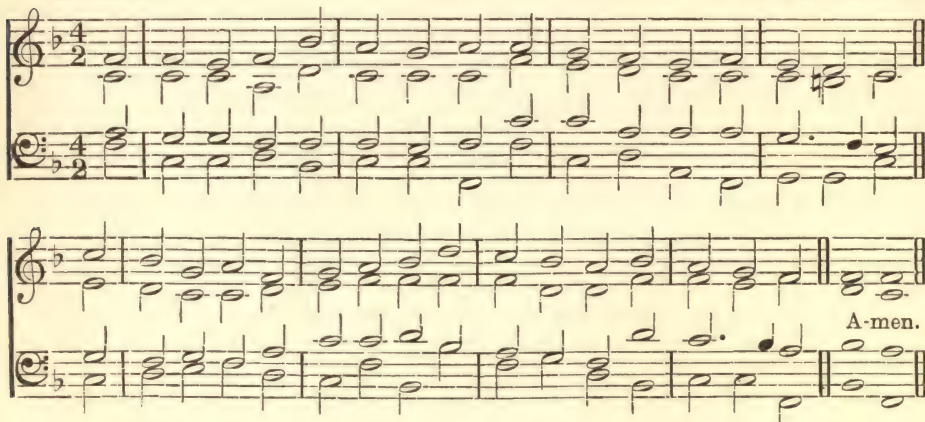
2 We pray for pardon and for grace
To change the lives that we have led,
And beg Thee, for Thy Son's dear sake,
To bless the living and the dead.

837 (PART II.)

WETHERDEN.

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



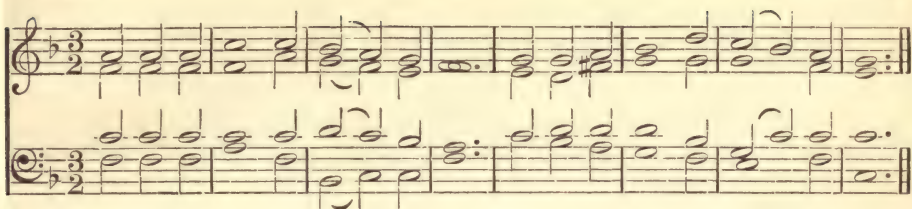
1 Our Saviour's death, O God, we plead
For all the souls He died to save,
And now for our departed ones
The blessings of Thy love we crave.

2 O grant them, Lord, eternal rest,
On them let light perpetual shine,
That in Thy Heavenly Home at last
They may, O Lord, be ever Thine.

HENMAN.

L.M.

W. HENMAN.

*Interlude.*

- 1 SEE, Father, Thy belovèd Son,
Whom here we now present to Thee,
The all-sufficient sacrifice,
The sinner's one and only plea.

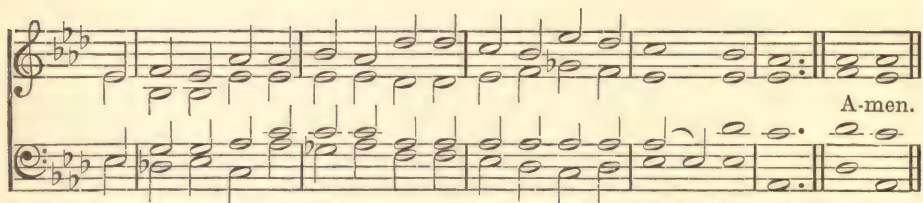
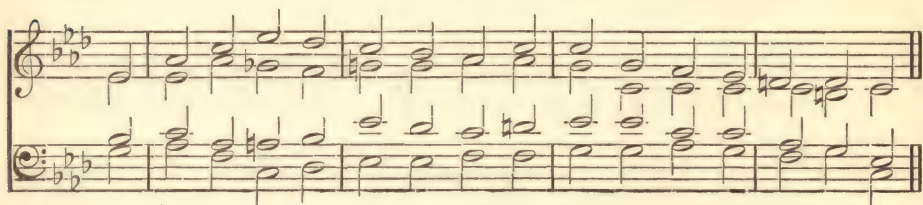
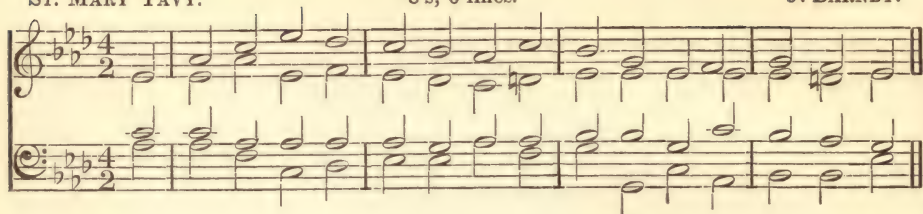
- 2 Through Him we pray for all we love,
For all by pain or sin opprest,
For souls departed in Thy fear,
O grant them Thine eternal rest.

W. H. H. JERVOIS.

ST. MARY TAVY.

8's, 6 lines.

J. BARNBY.



"By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."—Heb. xiii. 15.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 We thank Thee, Father, for the love Revealed to us in Thy dear Son, We thank Thee for His sacred death Which doth for all our sins atone, And for that wondrous sacrifice Here shown upon His altar throne.</p> | <p>2 Receive It offered here to-day, The offering perfect in Thine eyes, For all the faithful here on earth, For all whom sin or sorrow tries, For souls departed in Thy fear, The one eternal sacrifice.</p> |
|---|--|

- 3 Forgive, O God, our many sins,
 Forgive our wandering thoughts to-day;
 Help us to follow Jesus Christ,
 And more and more His word obey;
 That we may welcome Him at last,
 And see His unveiled face for aye. Amen.

DULCE. *Slow.*

7.7.7.7.

J. BARNBY.

p

cres. *dim.* *rit.* A-men.

"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death."—1 Cor. xi. 26.

1.

ERE we leave Thine Altar, Lord,
Where Thy Son we have adored,
Let our thanks again arise
For this holy sacrifice.

2.

And if thoughts have entered in
Which have mixed our prayers with sin
Let Thy Son's pure blood and grace
All the sinfulness efface.

3.

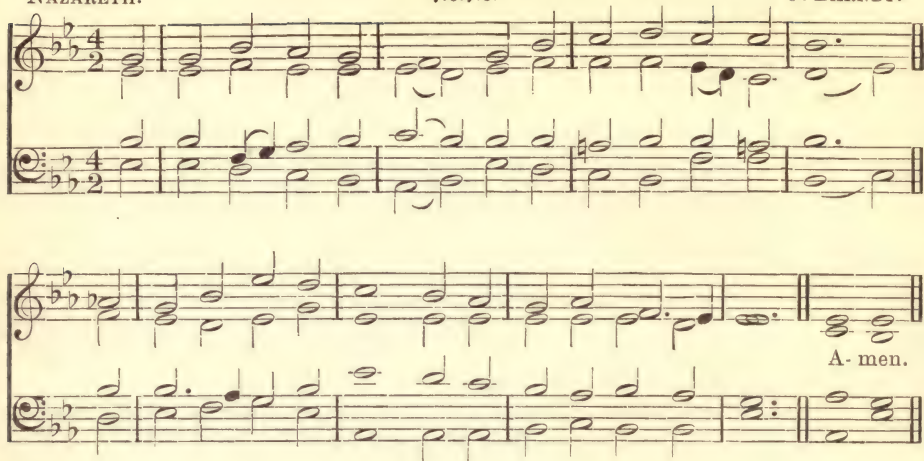
Make us, Lord, our whole life through,
Love the good, and speak the true,
Work our work with all our might,
Stand up bravely for the right. Amen.

T. I. BALL.

NAZARETH.

7.6.7.6.

J. BARNBY.



"Whoso offereth me thanks and praise, he honoureth me. — Ps. l. 23.

- 1 I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
As children did of old,
Who sang within Thy temple,
Hosannas manifold.
- 2 I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
Who in Thy love divine,
Art hiding here Thy Godhead,
'Neath sign of bread and wine.
- 3 I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
And kneeling unto Thee,
By Thy great love for sinners,
I pray Thee come to me.
- 4 I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
My King and Saviour mild,
Thou hast blest little children,
Bless also me, Thy child. Amen.

R. F. LITLEDALE.

BURRATOR.

8.8.8.8.7.

Adapted by C. W. A. BROOKE.

The musical score is written for a Burrator (a type of organ or keyboard instrument) in 3/2 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system contains 12 measures. The second system contains 12 measures, including a repeat sign at the beginning. The third system contains 12 measures, ending with a double bar line. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/2.

A - men.

"Hosanna in the Highest."—St. Matt. xxi. 9.

1.

WHEN children saw Thee coming, Lord,
According to the prophets' word,
In lowly guise, they hailed Thee King,
And thus in fervent joy did sing,
Hosanna in the highest.

2.

Thy people now by faith divine,
Beneath the veil of bread and wine,
May own Thy Presence, and adore
With deeper feeling than of yore,
Hosanna in the highest.

3.

Hosanna! hear Thy people's cry,
Hosanna, save us, Lord most High.
No word is here so meet to sing,
No word can sweeter comfort bring.
Hosanna in the highest.

4.

And when our years have passed away
And here we may no longer stay
May we behold Thee face to face,
And "Worthy is the Lamb" replace
* Hosanna in the highest. Amen.

R. F. SMITH.

* Hosanna means—O save us.

REX GENTIUM.

6.5., 12 lines.

F. H. COWEN.



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Almsgiving.

"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1.

LORD of all creation,
Now before Thy Throne,
We Thy people bring Thee
Gifts that are Thine own.
Thine is all the greatness,
Power and glory Thine,
High o'er all exalted,
Majesty Divine.
Of Thine Own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give
Unto Thee, O Father,
In Whose life all live.

2.

All the gold and silver,
Corn on plains and hills,
Grass upon the mountains,
Water in the rills—
All things yield Thee glory,
With Thy Light they shine;
Thou all art inspirest—
Science, skill, are Thine.
Of Thine Own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give
Unto Thee, O Father,
In Whose life all live.

3.

Body, Soul, and Spirit,
Thought, and speech, and song,
Come of Thee, Creator,
And to Thee belong.
These in bounden duty
We devote to Thee;
Thine is all the power,
Thine the glory be.
Of Thine Own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give
Unto Thee, O Father,
In Whose life all live.

4.

Of all works man doeth,
None can greater be
Than the work devoted,
O Lord God, to Thee:
Hither all to serve Thee,
Rich and poor repair,
Joy awaits Thy people
In Thy House of Prayer.
Of Thine Own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give
Unto Thee, O Father,
In Whose life all live.

5.

Alms-deeds, prayers, and praises,
With "the willing mind,"
In the Name of Jesus,
Shall acceptance find.
Evermore thanksgiving
To the Father, Son,
And the gracious Spirit,
Blessed Three in One.
Still Thy Church shall offer,
Of Thy gifts shall give,
Unto Thee, the Giver,
In Whose life all live. Amen.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

ST. LEONARD.

12.11.12.11.

J. B. DYKES.



A - men.

Almsgiving.

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith."—Eph. iv. 13.

- 1 ETERNAL ! assembled with songs of thanksgiving,
In courts where our forefathers lauded Thy Name,
We show forth the might of one faith ever-living,
By strains that continue through ages the same.
- 2 Unchanging the theme of our high adoration,
One Father, One Spirit, One Saviour we bless,
Unchanged from the first to the last generation,
The Church we revere and the Creed we confess.
- 3 We thank Thee for being and life-long protection,
For chast'ning withdrawn and for blessings restored ;
But most for the gift of our gracious election
To life everlasting through Jesus our Lord.
- 4 We wandered, how kindly the Good Shepherd sought us—
We faltered, Thy favour enlightened our way ;
And Thou, like a band of true brothers hast brought us
Rejoicing in Thee and Thy worship to-day.
- 5 What gifts can we offer ? Thy saints who are sleeping
So calmly around us proclaim from their rest,
"We won the bright crowns that the Master is keeping,
By grudging no treasure of all we loved best."
- 6 Accept with our praises this willing oblation
Of silver and gold from Thy children, to be
An earnest and part of such self-dedication—
Soul, body, and spirit devoted to Thee.
- 7 Our life here is short, but Thy worship eternal !
These anthems we practise in faltering tone,
Imperfect rehearsal of anthems supernal,
O grant we may sing them surrounding Thy Throne.
- 8 With Saints who have passed to Thy presence before us,
With Saints whose probation has scarcely begun,
Vouchsafe to assign us our parts in that chorus,
Of praise to the Father, the Spirit, the Son. Amen.

G. S. HODGES.

HOLY OFFERINGS.

7.7.7.7. 8.8.8.8.

R. REDHEAD.

Andante legato.

A - men.

"The Lord remember all thy offerings."—Ps. xx. 3.

PART I.

- 1 Holy offerings, rich and rare,
 Tokens of our praise and prayer,
 Purer life and purpose high,
 Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
 Lowly acts of adoration
 To the God of our salvation—
 On His altar laid we leave them :
 Christ, present them ! God, receive
 them !

PART II.

- 2 Promises in sorrow made,
 Left, alas ! too long unpaid ;
 Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
 Never into action wrought—
 Long withheld, we now restore them,
 On Thy holy altar pour them,
 There in trembling faith to leave them :
 Christ, present them ! God, receive
 them !

Almsgiving.

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee ;
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive
them !

4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,
Put for conscience' sake aside ;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended—
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive
them !

PART III.

5 Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us ;
Help, oh, help us to outlive them :
Christ, atone for ! God, forgive them !

6 Loveless life and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,
When the world doth Christ betray,
Following too far away,

Sins which in the daily trial
Lead too often to denial,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them :
Christ, atone for ! God, forgive them !

PART IV.

7 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within ;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus, plead for ! God, restore them !

8 Beamings of the gentle Face,
Overflowing gifts of grace,
More of that deep consciousness
Of a changeless will to bless,
Which bestows the best assurance
Of Eternal Love's endurance—
Lost too often, we deplore them :
Jesus, plead for ! God, restore them !

PART V.

9 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart ;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy ;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive
them !

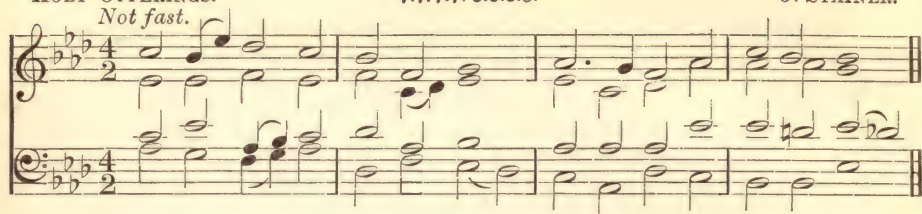
10 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them ! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

HOLY OFFERINGS.

7.7.7.7. 8.8.8.8.

J. STAINER.

Not fast.*A little slower.*

"The Lord remember all thy offerings."—Ps. xx. 3.

PART I.

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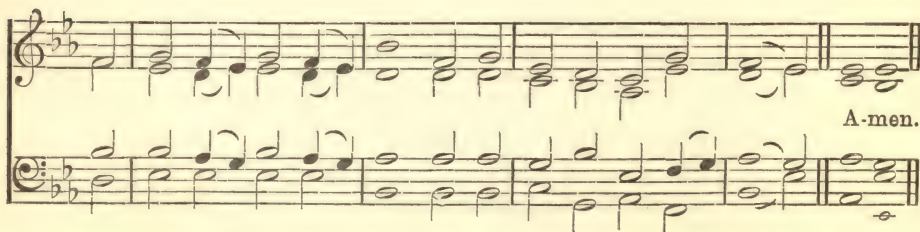
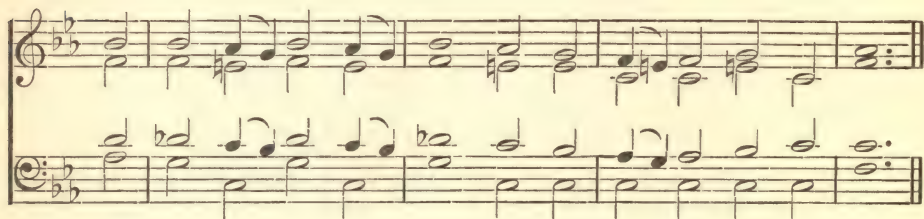
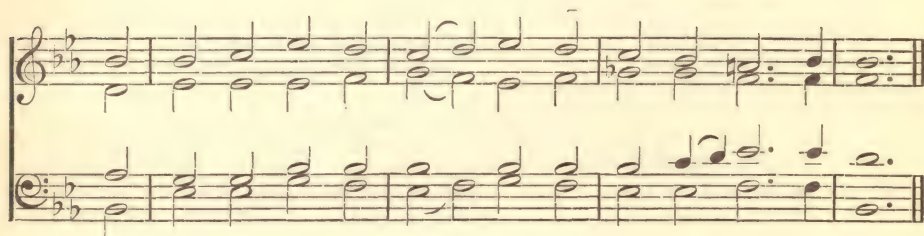
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And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
On Thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them ! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

LUX MUNDI.

7.6.7.6. D.

A. SULLIVAN.



A-men.

Laying a Foundation Stone.

"Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation."—Isa. xxviii. 16.

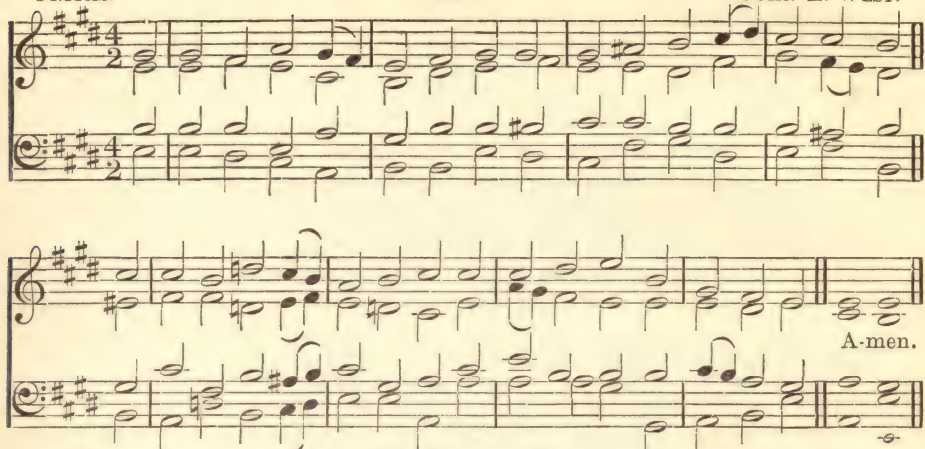
- 1 In humble adoration,
We lift our souls to Thee,
O Christ the Rock of Ages,
With us Thy servants be;
In this and all our labours,
Our efforts deign to bless;
Vouchsafe this work to prosper,
And crown it with success.
- 2 Thou art the sure Foundation,
The precious Corner-stone;
On Grace Divine depending,
We rest on Thee alone.
Though winds and floods be raging,
As in the stormy sea,
Our House shall stand securely
Sustained and built on Thee.
- 3 O grant us to be built up,
As stones set in their place,
Part of Thy Church's fabric,
Cemented by Thy Grace;
That when this earthly dwelling
Shall crumble to the ground,
Our Heavenly habitation
May then for aye be found.
- 4 To Thee, O King eternal,
Immortal Son, to Thee;
And Thee, O blessèd Spirit,
All praise ascribed be
By us and all Thy people,
In all their works begun,
Continuing, and ended,
Whilst ages yet shall run. Amen.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

UNITAS.

L.M.

JOHN E. WEST.



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“ Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields ; for they are white already to harvest.”—St. John iv. 35.

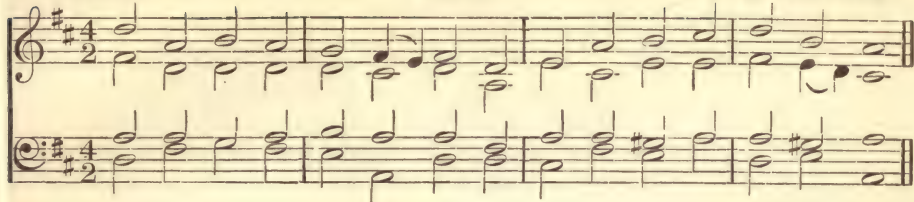
- 1 LORD, dost Thou look from heaven, and see
The peopled earth, between her poles,
And wonder that the thought of Thee
Is still withheld from darkened souls ?
- 2 It was Thy will that man to man
Should tell Thy secret, strong and sweet,
Till Truth with rainbow light should span
Thy kneeling sons beneath Thy feet.
- 3 And yet we make not haste to speak
The message that hath waited long ;
And souls are sad, and hearts are weak,
And know not what should make them strong.
- 4 The fields are ripe ; the laden hills
Have drunk their fill of sun and rain,
The teeming harvest waits and spills
In barren waste the golden grain.
- 5 Lord Christ, our faltering faith increase,
And bid Thy labourers forward go,
Till all have heard the word of peace,
Till all the world its Saviour know. Amen.

A. C. BENSON.

WYCHBOLD.

8.7.8.7.

W. G. WHINFIELD.



BEFORE THE LAYING-ON OF HANDS.

"The God that answereth by fire, let him be God."—1 Kings xviii. 24.

- 1 HERE we stand to face the combat,
Grasp the shield and wield the sword,
Here we buckle on the armour
For the warfare of the Lord.
- 2 Here the great "I do" in earnest
Rings in unison to-day;
Here we swear that we will follow
One who leads us all the way.
- 3 God, our Father, give the answer
To Thy faithful ones to-day;
Not without a blessing from Thee
Shall we dare to go away.
- 4 Not with armour yet unproven
Shall we enter on the fight,
But the weapon of our warfare
Is the Spirit's Sword of Might.
- 5 Cleanse us ere we leave Thy temple,
Kindle in our heart the flame,
Quickening all the life we offer,
As we call upon Thy Name. Amen.

A. V. MAGEE.

CONSECRATION.

10.6.10.6.

JOHN E. WEST.

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AFTER THE LAYING-ON OF HANDS.

"Bread and a sword."—I. Sam. xxii. 13.

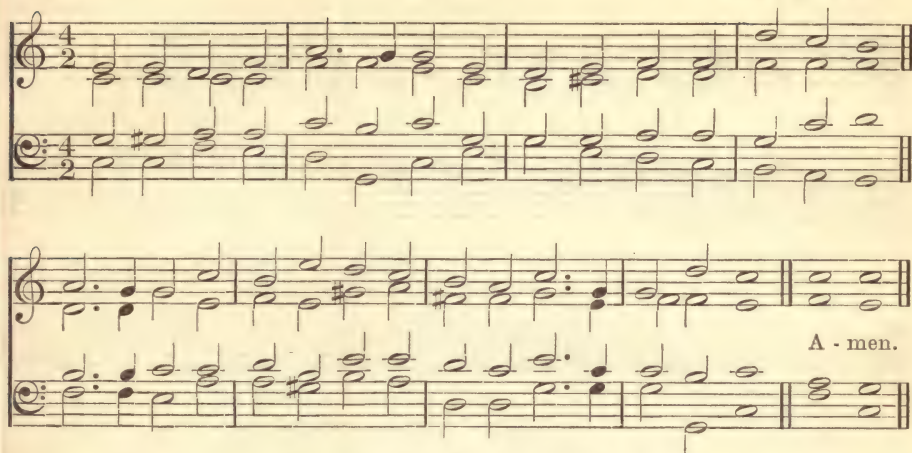
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|---|--|
| <p>1 THINE, Lord, are we ; the consecrating sign Is sealed on our brow, And hearts and voices, fired by love divine, Are lifted to Thee now.</p> <p>2 Our souls are strong, by grace divinely fed, Not giv'n with sparing hand ; Through storm and sunshine may we still be led Unto the promised land.</p> | <p>3 Within our hands is grasped the Spirit's sword, Two-edged and keenly bright, Wherewith to wage the warfare of the Lord In His sure-promised might.</p> <p>4 In vision high there gleams the victor's crown, When this world's strife is o'er Before His throne to be in praise cast down Who liveth evermore.</p> |
|---|--|
- 5 Thine, Lord, are we, whatever life may bring,
Though good or ill Thou send,
We still are servants of the heavenly King,
As on towards rest we wend. Amen.

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

GRATIAS.

8.7.8.7.

JOHN E. WEST.



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"Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience."—Heb. v. 8.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 "Lord of power and might, the Giver Of all good," to Thee we sing— Captain, Thou, of our salvation, Our High Priest, Liege-Lord and King.</p> <p>2 Rang'd 'neath Thy victorious banner, March we onward, sworn to fight 'Gainst the world, the flesh, the devil— Trusting in our Master's might.</p> <p>3 Lead us on, and we will follow, Be at hand to cheer and guide : Shield us in each dire temptation, Lest our faltering footsteps slide.</p> | <p>4 Shape our manhood by Thy pattern, Jesu, Lord, our Righteousness, Make us brave, and true, and loyal, Teach us Thine own Manliness.</p> <p>5 Soldiers of the Church's army Pure in heart must ever be, Keep before our souls the image Of Thy peerless purity.</p> <p>6 Meekly Thou didst learn obedience To Thy Heavenly Father's will,— Promptly be it our endeavour Thy Commandments to fulfil.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 So when life's incessant warfare,
And the strife with sin are o'er,
Thou wilt grant Thy faithful liege-men
Rest with Thee for evermore. Amen.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

Special Occasions.

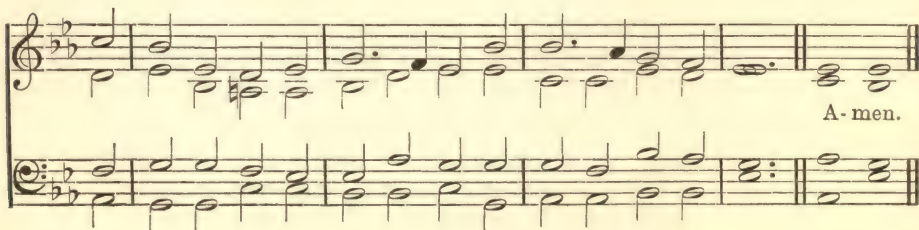
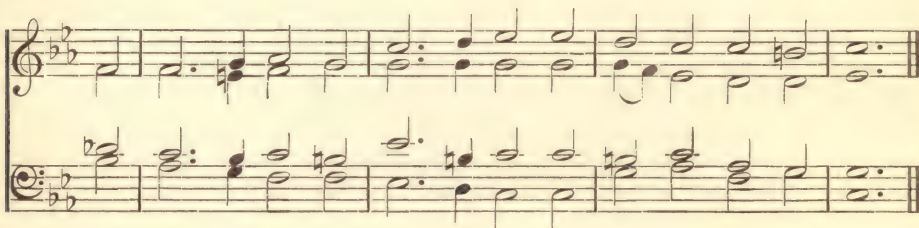
850

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

FRIENDSHIP.

D.C.M.

S. REAY.



Special Occasions.

"A friend loveth at all times."—Prov. xvii. 17.

- 1 In friendship's tender bonds now knit,
And sheltered by God's love,
From earthly toil awhile set free,
We lift our hearts above
And thank our God for many gifts
Renewed from day to day,
Like angels sent from His right hand
To cheer our pilgrim way.
- 2 For here but sojourners are we,
As all our fathers were,
We upward look, we onward press,
For our true home is there ;
Where toil and pain can never come,
Nor can sin enter in,
For all is joy and rest and peace
Those holy walls within.
- 3 The path is rough, but strong in Thee
We faint not by the way,
But onward go with steadfast hearts
That find in Thee their stay ;
Secure, though dangers round us throng,
And though the world entice,
Thy care will fail not, nor Thy love,
Thy grace will still suffice.
- 4 So help us, Lord, as through the world
Our pilgrimage we make,
To look in faith to Thee alone
Who suffered for our sake ;
Keep us from sin and shame and wrong,
Thy children evermore,
Until, life's warfare over then,
We meet on yonder shore. Amen.

W. WADE.

Special Occasions.

851 (FIRST TUNE.)

PARISH HYMNS.

ST. CHARLES.

10.10.10.10.

G. C. MARTIN.

First system of music for St. Charles hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff in 4/2 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with rests. The bass line consists of chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Second system of music for St. Charles hymn, continuing the melody and bass line. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line.

Third system of music for St. Charles hymn, continuing the melody and bass line. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of music for St. Charles hymn, continuing the melody and bass line. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line.

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851 (SECOND TUNE.)

ST. AGNES.

10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN.

First system of music for St. Agnes hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes, with rests. The bass line consists of chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Second system of music for St. Agnes hymn, continuing the melody and bass line. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line.

Third system of music for St. Agnes hymn, continuing the melody and bass line. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of music for St. Agnes hymn, continuing the melody and bass line. It includes a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line.

Special Occasions.



"He will be our guide even unto death."—Ps. xlviii. 14.

- 1 O God, our Father, in compassion hear
Our prayer to Thee, and in Thy love draw near ;
Forgive our sin, and ever with us stay
In cloud or sunshine through the live-long day.

- 2 Come, Lord, and bless this Parish with the grace
Which helps Thy children in the Christian race ;
Breathe on dead souls, and rouse them into life ;
Give courage, hope, and conquest in the strife.

- 3 Lead on the young : their faltering footsteps guide,
And for their weakness heavenly help provide ;
Be Thou their strength, as years on years increase,
And to the aged give Thy heavenly peace.

- 4 Our clergy bless, and teach them souls to win,
To guide the wanderers from the paths of sin :
Give them their people's love, and reverence due ;
And, when downcast, their fading hopes renew.

- 5 Make us receive their message, which is Thine,
And clothe the living word with power divine :
And to our souls do Thou Thyself present,
As we partake the holy sacrament.

- 6 Bless all who labour in Thy sacred cause
With loyal hearts to teach Thy holy laws ;
Give them Thy light, without which all is night,
Till faith and hope be lost in perfect sight. Amen.

W. CUNLIFFE.

Special Occasions.

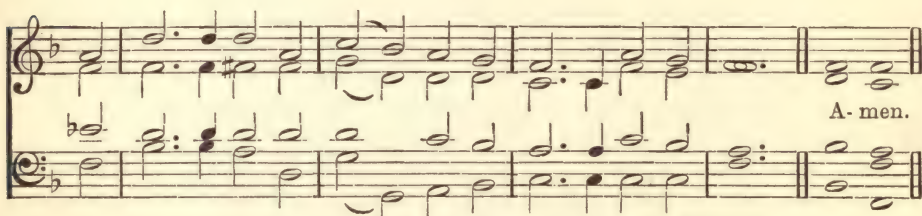
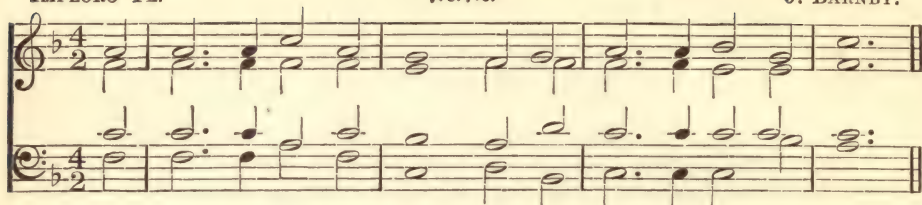
852

PARISH HYMNS.

IMPLORO TE.

7.6.7.6.

J. BARNBY.



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"Turn us again, O God, and cause Thy face to shine; and we shall be saved."—Ps. lxxx. 3.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 BOWED low in supplication, We come, O Lord, to Thee; Thy grace alone can save us; To Thee alone we flee.</p> | <p>4 Wake up the slumbering conscience To listen to Thy call; The weak and wavering strengthen, And raise up them that fall.</p> |
| <p>2 We come for this our Parish Thy mercy to implore; On church, and homes, and people, O Lord, Thy blessing pour.</p> | <p>5 Oh! bless and keep the faithful, That they may stand secure; Unharmed by Satan's malice, And steadfast, meek, and pure.</p> |
| <p>3 Blot out our sins, O Father! Forgive the guilty past; Loose from their chains the captives Whom Satan holdeth fast.</p> | <p>6 Lord, banish strife and variance, Knit sundered hearts in one; And bind us all together In love to Thy dear Son.</p> |

7 O Father, bless our Parish,
That all may grow in grace,
And love Thee daily better,
Until we see Thy face. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

Special Occasions.

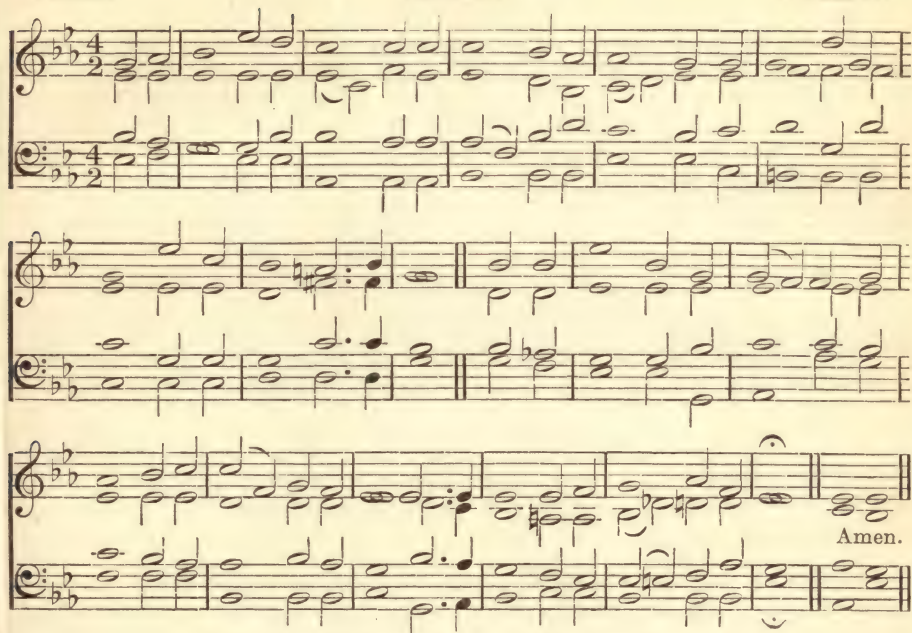
853

PARISH HYMNS.

VICTORY.

13.11.13.11.

J. BARNEY.



"Ye are entered into their labours."—St. John iv. 38.

- 1 In this hour of rejoicing once more we remember
The souls of the faithful that here sought the Lord,
They have passed from the earth, but we do not forget them,
They fought the good fight, they receive their reward.
- 2 Then to Him do we offer this psalm of thanksgiving,
The source of all life and all heavenly grace,
Who rememb'reth the number of them that are faithful,
Who counteth all those that are seeking His face.
- 3 In the day of temptation they, steadfast and constant,
Looked forth to the glory that should be reveal'd,
Amid all tribulation they patiently waited
For Him by Whose coming all grief should be heal'd
- 4 Then to Him Who enthroned, liveth ever and ever,
For evermore reigning, for evermore blest,
Who has guided His own by a way that they knew not,
To Him let all glory, all praise be addressed. Amen.

Special Occasions.

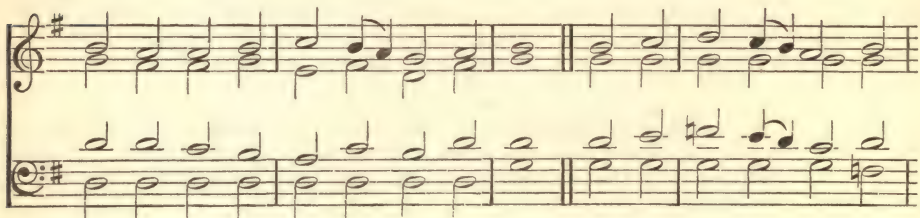
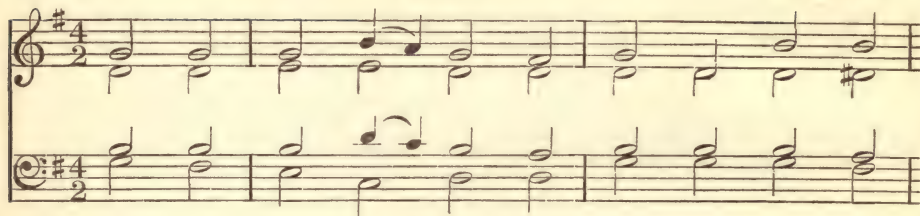
854

FOR THOSE TRAVELLING.

GOUNOD.

8.7.8.7. 7.7.

C. GOUNOD.



A-men.

Special Occasions.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 LORD, most holy, God most mighty,

Let our cry come unto Thee :
Save from perils all who journey
O'er the land, and on the sea,
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing
All our dear ones sheltering.

2 Thou, Who didst sustain Thy people

As they wandered in the wild,
Shielding them from instant danger
Or when crafty foe beguiled ;
Still protect Thine Israël ;
Thou their Keeper, all is well.

3 In their going, in their coming,

At all times, in every place,
From all hurt to soul and body
As they run their earthly race ;
Guardian, Who dost never sleep,
Those we love in safety keep.

4 Pilgrims, sojourners, and strangers,

We, as all our fathers were,
Having no abiding city,
To Jerusalem repair ;
Bring us—all life's journeys o'er,
There to dwell for evermore. Amen.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

Special Occasions.

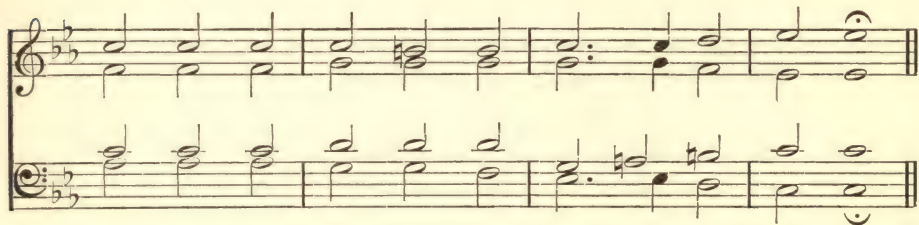
855 (FIRST TUNE.) TIMES OF TROUBLE OR WAR.

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS.

11.10.11.9.

A. SULLIVAN.

With weight.



Special Occasions.

"I will bring a sword upon you."—Lev. xxvi. 25.

- 1 God the all-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 2 God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 3 God the all-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 4 God the all-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 5 God the all-pitiful! Is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 6 God the all-wise! By the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord! Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY AND JOHN ELLERTON.

Special Occasions.

855 (SECOND TUNE.) TIMES OF TROUBLE OR WAR.

SABAOOTH.

With energy—rather fast.

11.10.11.9.

J. STAINER.

Last verse. Rather slower. *cres.* *cres.*

6. God the all - wise! By the fire of Thy chast - ening, Earth shall to

free - dom and truth be re - stored ; Through the thick dark - ness Thy

Special Occasions.

rall. *Unison. Slow.* *Harmony.* *f*

King-dom is hast-ening; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord! A - men.

"I will bring a sword upon you."—Lev. xxvi. 25.

- 1 God the all-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 2 God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 3 God the all-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 4 God the all-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 5 God the all-pitiful! Is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 6 God the all-wise! By the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord! Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY AND JOHN ELLERTON.

Special Occasions.

856

AFTER A FATALITY.

O GREAT REDEEMER.

10's., 6 lines.

W. CRESER.

Slow.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 4/2 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The music consists of a series of chords and moving lines in both staves.

Second system of musical notation. Continuation of the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line with some grace notes, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff includes the instruction *rall. e dim.* above the staff. The bass staff has a *ten.* (tenuto) marking over a note, followed by a *ppp* (pianississimo) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *rall. e dim.* instruction. The system concludes with the instruction *A-men.* in the right margin.

Special Occasions.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not."—St. Matt. x. 30, 31.

1.

O GREAT Redeemer, Lord of Paradise,
Thou Who didst pray in dark Gethsemane,
Thou dost regard the contrite sacrifice,
The prayer Thou hearest, "Lord, remember me."
Saviour, in pity, with Thy mercy shield
Those who in haste are called their life to yield.

2.

Thou Who through death didst over death prevail,
Thou Who didst conquer in the mortal strife,
O let Thy mighty victory avail
To win for them the joy of endless life.
Summoned to bear the pain of mortal loss,
Grant them the triumph of Thy wondrous Cross.

3.

'Mid gloom and darkness, Lord, Thou givest light;
Where grief abounds, Thy comfort doth abound;
The humblest life is precious in Thy sight,
No sparrow falls unheeded to the ground.
Lord, we commend our brethren fall'n asleep
Into Thy hands—in perfect peace to keep. Amen.

A. A. TOMS.

Special Occasions.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

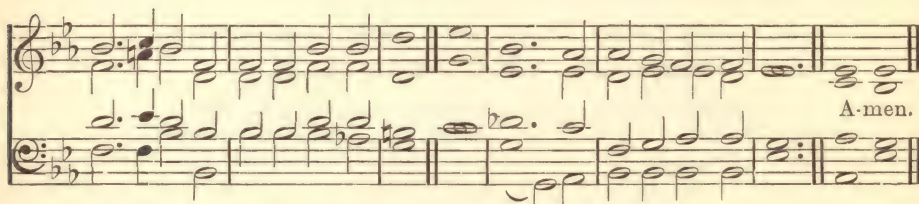
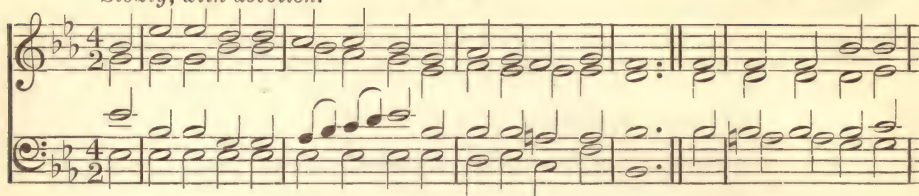
857

VICTORIA.

Slowly, with devotion.

8.6.8.6. 8.

A. SULLIVAN.



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"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. xii. 23.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 To mourn our dead we gather here In love and grief to-day; Oh! thou whom we have held so dear, Whom God hath called away— Farewell! A long farewell we say!</p> <p>2 By faith we hear the triumph song That greets the ransomed soul, Thy Saviour's love, through woe and Hath led thee to thy goal. [wrong, Farewell! Death's waves between us roll!</p> | <p>3 Yet through our tears a whisper sweet Falls with a heavenly strain, What though we part 'tis but to meet, For joy comes after pain! Farewell! Until we meet again!</p> <p>4 Across Death's dim and shadowy sea Bright rays of sunrise move, From that far Land where we would be— The deathless Land of Love! Farewell! We meet again above. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

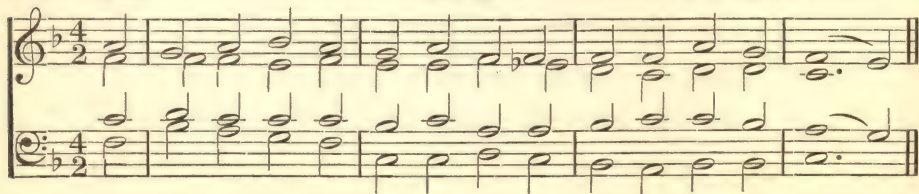
MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

858

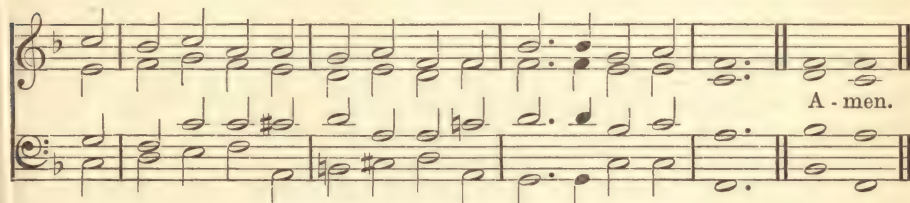
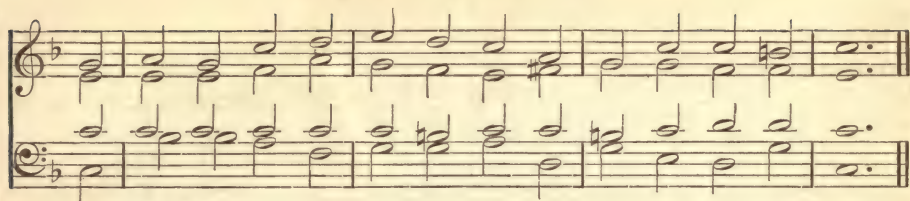
GOD'S ACRE.

D.C.M.

J. VARLEY ROBERTS.



Special Occasions.



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"The Lord knoweth them that are His."—2 Tim. ii. 19.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WE love God's acre round the Church Where our beloved rest ; A quiet not of earth is there, Too deep to be expressed ; But there are hearts as dear as they Who never there will come, They heard the Voice that all obey, When they were far from home.</p> | <p>2 Some on the battlefield were call'd And some upon the sea ; Their grave our eyes may not behold Or know where it can be : But there is One Whose watchful care, Wherever they may lie, Will mark them in the common dust And number them on high.</p> |
|---|--|
- 3 Tho' scatter'd far about the world,
In strange and far off lands,
His mighty love will build for them
The house not made with hands.
In that imperishable home,
In Heaven's diviner air,
O may we meet them, gracious Lord,
And with them praise Thee there. Amen.

W. H. DRAPER.

859

Special Occasions.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

REQUIEM.

4.6.4.6. D.

J. BARNBY.

cres.

mp *mf*

Slower.

f rall. *pp* A - men.

"They that dwell under His shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn."—Hosea xiv. 7.

1 SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow,
Rest, where none weep,
Till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

E. A. DAYMAN.

Special Occasions.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

860

VALE, VALE.

10.10.10.2.

J. STAINER.

p = 100.

cres. *dim.* *cres.*

rall.

pp Good-night! good-night! good-night! A - men.

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"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SLEEP on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest, Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best;— Good-night! *</p> <p>2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep; But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep; Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep;— Good-night!</p> <p>3 Until the shadow from this earth be cast, Until He gather in His sheaves at last, Until the Lenten gloom be overpast;— Good-night!</p> | <p>4 Until the Easter glory light the skies, Until the dead in Jesus shall arise, And He shall come—but not in lowly guise;— Good-night!</p> <p>5 Until, made beautiful by love divine, Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that golden crown of thine;— Good-night!</p> <p>6 Only "Good-night!" beloved, not "Farewell!" A little while, and all His saints shall dwell In hallowed union, indivisible;— Good-night!</p> |
|--|--|
- 7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;
Until we know, even as we are known;—
Good-night! Amen.

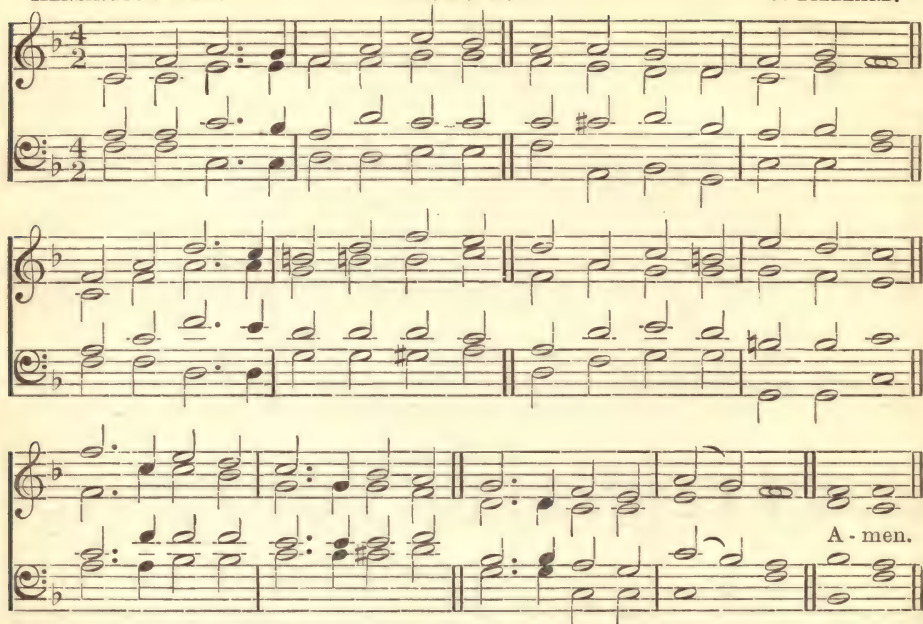
SARAH DOUDNEY.

* The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night!" so sure were they of their awaking on the Resurrection morn.

KENSINGTON NEW.

8.7.8.7. 4.7.

J. TILLEARD.



"The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory."—Ps. xxiv. 10.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God the Lord a King remaineth, Robed in His own glorious light; God hath robed Him, and He reigneth; He hath girded Him with might. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! God is King in depth and height.</p> <p>2 In her everlasting station Earth is poised, to swerve no more; Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation. From all time where thought can soar. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lord, Thou art for evermore.</p> <p>5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling Are the perfect verity: Of Thine high eternal dwelling Holiness shall inmate be. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Pure is all that lives with Thee.</p> | <p>3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted— Ocean-floods have lift their roar; Now they pause where they have drifted; Now they burst upon the shore: Hallelujah! Hallelujah! For the ocean's sounding store.</p> <p>4 With all tones of waters blending, Glorious is the breaking deep; Glorious, beauteous, without ending, God who reigns on heaven's high Hallelujah! Hallelujah! [steep. Songs of ocean never sleep.</p> |
|--|--|

Amen.

G. THRING.



"King of kings and Lord of lords."—Rev. xix. 16.

1 O LORD our God, in reverence lowly,
The host of heaven call Thee "Holy,"
From Cherubim and Seraphim,
From Angel phalanx, far extending,
In fuller tones is still ascending
The "Holy, Holy, Holy" hymn.
The Fount of joy Thou art,
E'er filling every heart,
Ever! Ever! [sing,
We, too, are Thine, and with them
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art
King!"

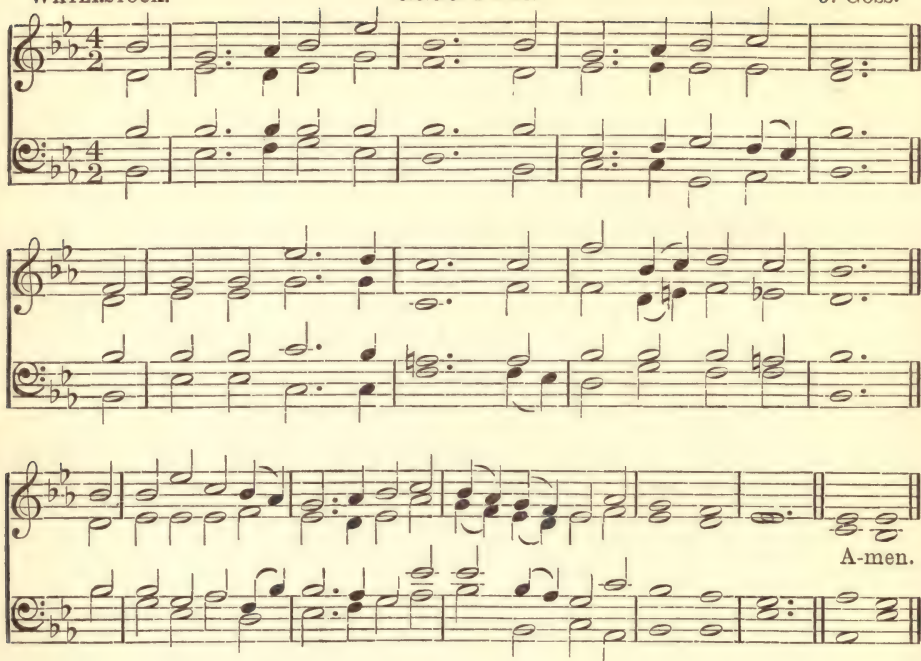
2 They sing, in sweet and sinless numbers,
The wondrous love that never slumbers,
And of the wisdom, power, and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding.
But they can scarcely praise aright;
For all is never sung,
Even by Seraphs' tongue,
Never! Never! [sing,
We, too, are Thine, and with them
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou art
King!" Amen.

S. FINDLATER, from German of G. TERSTEEGEN.

WATERSTOCK.

6.6.6.6. 4.4.4.4.

J. GOSS.



"O praise the Lord of heaven ; praise Him in the height."—Ps. cxlviii. 1.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day ;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay,
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By Whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last,
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

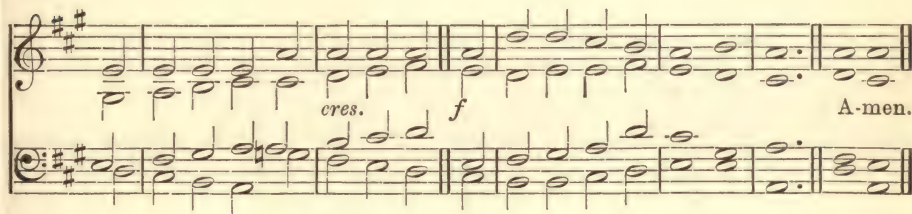
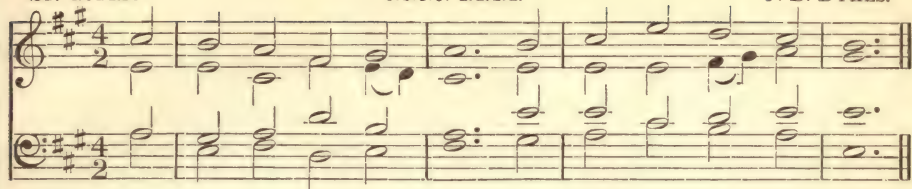
4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit Ever Blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address ;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

ST. GDRIC.

6.6.6.6. 4.4.4.4.

J. B. DYKES.



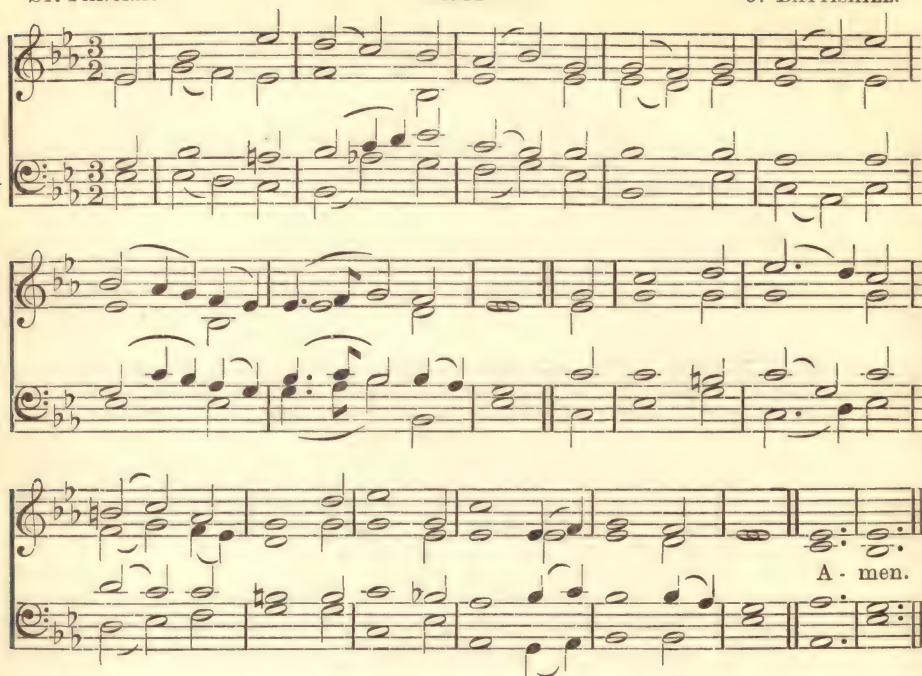
"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With true desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's Hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,—
Till each in Heaven appears.
O glorious seat
Of God our King;
Lord, thither bring
Our willing feet. Amen.

I. WATTS.



"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. x. 16.

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 3 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains,
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.
- 4 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King! Amen.

EMNETH.

10.10.10.6.

H. SMART.

♩ = 88.

A - men.

"Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son."—1 St. John i. 3.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, O God, that Thou dost knit
 Within the mystic Body of Thy Son,
 All Thine elect, in closest fellowship,
 In blest communion one.
- 2 The path Thy saints at rest triumphant trod—
 The narrow way that leadeth unto life,—
 Grant us Thy grace to follow patiently,
 Thro' all temptation's strife.
- 3 Till, conflicts ended, unfeigned love's reward,—
 The joys unspeakable Thou dost prepare—
 The loving service of Thy saints on high,
 Grant us, with them, to share. Amen.

A. A. TOMS.

MARTHAM.

L.M.

J. H. MAUNDER.



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"The sea is His and He made it."—Ps. xcv. 5.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, Whose gracious hand
Hath formed the waters round the land,
All praise and glory be to Thee
For every wonder of the sea.
- 2 The ceaseless tides, the fresh'ning breeze,
The sparkling waves of summer seas,
The winter's wild exultant storm,
The marvels of Thy will perform.
- 3 Thy Son, Who came the world to save,
Found rest upon the boist'rous wave,
His mighty presence still is nigh,
'Mid storms that fain would terrify.
- 4 Thy rule and Thy command prevail
Above the grandeur of the gale,
Whose faith and trust in Thee is sure,
Though tempest-tossed, abide secure.
- 5 The voices of the deep declare,
Thy might, Thy majesty, Thy care;
Lord grant that all on land and sea,
May know, and love, and worship Thee. Amen.

A. A. TOMS.

FATHER OF LIGHTS.

10.10.10.6.

Adapted by C. W. A. BROOKE.

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"With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—St. James i. 17.

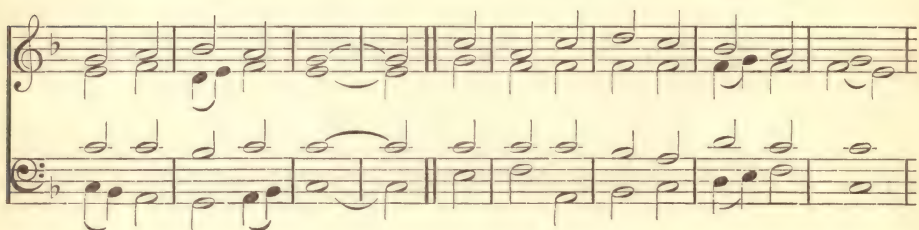
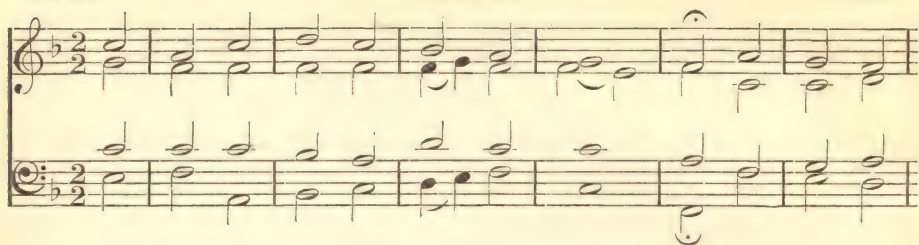
- 1 FATHER of lights ! On Thee no shadow falls,
Nor darkness gathers round Thine ancient throne,
Thee do we thank, we praise, we magnify,
Confessing Thee alone !
- 2 Father of life ! From Whom all being takes
Its secret source, and Who thro' weary quest
Callest at length the wanderers of the world
To find in Thee their rest.
- 2 Father of love ! In this Thy name of names,
We lift on high the swelling note of praise.
In this our chant accept the homage due,
The debt of bygone days.
- 4 Hail Three in One ! Father, Co-equal Son
And Holy Spirit, unto Thee we bend :
All praise is Thine, in ages past, is now,
And nevermore shall end. Amen.

W. WADE.

PRAISE.

9.8.9.8. 8.8.

German.



A - men.

General.

"*Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee.*"—Ps. cxviii. 28.

1 O WOULD, my God, that I could praise Thee,
With thousand tongues, by day and night!
How many a song my lips should raise Thee,
Who order'st all things here aright;
My thankful heart would ever be
Telling what God hath done for me.

2 Oh, all ye powers that He implanted,
Arise, keep silence thus no more,
Put forth the strength that He hath granted,
Your noblest work is to adore;
O, soul and body, make you meet
With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.

3 Ye forest leaves so green and tender,
That dance for joy in summer air;
Ye meadow grasses bright and slender,
Ye flowers so wondrous sweet and fair;
Ye live to show His praise alone,
Help me to make His glory known.

4 Oh, all things that have breath and motion,
That throng with life, earth, sea and sky,
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
Help me to raise His praises high;
My utmost powers can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of His might.

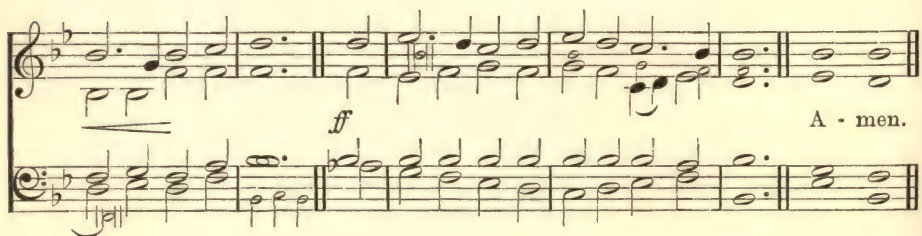
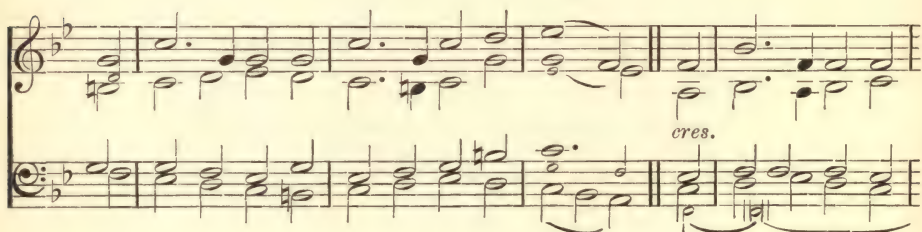
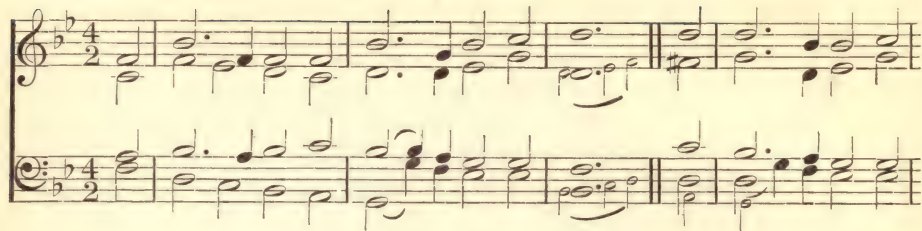
5 Oh Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in Heaven shall reach Thee,
When I with angels hymn Thy praise,
And learn amid their choirs to sing
Loud hallelujahs to my King. Amen.

J. MENTZER, *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

REX REGUM.

10's, 6 lines.

T. TERTIUS NOBLE.

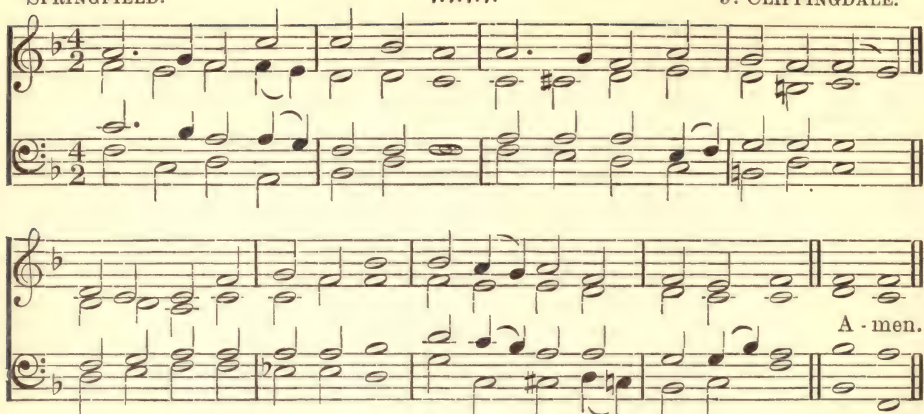


General.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ: . . . the King of kings."—1 Tim. vi. 15.

- 1 We hail Thee, King of kings, Eternal Christ!
From realms of help Thou gavest gifts to men,
Apostle, Prophet, Saint, Evangelist,
Thy Spirit lives for us in theirs again:
We praise, we magnify Thee, Christ our King,
And evermore Thy sovereign glory sing!
- 2 We bless, we glorify Thy Name, O Lord,
For all the benedictions of Thy grace,
For thoughts now darkly mirrored in Thy Word,
Full surety of the vision face to face:
We praise, we magnify Thee, Christ our King,
And evermore Thy sovereign glory sing!
- 3 For all Thy heroes living, martyrs dead,
For all the brave, the steadfast, and the true,
Who of the paltry world's blame had no dread,
And what they dared to dream of, dared to do:
We praise, we magnify Thee, Christ our King,
And evermore Thy sovereign glory sing!
- 4 For those who bravely used their tongue or pen,
The doughty champions of the weaker part,
Who smoothed the way of life for wandering men,
And, speaking truth, stabbed falsehood to the heart
We praise, we magnify Thee, Christ our King,
And evermore Thy sovereign glory sing!
- 5 For all our birthright with the sons of God,
Who strive to lift the manhood of the poor,
Who for the weary, hard beset, downtrod,
Still keep an open soul and open door:
We praise, we magnify Thee, Christ our King,
And evermore Thy sovereign glory sing!
- 6 And last, for those, our dearest and our best,
Who watch with studious eyes our vassal state,
And wait in God's wide chambers of the blest,
Our royal call to that high palace gate:
We praise, we magnify Thee, Christ our King,
And evermore Thy sovereign glory sing! Amen.

C. W. STUBBS.



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"Far above . . . every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."—Eph. i. 21.

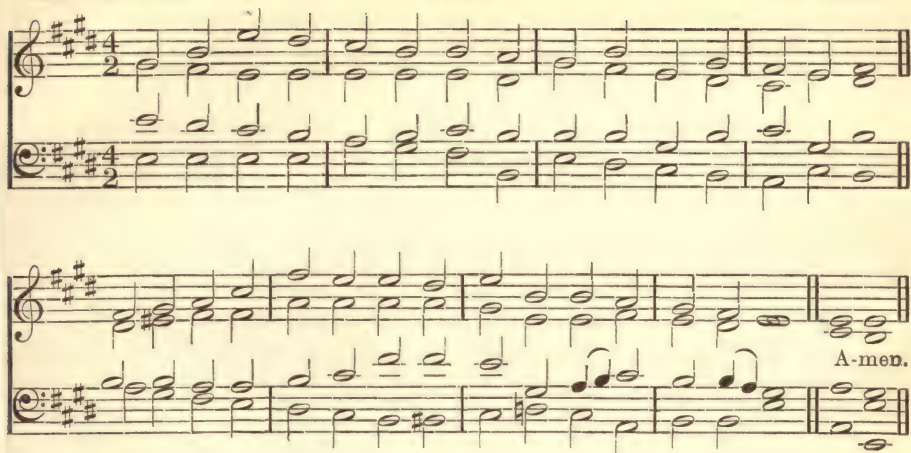
- 1 Jesus! Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus! Name decreed of old,
To the maiden-mother told,
In her lowly cottage cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
Jesus shall His people save.
- 4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
- 5 Jesus! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty Heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

ALL FOR JESUS.

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.



"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 All for Jesus—all for Jesus
This our song shall ever be,
For we have no hope, nor Saviour,
If we have not hope in Thee.
- 2 All for Jesus—Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour,
None can move us from Thy presence,
While we trust Thy love and power.
- 3 All for Jesus—at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There, dear Lord, we shall receive Thee
In the solemn sacrament.
- 4 All for Jesus—Thou hast loved us;
All for Jesus—Thou hast died;
All for Jesus—Thou art with us;
All for Jesus Crucified.
- 5 All for Jesus—all for Jesus—
This the Church's song must be;
Till, at last, her sons are gathered
One in love and one in Thee. Amen.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

VOX JESU.

6.5.6.5. D.

E. W. NAYLOR.

A-men.

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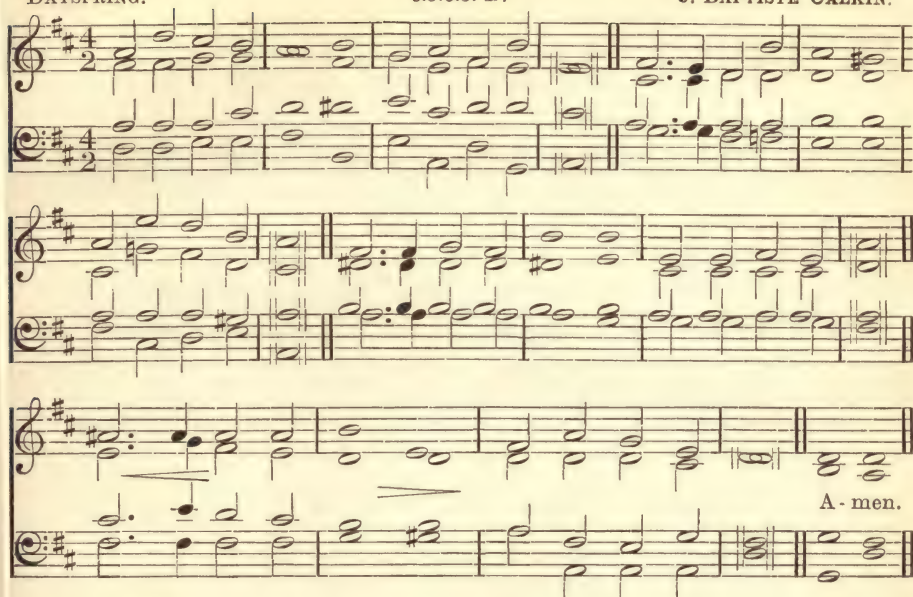
"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh."—Cant. v. 2.

1 Lo ! the voice of Jesus
Fondly speaks to all ;
He it is Who frees us
From sin's bitter thrall :
He it is Whose nature,
Human as our own,
Pleads for every creature
By the Father's throne.

2 Lo ! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howso'er distressed—
Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo ! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure,
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure ;
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where Faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight. Amen.

A. E. EVANS.



"We have a great high priest, . . . Jesus, the Son of God."—Heb. iv. 14.

1 HOLY Name of Jesus,
Name wherein we trust,
Name that show'st the Father
Merciful and just!
We would own and bless Thee
While our lips have breath:
What were life without Thee?
Oh! and what were death?

2 Holy Name of Jesus!
Who can tell Thy worth?
Love doth crown and hallow
Many a name of earth;
But the best and dearest,
Precious though they be,
Yield but some faint image,
Royal Name! of Thee.

3 Holy Name of Jesus!
In temptation's hour,
When we next invoke Thee,
May we feel Thy power;

Flow, like purest ointment,
Heart and mind within,
Quelling with Thy sweetness
Deadly charms of sin.

4 Holy Name of Jesus!
Prayers that rest on Thee,
In the Father's presence
Find acceptance free;
O the steadfast promise!
O the love sublime!
"Ask, and He will give it"
In His way and time.

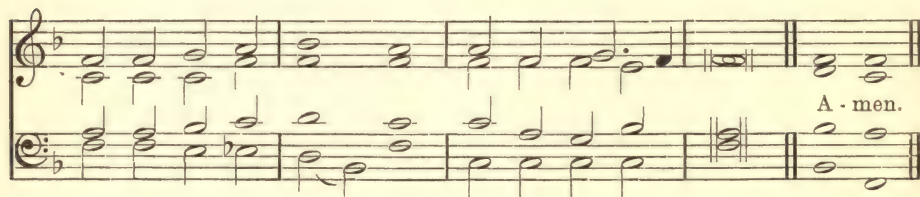
5 Holy Name of Jesus,
Name divinely true!
Thine be all we purpose,
Think, or speak, or do;
So may we, from ruin
By the Cross restored,
Live and die confessing,
Jesus Christ is Lord! Amen.

875 (FIRST TUNE.)**General.**

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

6.5.6.5. D.

J. B. DYKES.

**875 (SECOND TUNE.)**

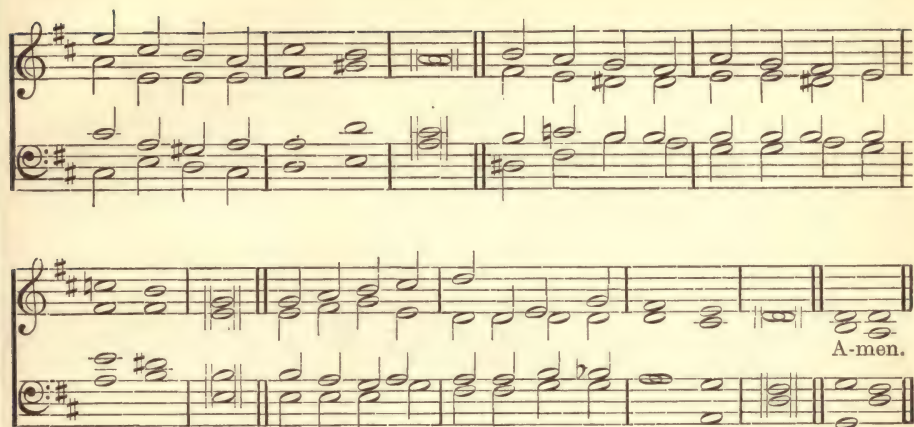
FALAISE.

6.5.6.5. D.

EDWARD G. CROAGER.



General.



"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."—St. Luke xxii. 32.

1 In the hour of trial,
 Jesu, pray for me,
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee ;
 When Thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

2 With its 'witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm ;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice ;
 Freely on Thine Altar
 I will lay my will,
 And, though flesh may falter,
 Bless and praise Thee still.

4 When my lamp low burning
 Sink in death's last pain,
 Earth to earth returning,
 Dust to dust again ;
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesu, take me dying,
 To eternal life. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

876 (FIRST TUNE.)

General.

ARNSTADT.

5.5.8.8. 5.5.

A. DRESE.



876 (SECOND TUNE.)

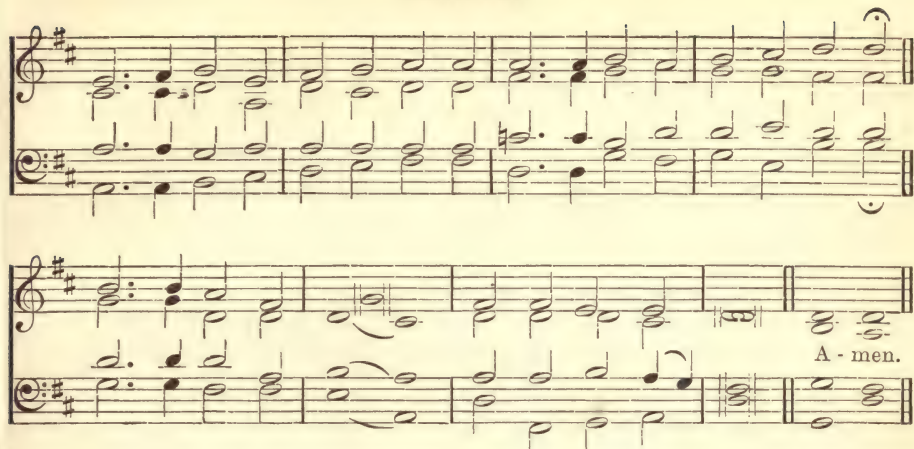
ST. HUBERT.

5.5.8.8. 5.5.

LEICESTER DARWALL.



General.



"They forsook all, and followed Him."—St. Luke v. 11.

1 JESU, still lead on,
Till our rest be won !
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless ;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,—
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more !

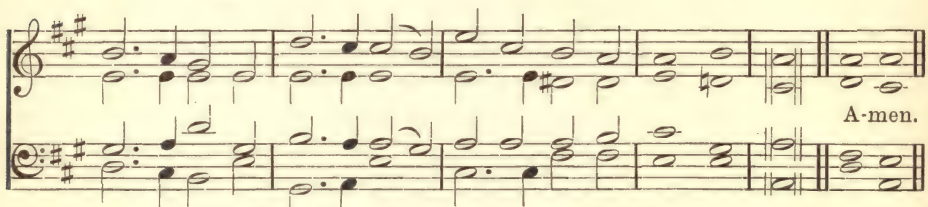
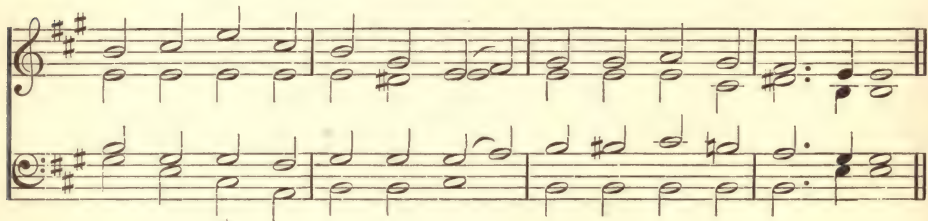
4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won !
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland. Amen.

ZINZENDORF, tr. J. BORTHWICK.

THINE ALONE.

7's, 6 lines.

E. W. NAYLOR.



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"Whose I am, and whom I serve."—Acts xxvii. 23.

1 JESU, Master, Whose I am,
 Purchased Thine alone to be
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me,
 Let my heart be all Thine own,
 Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
 Now, Thy Name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer:
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
 Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesu, Master, I am Thine:
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;
 Let Thy presence in me shine,
 All my homeward way to cheer.
 Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
 O be Thou my all in all. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

PASSIO.

7's, 6 lines.

J. B. DYKES.

♩ = 72.

A. men.

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“ *Whose I am, and whom I serve.* ”—Acts xxvii. 23.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 JESU, Master, Whom I serve, Though so feebly and so ill, Strengthen hand and heart and nerve All Thy bidding to fulfil ; Open Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me.</p> | <p>2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know, Service such as I can bring ; Yet I long to prove and show Full allegiance to my King. Thou Redeemer art to me ; Let me be a praise to Thee.</p> |
|--|--|
- 3 Jesu, Master, wilt Thou use
 One who owes Thee more than all ?
 As Thou wilt ! I would not choose ;
 Only let me hear Thy call.
 Jesus, let me always be,
 In Thy service, glad and free. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

IN CONSPPECTU.

L.M.

W. CRESER.

p dolce.

p

A - men.

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"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—St. John xii. 32.

- 1 LORD Jesu, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below:—
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy Death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

LITTLINGTON TOWER.

L.M.

J. BARNBY.

mf

p Amen.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."—Rom. i. 16.

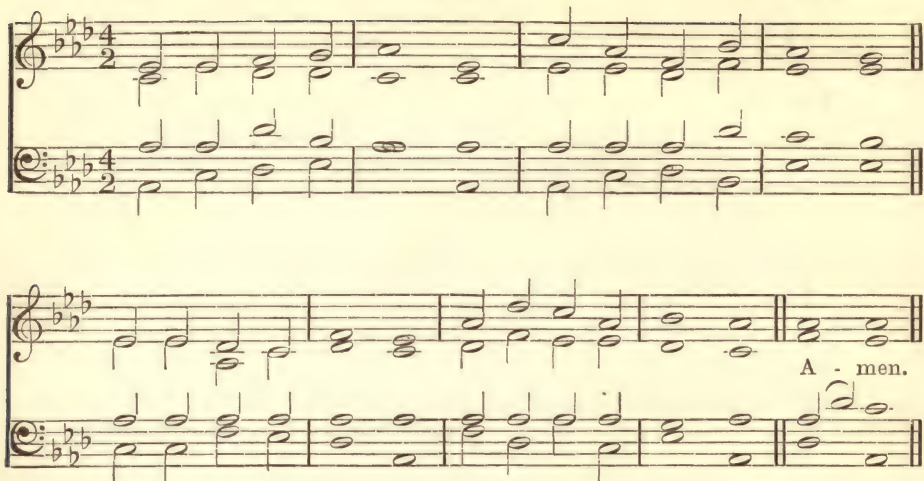
- 1 ASHAMED of Thee? O dearest Lord,
I marvel how such wrong can be:
And yet how oft in deed and word
Have I been found ashamed of Thee!
- 2 Ashamed of Thee, my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
Whose feet the way of sorrows trod
To bring me to Thy Home above?
- 3 Ashamed of Thee?—of that blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free?
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be, to be ashamed of Thee.
- 4 Ashamed of Thee, Whose love divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy Home and dwelling-place?
- 5 Ashamed of Thee? O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
And in Thy last great Advent-day
Oh be not Thou ashamed of me! Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

ST. CYPRIAN.

6.6.6.6.

R. R. CHOPE.



"Thou art near, O Lord."—Ps. cxix. 151.

1 WHEN the world is brightest,
And our hearts are lightest,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy hand be near us !

2 When life's scene is shaded,
All its bright hopes faded,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Light of heaven, be near us !

3 When with blessings sated,
Or by praise elated,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy cross be near us !

4 When the night of sorrow
Makes us dread to-morrow,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy help be near us !

5 When our foes surround us,
When our sins have bound us,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy help be near us !

6 When our hearts are grieving,
O'er the grave bereaving,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Light of heaven, be near us !

7 When in sickness lying,
Dark with fear of dying,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy help be near us !

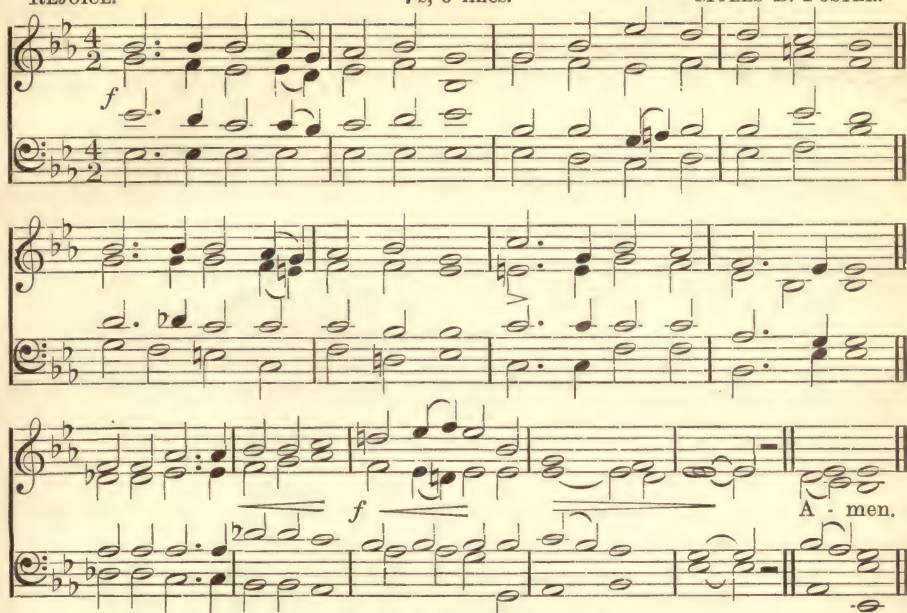
8 When life, slowly waning,
Shows but heaven remaining,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us !
Light of all, be near us ! Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

REJOICE.

7's, 6 lines.

MYLES B. FOSTER.



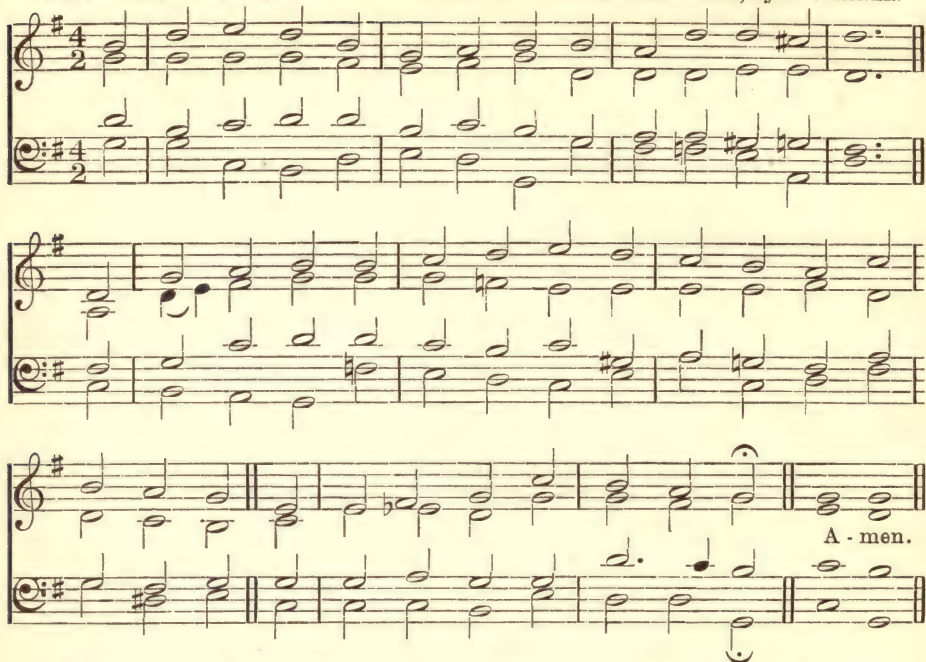
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"Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."—St. Matt. vii. 14.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord, Thy people guide and keep, As with feeble steps they press On the pathway rough and steep Through this weary wilderness. Holy Jesus, day by day, Lead us in the narrow way.</p> <p>2 There are stony ways to tread ; Give the strength we sorely lack ; There are tangled paths to tread ; Light us, lest we miss the track. Holy Jesus, day by day, Lead us in the narrow way.</p> <p>5 Upward still to purer heights ! Onward yet to scenes more blest, Calmer regions, clearer lights, Till we reach the promised rest ! Holy Jesus, day by day, Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.</p> | <p>3 There are sandy wastes that lie Cold and sunless, vast and drear, Where the feeble faint and die ; Grant us grace to persevere. Holy Jesus, day by day, Lead us in the narrow way.</p> <p>4 There are soft and flowery glades Decked with golden-fruited trees, Sunny slopes and scented shades ; Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease, Holy Jesus, day by day, Lead us in the narrow way.</p> |
|---|--|

STANTES ANTE THRONUM.

8.6.8.8. 8. From MENDELSSOHN, by J. STAINER.



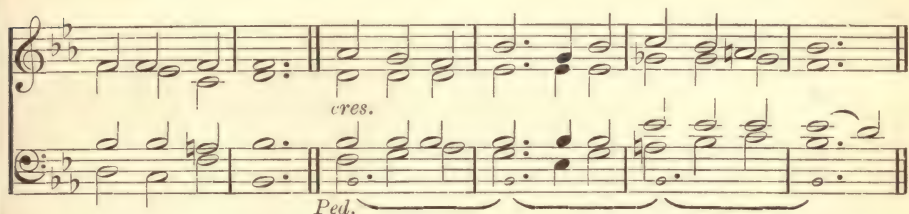
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. v. 12.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 ALL blessing, honour, glory, might, In heaven and earth and sea, Ten thousand times ten thousand sing, As they their ceaseless offering Of praise, O Lord, do yield to Thee.</p> <p>2 From ev'ry kindred, tribe, and tongue, Shall rise before Thy throne The sweet refrain of that new song, To laud the Lamb Thy courts among, From all who Thy salvation own.</p> <p>3 For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed Our sinful souls from death— Thy wondrous mercy hast display'd, Thy people kings and priests hast made, Who erst didst give them life and breath.</p> | <p>4 And Thou all riches, wisdom, strength, Art worthy to receive; All glory, honour, power, are Thine, Adored in Majesty Divine, In Thee we trust, in Thee believe.</p> <p>5 In white robes clad, and in their hands The palms of victory, The ransom'd souls and angel choir, With voices loud that never tire, Pour forth their songs eternally.</p> <p>6 With Angels and Archangels, now Henceforth and evermore, We laud and magnify Thy Name, Whose glory heaven and earth proclaim, Whom all creation doth adore.</p> |
|---|--|

Amen.

PEACE. Small notes in 1st Verse only. 6.4.6.4. D.

JOHN E. WEST.



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"It is I; be not afraid."—St. Matt. xiv. 27.

1 FIERCE was the wild billow
 Dark was the night;
 Oars laboured heavily:
 Foam glimmer'd white;
 Trembled the mariners;
 Peril was high:
 Then said the God of God,
 "Peace: it is I."

2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
 Lower thy crest:
 Wail of the tempest wind,
 Be thou at rest.

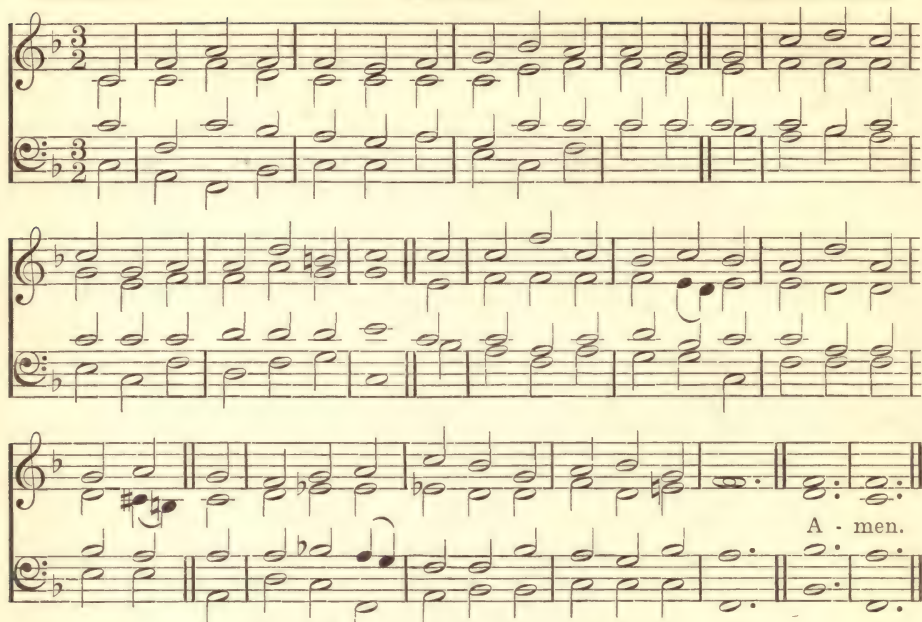
Sorrow can never be,
 Darkness must fly,
 When saith the Light of Light,
 "Peace: it is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
 Come Thou to me:
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea;
 Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
 "Peace, it is I." Amen.

EDGBASTON.

12.11.12.11.

S. ROYLE SHORE.



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*"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said
'Let there be Light.'"*—Gen. i. 2 & 3.

- 1 AMIDST the thick darkness that mantled Creation,
The face of the waters lay hidden from sight,
All formless and void, till the Lord of Salvation
Awoke the first echoes with—"Let there be Light!"
- 2 As 'gainst the proud billows the seamen were rowing
To bring their frail bark through the perils of night,
The Lord to them came o'er the waters, bestowing
The grace of His presence, and lo!—there was Light!
- 3 No longer the earth in dark chaos is lying;
The sun's golden rays flood the world with their light,
Yet, bathed in the glory, our brethren are dying,
As men who love sleep, in the darkness of night!
- 4 Great Spirit of God, from the face of creation
Once more by Thy grace put the shadows to flight:
Vouchsafe to Thy people Thy mighty salvation—
Restore, and forgive them! O, let there be Light! Amen.

ST. MACHUTUS.

L.M.

R. B. WALL.



"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—Gen. i. 2.

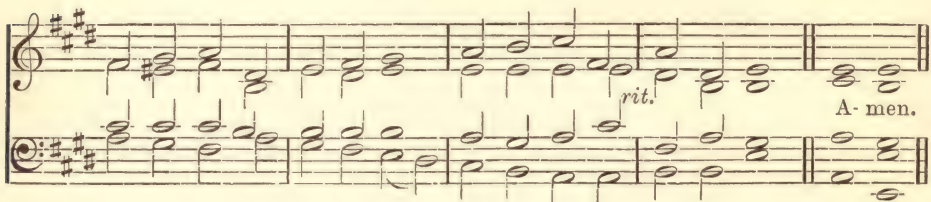
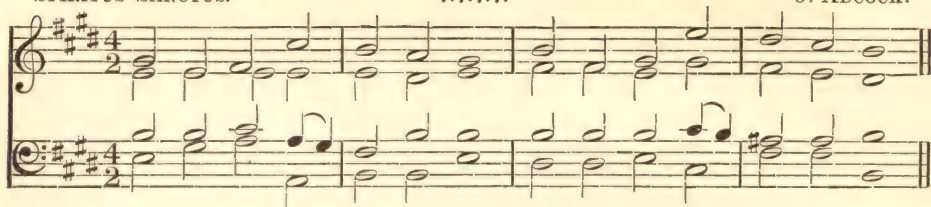
- 1 SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with Thine inward Grace.
- 2 Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The Rushing of the mighty Wind,
The Brooding of the gentle Dove ;
- 3 Come, give us still Thy powerful Aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine ;
Nor leave the hearts, that once were made
Fit temples for Thy Grace Divine :
- 4 Nor let us quench Thy Sevenfold Light :
But still with softest Breathings stir
Our wayward souls—and lead us right,
O, Holy Ghost the Comforter! Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS.

7.7.7.7.

J. ADCOCK.



"The Comforter is come."—St. John xv. 26.

- 1 THOU Who camest from above,
Bringing light, and shedding love,
Gracious Spirit! Love Divine,
Let Thy Light around us shine.
- 2 Thou Who once didst change our state,
Making us regenerate,
Help us evermore to be
Faithful subjects unto Thee.
- 3 Where Thou art not, none can do
What is holy, just, and true;
They whose hearts Thy wisdom leads,
Think good thoughts and do good deeds.
- 4 We have often grieved Thee sore;
Never let us grieve Thee more:
Thou the feeble canst protect;
Thou the wandering canst direct.
- 5 We are dark,—be Thou our light;
We are blind,—be Thou our sight:
Be our comfort in distress;
Guide us through the wilderness.
- 6 Praise the Blessèd Three in One;
Praise the Father and the Son;
To the Holy Ghost arise
Praise from all beneath the skies. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.



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"I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life."—1 Sam. i. 11.

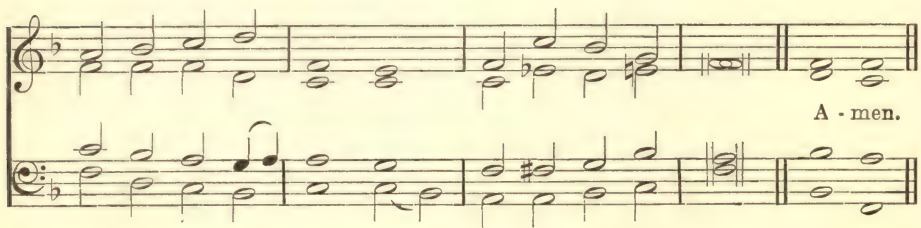
- 1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

- Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 3 Take my will, and make it Thine :
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart ; it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

CHRISTIAN.

6.5.6.5. D.

T. ADAMS.



A - men.

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General.

“ Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering. —Heb. x. 23.

1 I WAS made a Christian when my name was given,
One of God's dear children, and an heir of Heaven.
In the name of Christian I will glory now,
Evermore remember my baptismal vow.

2 I must, like a Christian, shun all evil ways,
Keep the faith of Jesus, serve Him all my days.
Called to be a Christian, I will praise the Lord,
Seek for His assistance so to keep my word.

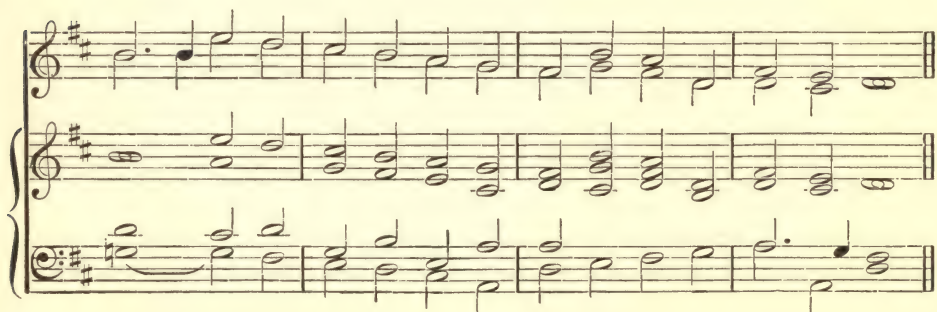
3 All a Christian's blessings I will claim for mine;
Holy work and worship, fellowship Divine
Father, Son, and Spirit, give me grace, that I
Still may live a Christian, and a Christian die. Amen.

J. S. JONES.

MARCH ONWARD.

14.14.14.14.

J. STAINER.

Voices in Harmony.*Voices.**Organ.*

General.

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. ii. 3.

1.

MARCH, march onward, soldiers true ! Take through cloud and mist your way,
Yonder flows the fount of life, yonder dwells eternal day.
March, though myriad foes are nigh, forward till ye reach the shore ;
Then, when all the strife is done, rest in peace for evermore.

2.

Hark, hark, loud the trumpet sounds ! Wake, ye children of the light ;
Time is past for sloth and sleep ; wake and arm you for the fight.
Spear and sword each warrior needs ; foes are round you, friends are few ;
Faint not, though the way be long ; fainting, still your way pursue.

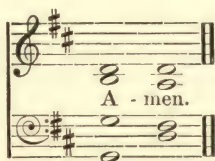
3.

See, see, yonder shines your home ; Gates of pearl and walls of gold,
Joy that heart hath never known, bliss that tongue hath never told.
Victors then through Christ your Lord, gathered round His glorious throne,
Be it yours to sing His praise, praise that He, your King, shall own.

4.

Praise, praise Him Who reigns on high ! Praise the co-eternal Son,
Praise the Spirit, Lord of life, praise the blessed Three in One.
Praise Him, ye who toil and fight ! praise Him, ye who bear the palm ;
As the sound of mighty seas, pour your everlasting psalm.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.



HOLY FAITH.

8's, 6 lines.

G. C. MARTIN.



"Earnestly contend for the faith."—St. Jude 3.

1.

Faith of our fathers! living still

In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,

Whene'er we hear that glorious word—

Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!

We will be true to thee till death.

2.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,

Were still in heart and conscience free,
How sweet would be their children's
fate

If they, like them, could die for thee!

Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!

We will be true to thee till death.

3.

Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer

Shall keep our country true to thee,
And through the truth that comes from
God,

England shall thus indeed be free.

Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!

We will be true to thee till death.

4.

Faith of our fathers, we will love

Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!

We will be true to thee till death. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

PERSEVERANCE.

7.5.7.5. D.

JOHN E. WEST.



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"Fight the good fight."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

- 1 LORD, we ask not at Thy hand
Gift of diverse speech,
Such as did at Pentecost
Thine apostles teach ;
But a humbler prayer is ours,
Breath'd in holy fear ;
Give—tho' much may be withheld—
Grace to persevere !
- 2 Faith will bring us to the cross,
Hope may point us higher,
Charity with purest flame,
Our cold hearts inspire ;

Still for more than these we crave,
Gift to us more dear,
Give—to perfect all beside—
Grace to persevere !

- 3 When our life is dark with clouds,
Soul and spirit weak ;
When we cannot hear Thy voice,
Through the tumult speak.
Lord, to Thee our prayer we raise
Fraught with many a tear,
Give—though all the world we lose—
Grace to persevere ! Amen.

W. WADE.

COURT LODGE.

8.7.8.7.

R. F. SMITH.



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"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance."—Eph. vi. 18.

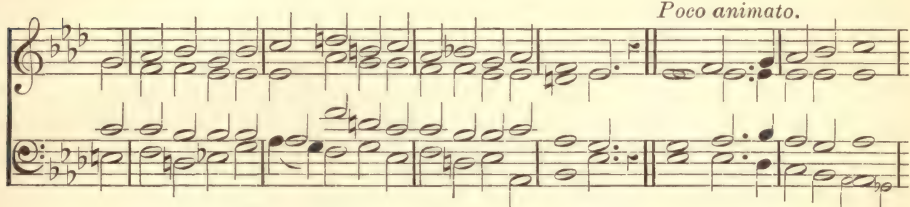
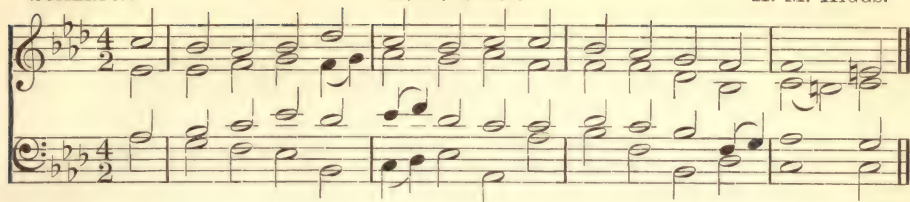
- 1 LOVING Father, throned in glory,
We, Thy children, gathered here,
Pray Thee for Thy choicest blessings,
Give us grace to persevere.
- 2 Teach us how to serve Thee daily,
Walking in Thy faith and fear;
Every morning rising stronger
In Thy grace to persevere.
- 3 Make us true, and give us courage
When temptation sore is near,
Give us grace to foil the tempter,
Give us grace to persevere.
- 4 So whene'er our Lord shall call us,
When before Him we appear,
Joyful may we win the blessing,
Promised those who persevere.
- 5 Glory be to Thee our Father,
Glory to Thy Son most dear,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
By Whose might we persevere. Amen.

ISABELLA LEEFE.

SOMERTON.

8.7.8.7. 6.6.6.6.

H. M. HIGGS.



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"Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing."—St. Matt. xxiv. 46.

1.

SERVANT of God, rise, take thy part,
And go where duty calleth,
For on thy heart, renewed by grace,
The voice of Jesus falleth.
Work ! nor for pleasures wait,
Work ! for the night soon falls,
Work ! for the task is great,
Work ! 'tis Thy God Who calls.

2.

Still many souls for whom Christ died,
Are plunged in sinful slumber,
And, growing not in grace and love,
The Church's field encumber.
Work ! nor for pleasures wait, &c.

3.

Hard is the toil, and bitter-sweet
The task before thee lying,
But God will arm the faithful soul
That trusts Him e'en in dying.
Work ! nor for pleasures wait, &c.

4.

Then work in God's great harvest-field
With hope and high endeavour,
Till God shall call thee to His rest,
To reign with Him for ever.
Rest ! for the prize is won,
Rest ! for no toil remains,
Rest ! for the task is done,
Rest ! 'tis thy God who reigns.

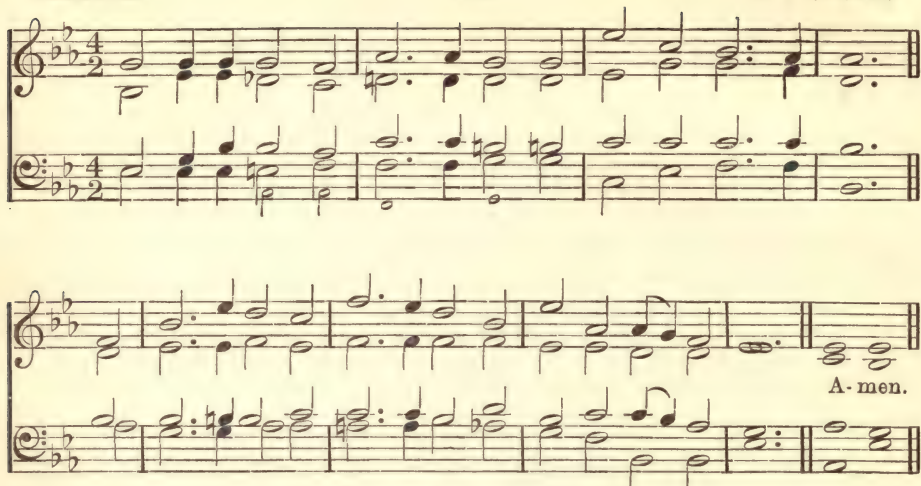
Amen.

W. WADE.

NAUMBURG.

C.M.

F. J. SAWYER.



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"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—St. Matt. xxi. 28.

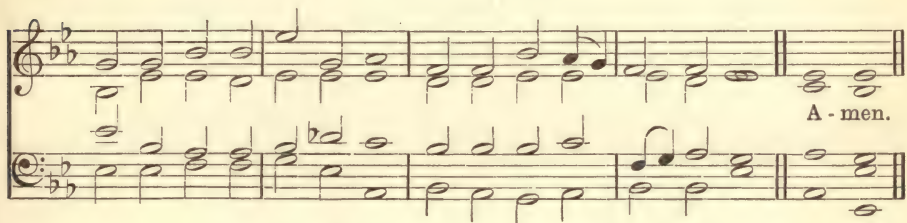
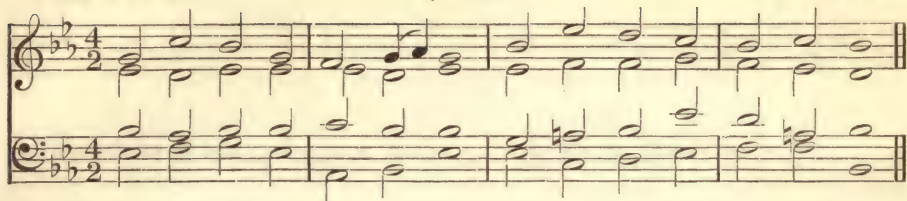
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WORKMAN of God ! oh, lose not heart, But learn what God is like ; And in the darkest battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike ;</p> <p>2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given The instinct that can tell, That God is on the field when He Is most invisible.</p> <p>3 Blest too is he who can divine Where real right doth lie, And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blindfold eye.</p> | <p>4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to live with God ; For Jesus won the world through pain, And beckons thee His road.</p> <p>5 God's glory is a wondrous thing, Most strange in all its ways, And, of all things in earth, least like What men agree to praise.</p> <p>6 Muse on His justice, downcast soul ; Muse, and take better heart : Back with thine angel to the field, And bravely do thy part !</p> |
|--|---|
- 7 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

WORK IS SWEET.

7's, 6 lines.

A. S. COOPER.



A - men.

"Six days shalt thou labour."—Ex. xx. 9.

1.

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
 Honest work with quiet rest;
 Rest below, and rest above,
 In the mansions of His love,
 When the work of life is done,
 When the battle's fought and won.

2.

Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
 Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
 Work for all that's great and good,
 Working for your daily food,
 Working whilst the golden hours,
 Health, and strength, and youth, are yours.

3.

Working not alone for gold,
 Work that may be bought and sold,
 Not the work that worketh strife,
 But the working of a life,
 Careless both of good or ill,
 If ye can but do His will.

4.

Working ere the day is gone,
 Working till your work be done,
 Not as traffickers at marts,
 But as fitteth honest hearts,
 Working till your spirits rest
 With the spirits of the blest. Amen.

G. THRING.

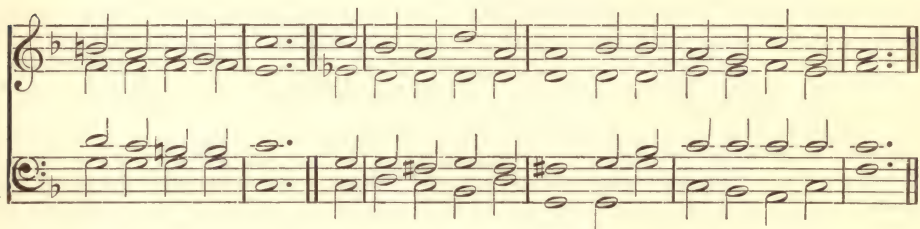
896 (FIRST TUNE.)

General.

NANSEN.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. F. BRIDGE.



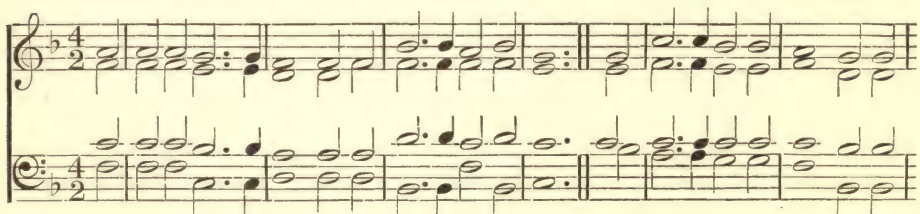
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896 (SECOND TUNE.)

RUTHERFORD.

7.6.7.6. D.

C. URHAN.



General.



"Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him : that glory may dwell in our land."—

Ps. lxxxv. 9.

1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory,—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh ! Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love,
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory,—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face :
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace ;
Not on the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand,
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love ;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land. Amen.

A. R. COUSIN.

Two Verses omitted, by special permission, to shorten the Hymn.

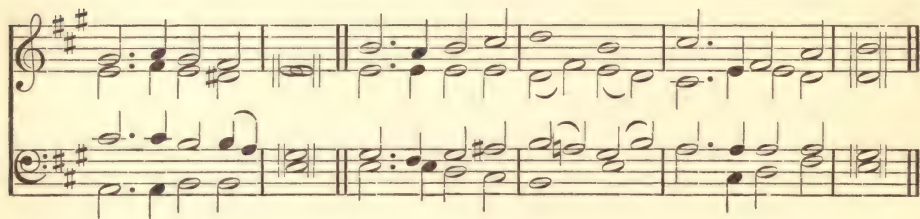
897 (FIRST TUNE.)

General.

WHORLTON.

6.5.6.5. D.

J. B. DYKES.



897 (SECOND TUNE.)

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.

6.5.6.5. D.

E. R. BARKER.



General.



"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18.

1 THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God :
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight ?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white ?

2 He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground ;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says : " I will be crowned " :
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

8 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining !
What ! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour—
When He tells you, " Fight " !

4 While we do our duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side !
What though sad the story
Of this life's distress :
Oh, the future glory !
Oh, the loveliness ! Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

898 (FIRST TUNE.)

General.

ST. PERPETUA.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. BARNBY.

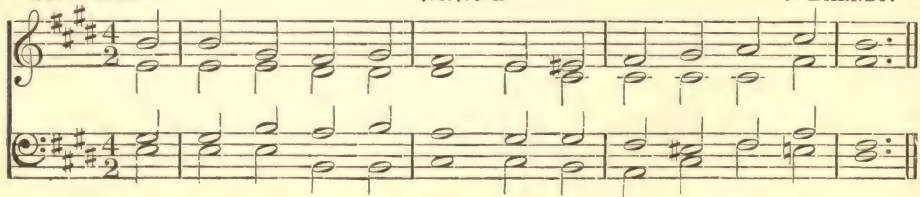


898 (SECOND TUNE.)

ST. ANSELM.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. BARNBY.



General.



"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."—Ps. xc. 7.

1 To-day Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been ;
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits ;
His blessed Angels gather
Around the heavenly gates :
No question will be asked us
How often we have come ;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's Home !

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy !
Oh, ever-open door !
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eyes run o'er ?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer! Amen.

O. ALLEN.

A - men.

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"Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—St. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 THROUGH the ages long expected,
Long desired, and looked for aye,
Lo, there cometh One Who seeketh
Goodly pearl of purest ray;
In the twilight of our sorrow
Dying, purchase price to pay.
- 2 His salvation, dearly purchased,
Offers He to all mankind,
Promising through all the ages,

- "Seek ye truly, ye shall find."
Happy they who buy this treasure
To God's will their own resigned.
- 3 Saviour, guide us in our seeking
For that pearl Thy saints have sought,
May we find it, nothing caring,
Counting even life but naught;
And at length, our long quest ended,
May we to Thy rest be brought. Amen.

ST. EDMUND.

6.4.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

A. SULLIVAN.

The musical score is written for two voices, Soprano and Bass, in 2/2 time. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The third system has two staves, with the word 'A - men.' written below the second staff. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, flowing melody and accompaniment.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. xi. 13.

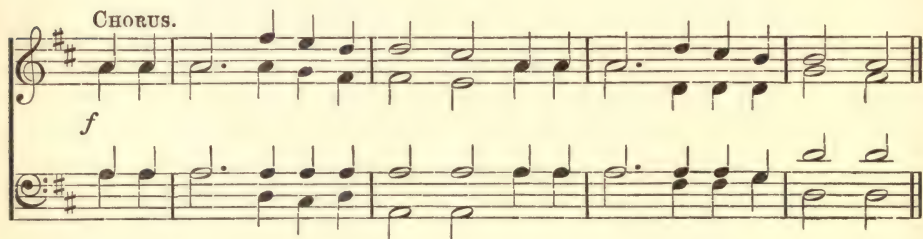
- 1 We are but strangers here,
Heaven is our Home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our Home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our Fatherland,
Heaven is our Home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our Home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our Home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach Home at last;
Heaven is our Home.

- 3 There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our Home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our Home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heaven is our Home.
- 4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our Home.
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our Home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own Right Hand,
Jesu, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our Home! Amen.

HAIL THE SIGN.

8.5.8.5. 8.8.8.5.

G. A. SARVENT.



General.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

1.

Hail the sign, the sign of Jesus,
Bright and royal Tree,
Standard of the Monarch planted
First on Calvary.
Hail the sign all signs excelling,
Hail the sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the sign hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail !

2.

Hail the sign, the King preceding,
Key to hell's domain !
Lo, the brazen gates it shatters,
Bars it snaps in twain !
Hail the sign, &c.

3.

Hail the sign, on Easter morning
Breaking from the tomb ;
In the hand of Christ dispelling
Sorrow, death, and gloom.
Hail the sign, &c.

4.

Sign to Martyrs strength and refuge,
Sign to Saints so dear !
Sign of evil men abhorrèd,
Sign which devils fear !
Hail the sign, &c.

5.

Lo, the Cross of Christ my Master
On my brow I trace ;
May it keep my mind unsullied,
Doubt and fear displace,
Hail the sign, &c.

6.

Lo, upon my lips I mark it,
Sign of Jesus slain ;
Christian lips should never utter
Words impure or vain.
Hail the sign, &c.

7.

Lo, I sign the cross of Jesus
Meekly on my breast ;
May it guard my heart when living,
Dying, be its rest.
Hail the sign, &c.

8.

In the Name of God the Father,
Name of God the Son,
Name of God the Blessèd Spirit,
Ever Three in One.
Hail the sign all signs excelling,
Hail the sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the sign hell's power quelling
Cross of Christ, all hail ! Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM.

9.8.8.9.

C. H. LLOYD.



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"The Lord Jesus Christ be with Thy spirit."—2 Tim. iv. 22.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 God be with you till we meet again !— By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep protecting fold you ; God be with you till we meet again !</p> <p>2 God be with you till we meet again !— 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still provide you ; God be with you till we meet again !</p> | <p>3 God be with you till we meet again !— When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms unfailing round you ; God be with you till we meet again !</p> <p>4 God be with you till we meet again ! Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you ; God be with you till we meet again !</p> |
|---|--|

Amen.

J. E. RANKIN.

RUSTINGTON.

8.7.8.7. D.

C. H. H. PARRY.



General.



"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. v. 14.

1.

Lord, Thy ransomed Church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear ;
Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous death hath wrought.

2.

Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
Precious drops of latter rain
Praise, that by Thy Spirit's power
Thou hast quickened us again ;
That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the Father's pleasure
Prosper in Thy pierced Hand.

3.

Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wondering throng ;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song :
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem ;
Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

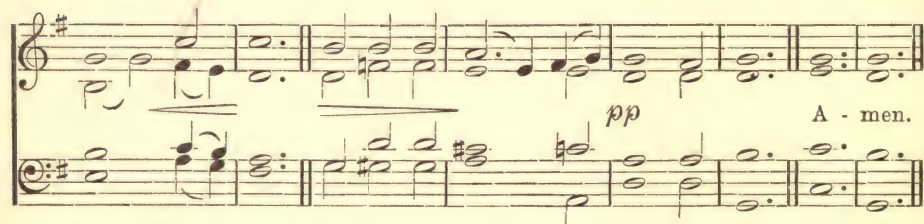
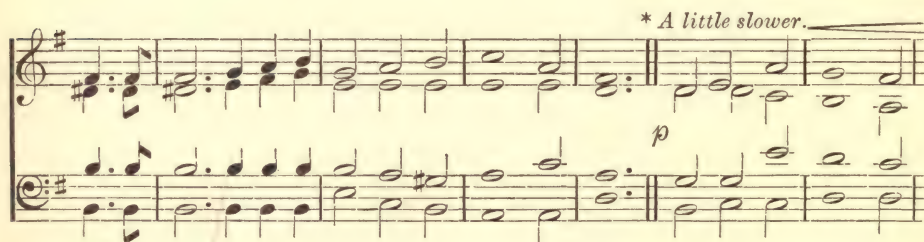
4.

Set our hearts, O Lord, on fire
With the love of Thy dear Name ;
Touch our lips, our souls inspire
Now to spread abroad Thy fame ;
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come ;
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning ;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home ;
Amen.

ELIJAH.

12.12.12.12. 8.8.

J. F. BRIDGE.



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* From Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

General.

"Then hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways."—1 Kings viii. 39.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 WHEN the weary seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee ; When the heavy-laden cast All their load on Thee ; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy Name shall call ; When the sinner seeking life, At thy feet shall fall, Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> <p>2 When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul above ; When the prodigal looks back On his Father's love ; When the proud man from his pride, Stoops to seek Thy face ; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> <p>3 When the stranger asks a home, All his toils to end : When the hungry craveth food, And the poor a friend ; When the sailor on the wave Bows the fervent knee ; When the soldier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee ; Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>4 When the man of toil and care In the city crowd ; When the shepherd on the moor Names the Name of God ; When the learned and the high, Tired of earthly fame, Now on higher joys intent, Name the blessèd Name : Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> <p>5 When the child with grave, fresh lip, Youth or maiden fair ; When the agèd, weak and grey, Seek Thy face in prayer ; When the widow weeps to Thee, Sad and lone and low ; When the orphan brings to Thee All his friendless woe : Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> <p>6 When creation, in her pangs, Poureth forth her groan ; When Thy Salem's exiled sons Breathe their bitter moan : When Thy waiting, weeping church Looking for a home, Sendeth up her silent sigh, Come, Lord Jesus, come ! Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
|---|---|

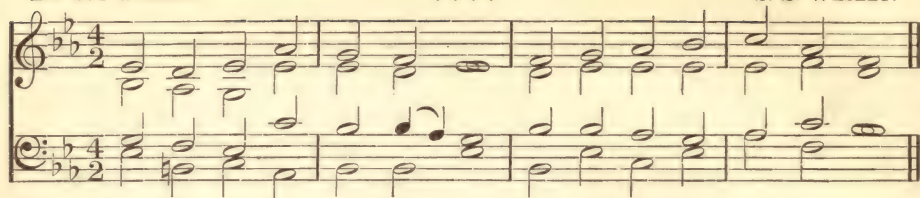
Amen.

H. BONAR.

BE NOT AFRAID.

7.7.7.7.

S. S. WESLEY.



"It is I ; be not afraid."—St. John vi. 20.

- 1 WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,—
"It is I ; be not afraid."
- 2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—
"It is I ; be not afraid."
- 3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
"It is I ; be not afraid."
- 4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh ! may then the mourner hear,—
"It is I ; be not afraid."
- 5 When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe thou then the comfort-strain—
"It is I ; be not afraid."
- 6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,—
"It is I ; be not afraid." Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

BLAIRGOWRIE.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. B. DYKES.

mf

p

cres.

f

dim. e rall.

A-men.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—Eph. vi. 17.

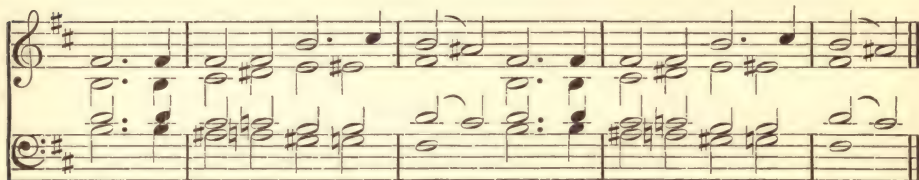
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O WORD of God Incarnate, O Wisdom from on high, O Truth, unchanged, unchanging, O Light of our dark sky ! We praise Thee for the radiance That from the hallowed page, A lantern to our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.</p> <p>2 The Church from her dear Master Received the gift divine, And still that light she lifteth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the golden casket Where gems of truth are stored ; It is the heaven-drawn picture Of Christ the living Word.</p> | <p>3 It floateth like a banner Before God's host unfurled ; It shineth like a beacon Above the darkling world. It is the chart and compass That o'er life's surging sea, 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.</p> <p>4 Oh ! make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of purest gold, To bear before the nations Thy true light, as of old. Oh ! teach Thy wandering pilgrims By this their path to trace, Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee face to face. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

W. WALSHAM HOW.

GRATIAS AGIMUS.

7's, 6 lines.

J. STAINER.

Not slow.*"My lips shall praise Thee."—Psalm lxiii. 3.*

1 For the beauty of the earth,
 For the glory of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies,
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise!

2 For the wonder of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon and stars of light,
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise!

3 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 Pleasures pure and undefiled,
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise!

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
 To our race so freely given,
 Graces human and divine,
 Buds of earth and flowers of heaven,
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise!

Amen.

Harvest.

"They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest."—Isaiah ix. 3.

1 Oh! the joy, the joy of harvest,
When the golden sheaves abound,
And the year and all creation
With the love of God is crown'd.
'Tis a joy that, care dispelling,
Makes our hearts with gladness ring,
As the valleys all around us
Thick with corn do laugh and sing.

2 Oh! the joy, the joy of harvest,
When the labourers of the Lord
Tell of "good corn" growing freely
On the barren wastes abroad.
'Tis a joy that springs from vict'ry
After battles fought and won,
After Empires long resisting
Own the Kingdom of God's Son.

3 Oh! the joy, the joy of harvest,
When the Angel reapers come,
And the Saints from every nation
Know the joy of "harvest home."
'Tis a joy of joys the greatest,
Joy of parted ones restor'd:
Joy that heart hath ne'er conceived
Is the vision of the Lord.

4 Oh! the joy, the joy of harvest,
Lo! our joy breaks forth in praise:
Glory to the Son and Spirit
With the Ancient of All Days.
Prais'd and blest be God Almighty
For th' eternal harvest store;
Prais'd on earth, then prais'd in Heaven.
In His presence evermore. Amen.

A. P. MITCHELL.

Harvest.

QUEEN'S GATE.

7's, 6 lines.

G. B. LISSANT.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/2 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign at the end. The accompaniment consists of a series of chords and single notes, with a repeat sign at the end. The score is written in a simple, clear style, suitable for a children's songbook.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The score includes a double bar line with repeat dots, indicating a repeat section. There are also some performance markings like 'v' (accents) and 'p' (piano) below the notes.

[illegible]

p rall. pp A - men.

From Chope's "Carols for use in Church."

Harvest.

"Making request with joy."—Phil. i. 4.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, God alone,
Lo! before Thy mercy-seat
We present Thee with Thine own,
Laying it before Thy feet:
Lord of mercy and of grace,
Hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 2 Joy is here; but joy will go
Faster than these fruits decay,
And the life of man below
Buds, and blooms, and fades away:
Lord of mercy and of grace,
Hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 3 Summer days are past and gone,
Autumn sunshine will not last,
And bright moments, one by one
Drop away into the past:
Lord of mercy and of grace,
Hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 4 Thanks we give: and yet we pray
In our Harvest Festival,
Teach us all to live to-day,
For the Day which comes to all:
Lord of mercy and of grace,
Hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 5 When the Master on that Morn,
With His Harvesters shall come,
And shall gather in His corn,
For the last great Harvest-Home:
Lord of mercy and of grace,
Hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place.
- 6 And the Angels reap the wheat,
And bind up the ears of gold,
Yielding fruit about His feet
Fifty and a hundredfold:
Bear these sheaves, O Lord of Grace,
Into Heaven Thy dwelling-place! Amen.

G. MOULTRIE.

TEMPLE.

Irregular.

J. BARNEY.

f

1. Let all our bre-thren join in one, To lift the heart and voice,

f

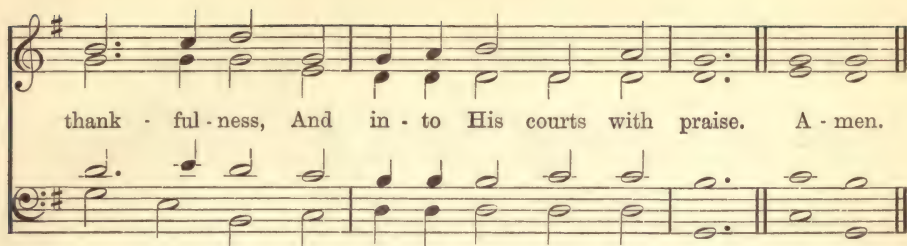
The Lord hath done great things for us, And therefore we re-joice, and therefore

^ *^*

we re-joice! For the har-vest of by-gone a-ges, In the

hope of the com-ing days, . . . Go in-to His gates with

Harvest.



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"The Lord hath done great things for us already: whereof we rejoice."—Ps. cxxvi. 4.

2 We with our ears have heard the tale,
 The tale our fathers told,
 What wonders God for them and us
 Did in the time of old.
 For the harvest of bygone ages,
 In the hope of the coming days,
 Go into His gates with thankfulness,
 And into His courts with praise.

3 Man sowed the seed and watered it
 In sorrow and in care;
 But God alone the increase gave
 And bade it blossom fair.
 For the harvest of bygone ages,
 In the hope of the coming days,
 Go into His gates with thankfulness,
 And into His courts with praise.

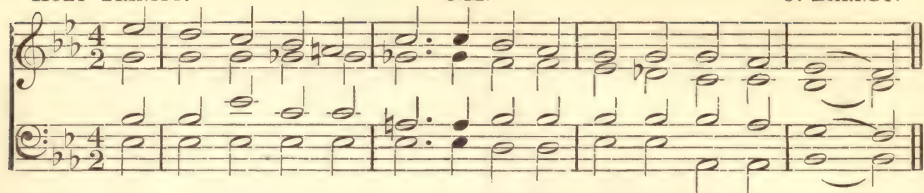
4 All praise to Him Whose bounty crowns
 With flowers and fruit the year;
 God is our hope and strength to-day,
 Therefore we will not fear.
 For the harvest of bygone ages,
 In the hope of the coming days,
 Go into His gates with thankfulness,
 And into His courts with praise. Amen.

A. C. AINGER.

HOLY TRINITY.

C.M.

J. BARNBY.



"I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys."—Cant. ii. 1.

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

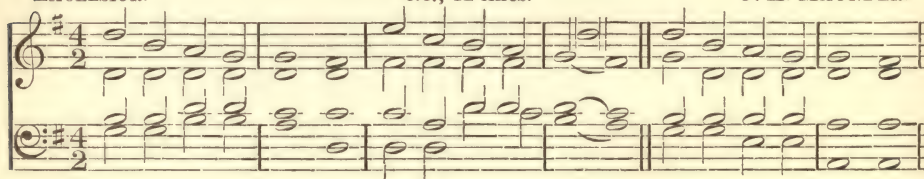
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passions rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd
Were all alike divine :
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

EXCELSIOR.

6.5., 12 lines.

J. H. MAUNDER.



Flower Services.

Flowers from His own gar - dens,

To the children's King, . . To the dear Lord Je - sus, We His chil-dren bring. A - men.

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"The flowers appear on the earth."—Cant. ii. 12.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 FLOWERS from His own gardens, To the children's King, To the dear Lord Jesus, We His children bring. He is Lord of nature, As the Lord of grace, All His own the blossoms Of each pleasant place. Flowers from His own, &c.</p> <p>2 Off-rings of thanksgiving, For the sweet and fair In the world about us, Scattered everywhere ; For the things of beauty Springing in our ways, And the many pleasures Of our happy days ; Flowers from His own, &c.</p> <p>3 In this world of brightness Jesus grieved and died, Where there was a garden He was crucified. Better flowers are blowing Where His life-blood ran, Plants of hope and glory He has given to man. Flowers from His own, &c.</p> | <p>4 In our sinful nature Christ was crucified ; May our hearts be gardens Where He may abide. Let us give Him lilies Grown with patience there ; Love and trust and pureness Are the blooms most fair. Flowers from His own, &c.</p> <p>5 Master of the gardens, At Thy wounded Feet, In Thy house, we lay them, These our offerings meet. To Thyself we send them, In the darkened room Of Thy sick and needy, Where no bright things bloom. Flowers from His own, &c.</p> <p>6 Once this earth was Eden, Sin, that Jesus slew, Spoiled its happy beauty, Thorns and thistles grew. But where He was buried Now is Paradise :— Lead us thither, Father, Till beyond the skies, Flowers from His own, &c. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

COTTENHAM.

6.6.6.6. 8.8.

C. GOUNOD.



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Flower Services.

"There is neither speech nor language : but their voices are heard among them."—Ps. xix. 3.

1.

ONCE more an end of gloom !
From out their wintry tomb
In rich profusion rise
Beneath the vernal skies
Sweet flow'rs—the harbingers of Spring,
The beauteous gifts of God we bring.

2.

In speechless notes they raise
Their great Creator's praise ;
While ever, as of old,
In harmonies untold
The Universe in under-tone
Doth its Almighty Ruler own.

3.

Ye blooms of varied hue !
He frames and fashions you,
With new-born loveliness
He decks your yearly dress :
Your perfume sweet, your tints so bright,
Do yield Him laud, and man delight.

4.

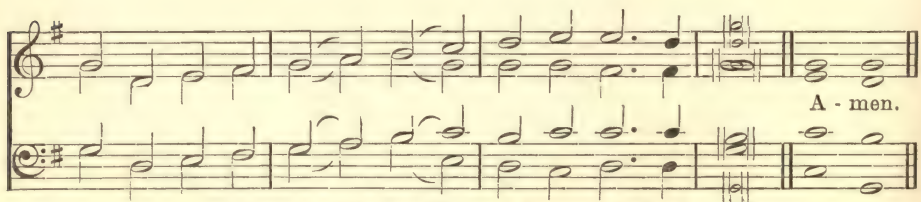
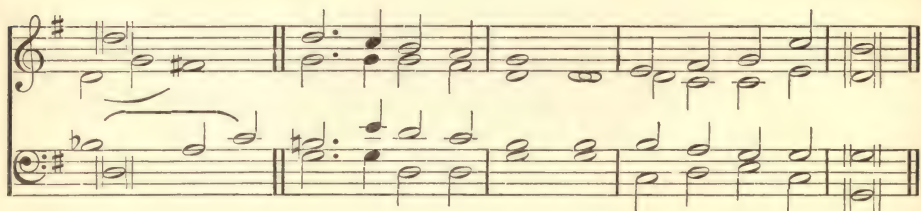
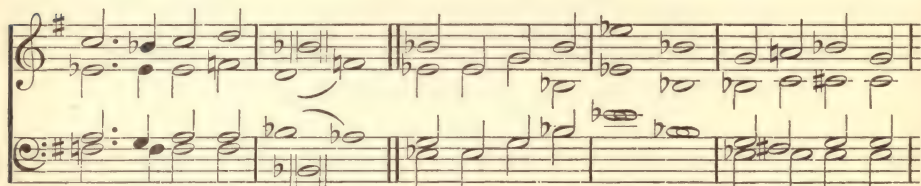
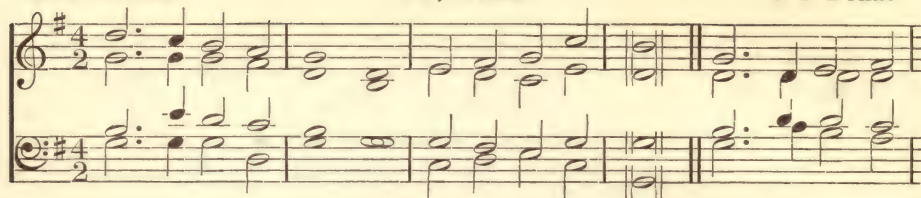
Ye, types and tokens are
Of that bright world afar,
Where flow'rets never fade
As here, in dell and glade :
Where all is joy, where gloom is o'er,
Where Beauty reigns for evermore. Amen.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

ECCE SIGNUM.

6.5., 12 lines.

J. B. DYKES.



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Flower Services.

"All things were made by Him."—St. John i. 3.

1 LILIES, roses, daisies,
Flowers of every hue,
Take each one as coming
Straight from God to you;
Telling wondrous secrets
Of His power and love,
Wearing still the brightness
Of the home above.
Oh! these flowers of summer,
Angel-like are they;
Listen to the message
Which they bring to-day.

2 Just as earth's creation
Showed the might of God
So does every floweret
Springing from the sod.
He who guides the star-worlds
Curbs the ocean's power,
With the same hand painteth
Every leaf and flower.
Oh! these flowers, &c.

3 Touch these sweet flowers gently,
So divinely dressed,
They are, in earth's language,
Thoughts of God expressed.
Thoughts of heavenly glory—
Sweetness, purity—
Must not He who framed them
Wholly lovely be?
Oh! these flowers, &c.

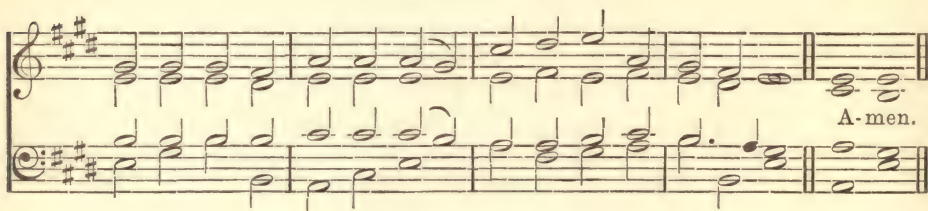
4 Praise Him then with singing,
Tell His love abroad;
Be the whole earth ringing
With the name of God.
Lakes and hills be telling
Sunset skies, and flowers,
Something of the beauty
Of this God of ours.
Oh! these flowers, &c. Amen.

CAROLINE GRIFFITH.

VIENNE.

8.7.8.7. 7.7.

G. J. ELVEY.



"All that is in the Heaven and in the earth is Thine."—1 Chron. xxix. 11.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord of all creation,
 Hear us while we sing Thy praise,
 Fill our souls with veneration
 For Thy wondrous works and ways,
 Earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
 Thee, Creator, glorify!
- 2 Thou art He Who earth arrayest
 In her garb of changeful hue;
 Thou such matchless skill displayest
 In yon Heaven's arch of blue.
 Earth, and air, &c.

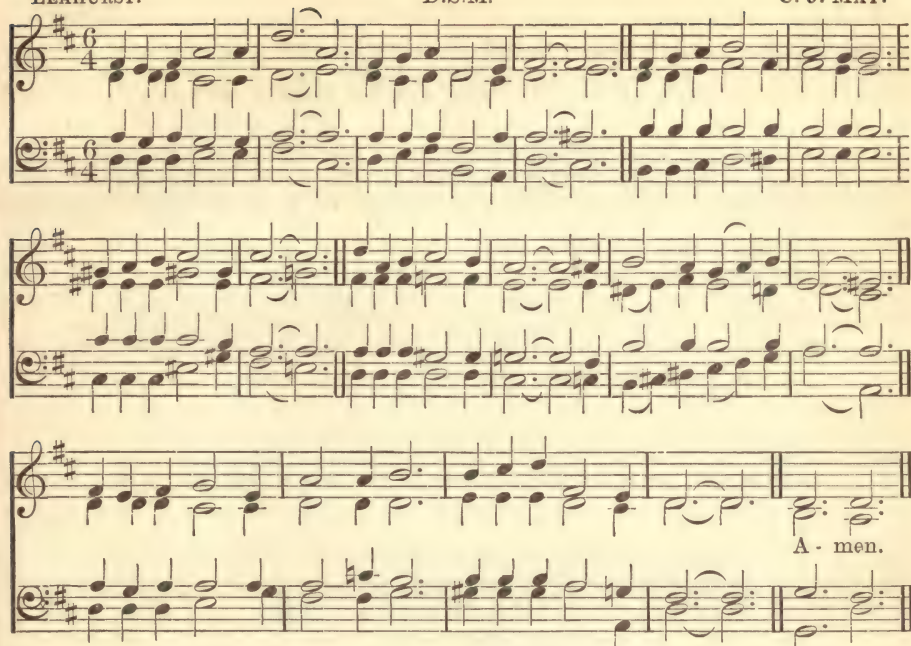
- 3 Countless forms with life are teeming,
 O'er the land and in the deep;
 Endless tints of colour gleaming
 In each glen, and dale, and steep,
 Earth, and air, &c.
- 4 Tokens of Thy love surround us;
 Ever give us eyes to see
 Beauty everywhere around us,
 Teaching, mighty God, of Thee.
 Earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
 Thee, Creator, glorify! Amen.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

LEAHURST.

D.S.M.

C. J. MAY.



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"Neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi. 4.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 We children, Lord, have come Into Thy courts to-day, [home, Bringing Thee flowers from school and Glad with our offerings gay. Not for ourselves we bring This growth of sun and rain, But for Thy children suffering Dark hours on beds of pain.</p> | <p>3 Fair are these earthly flowers, Varied their bright array, Short is their term of sunny hours, Brief is their summer day. So must we too appear, As in Thy light we stand, So short, so brief our sojourn here, So close the unknown land.</p> |
| <p>2 Here is the deep red rose, Emblem of Martyr's love ; Here, too, are lilies white like those Who walk with Christ above. Sweet are they all, O Lord, And sweet to give our best ; But sweeter still Thy promised word To give the sufferers rest.</p> | <p>4 Happy the child who grows Healthy, and good, and wise, Free as the meadow flower that blows Under the open skies. Blessed are also ye Who higher still can reach, Learning through patient sympathy The lessons pain can teach. Amen.</p> |

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

HOSANNA.

7.6.7.6. D.

Italian Air.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 6/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for piano accompaniment. The piano part features chords and moving lines in both hands. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is placed below the first measure of the piano accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features the same three-staff structure. The word 'FINE.' is written at the end of the top staff. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

The third system of musical notation is the final system on the page. It continues the three-staff structure. A 'Man.' (Mancina, left hand) marking is placed below the first measure of the piano accompaniment, and a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is placed below the final measure of the piano accompaniment.

Hymns for Children.



"Hosanna to the Son of David."—St. Matt. xxi. 9.

1 HOSANNA ! Lord, Hosanna !
With loving hearts we sing,
For Jesus Christ is coming
To be His people's King.

2 Hosanna ! Blessed Jesu !
Come in our hearts to dwell,
And let our lives and voices
Thy praise and glory tell,
Hosanna, &c.

3 For we who sing Hosanna,
Must like our Saviour be,
In gentleness and meekness,
In love and purity.
Hosanna, &c.

4 Hosanna, let this welcome
Ring out from every heart ;
Draw nigh to us, O Jesu,
And never more depart.
Hosanna, &c.

5 So when we see Thee coming
With Angels in the sky,
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna !
Shall be Thy children's cry.
Hosanna, &c.



C. F. HERNAMAN.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

C.M.

Traditional.



Hymns for Children.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."—Heb. i. 14.

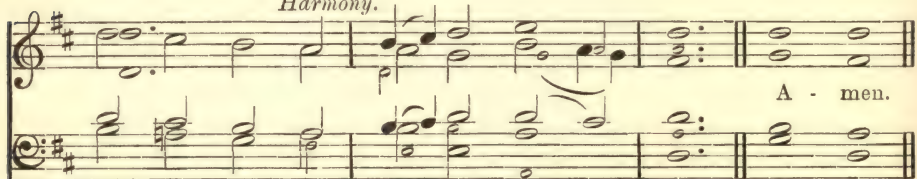
- 1 BEFORE the Throne of God above
The glorious angels stand;
Their only wish, their only joy,
To do their Lord's command.
- 2 Some ever rest before His face,
And praise Him all day long;
Singing in never ending strains
Their blessed, joyous song.
- 3 And some for little children care,
And round them fold their wings,
To guard them from the tempter's snare,
And from all hurtful things.
- 4 Some Angels walk beside the priest
When he is called to see
The sick and dying ones, for there
The Angels love to be.
- 5 Some stand where penitents pour out
Their tale of sin and woe,
And joy to see the precious blood
O'er the forgiven flow.
- 6 These holy Angels never choose,
And never wish or ask
For other work than what God gives
To be their daily task.
- 7 And we must like the Angels be,
Not choosing good or ill,
But humbly striving day by day
To do God's Holy Will. Amen.

MARY FRANCES CLARE.

MARIAMNE.

P.M.

J. POINTER.

*All Voices
in Unison.**Harmony.*

Hymns for Children.

"Hosanna in the highest."—St. Matt. xxi. 9.

1.

FAR off in fair Jerusalem
The Temple courts once rang,
As ceasing from their happy play
The Hebrew children sang :
Hosanna in the highest !
Hosanna in the highest !
He draweth nigh,
Lift up the cry,
Hosanna in the highest !

2.

Their lips are dumb in death's long sleep,
And hush'd those childish lays ;
But through the ages still there comes
An echo of their praise :
Hosanna in the highest !
Hosanna in the highest !
He passeth by,
Lift up the cry,
Hosanna in the highest !

3.

We may not see the lowly form
They welcomed as their King ;
But though His throne has claimed its
Like them we too may sing : [Lord
Hosanna in the highest !
Hosanna in the highest !
He draweth nigh,
Lift up the cry,
Hosanna in the highest !

4.

Receive, O Lord, from children's lips
This tribute of our praise ;
Let not our hearts grow cold and faint
Amid the world's dark ways.
Hosanna in the highest !
Hosanna in the highest !
Be ever nigh
While still we cry
Hosanna in the highest !

5.

Help us to praise Thee here on earth,
Serving 'mid joy or pain,
That when to judgment Thou shalt come
We with Thy saints may reign.
Hosanna in the highest !
Hosanna in the highest !
O pass not by
From us who cry
Hosanna in the highest ! Amen.

W. WADE.

KIRKBRADDAN.

11's, 4 lines.

E. C. WALKER.

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system includes a crescendo (cres.) marking and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The third system ends with a fortissimo (f) dynamic marking and the instruction 'A - men.' The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/2.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear ;
Folded in His Bosom, what have we to fear ?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know His Voice ;
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts rejoice !
Even while it chideth, tender is its tone ;
None but He shall guide us, we are His alone.
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep He bled :
Every lamb is sprinkled with the Blood He shed ;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have My Spirit, these," saith He, "are Mine."
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd, guarded by His Arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm ;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

H. STOWELL.

SALAMIS.

11.8.12.9.

Greek Air.



"Of such is the kingdom of God."—St. Mark x. 14.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold; I should like to have been with Him then.</p> <p>2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, [me, That His arm had been thrown around And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto me."</p> <p>3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love, And if I now earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above:</p> | <p>4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven; And many dear children are gathering there, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.</p> <p>5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Never hear of that heavenly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Jesus has bid them to come.</p> <p>6 I long for that blessed and glorious time, The fairest and brightest and best, When the dear little children of every clime Shall crowd to His arms and be bless'd.</p> |
|---|---|

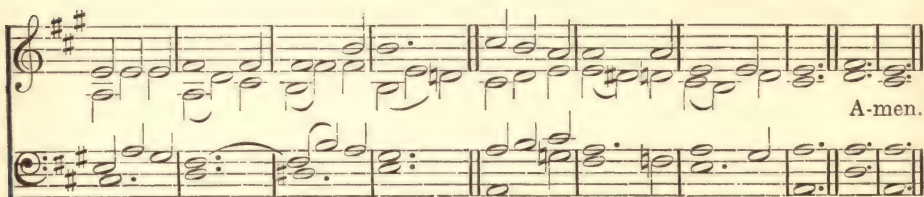
Amen.

JEMIMA LUKE.

QUADRAGESIMA.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.

*"Herein is love."*—1 St. John iv. 10.

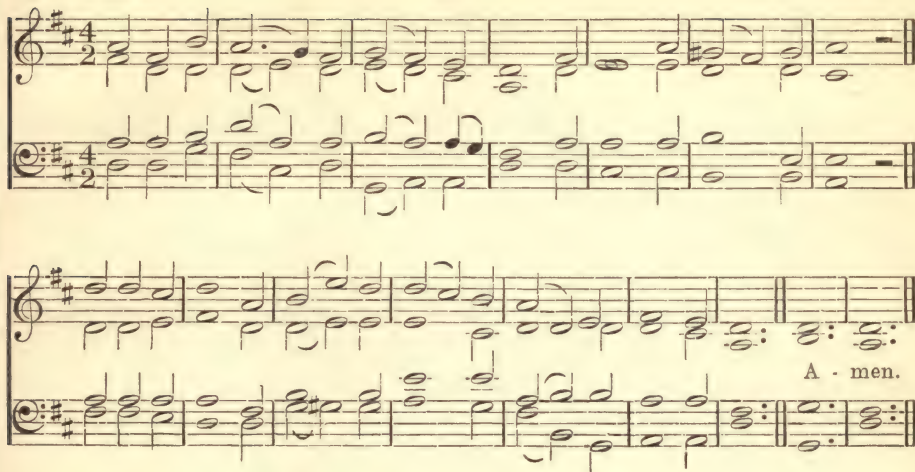
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 It is a thing most wonderful, Almost too wonderful to be, That God's own Son should come from Heaven, And die to save a child like me,</p> <p>2 And yet I know that it is true ; He came to this poor world below, And wept and toiled, and mourned and died, Only because He loved us so.</p> <p>3 I cannot tell how He could love A child so weak and full of sin ; His love must be most wonderful, If He could die my love to win.</p> | <p>4 I sometimes think about the Cross, And shut my eyes and try to see The cruel nails and crown of thorns, And Jesus crucified for me.</p> <p>5 But even could I see Him die, I could but see a little part Of that great love which, like a fire, Is always burning in His Heart.</p> <p>6 It is most wonderful to know His love for me so free and sure ; But 'tis more wonderful to see My love for Him so faint and poor.</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord !
O light the flame within my heart !
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

CHILDHOOD.

C.M.

C. J. DICKINSON.



"He made Himself of no reputation."—Phil. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS was once a little child,
A little child like me;
Was cradled in His mother's arms,
And sat upon her knee.
- 2 Once He was just the age I am,
And was as helpless too;
He used to sleep, and walk, and speak,
Just as all children do.
- 3 And yet, though He was once a Child,
He is the God of all;
And angel hosts before His Throne
In lowly worship fall.
- 4 And why was it He chose to be
A Child so poor and weak?
It was that I might learn from Him
How blessèd are the meek;
- 5 It was that I might learn from Him
My parents to obey,
And, like the Child of Nazareth,
Grow holier every day. Amen.

MARY FRANCES CLARE.

LASHBROOK.

P.M.

HAROLD L. BROOKE.

FINE.
A-men.

D.C.

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"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."—Joel ii. 28 ; Acts ii. 17.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 HOLY Ghost ! come down upon Thy children, Give us grace and make us Thine ; Thy tender fires within us kindle, Blessed Spirit ! Love Divine !</p> <p>2 For all within us, good and holy, Is from Thee, Thy precious gift ; In all our joys, in all our sorrows, Wistful hearts to Thee we lift. Holy Ghost ! &c.</p> <p>3 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit ! Wayward, wanton, cold are we ; And still our sins, new every morning, Never yet have wearied Thee. Holy Ghost ! &c.</p> | <p>4 Dear Paraclete ! how hast Thou waited While our hearts were slowly turned ! How often hath Thy love been slighted, While for us it grieved and burned ! Holy Ghost ! &c.</p> <p>5 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us, We would take Thee for our Lord ; O dearest Spirit ! make us faithful To Thy least and lightest word. Holy Ghost ! &c.</p> <p>6 Ah, sweet Consoler ! though we cannot Love Thee as Thou lovest us, Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle, They will not be always thus. Holy Ghost ! &c. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

EVENING PRAYER.

7.7.7.7.

J. STAINER.

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."—Psalm cxxi. 7.

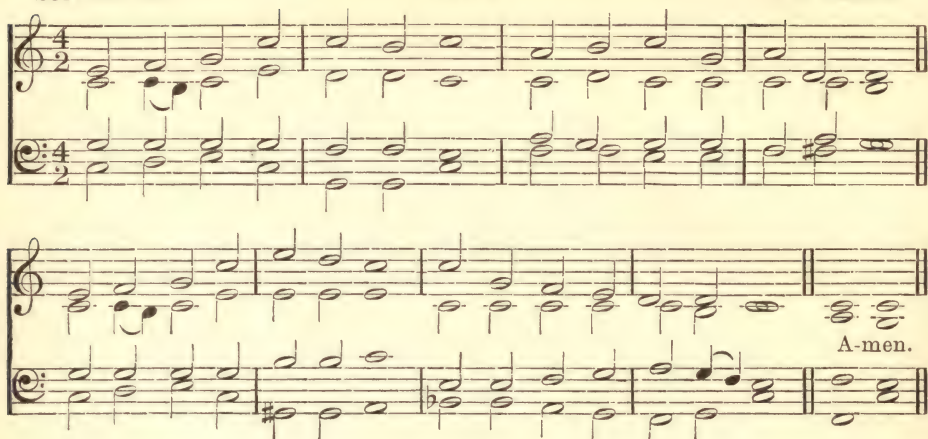
- 1 In our work and in our play,
Jesu, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding, all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.
- 2 Thou didst toil, a lowly Child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.
- 3 Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.
- 4 Oh, how happy thus to spend
Work and play-time in His sight,
Till the rest which shall not end,
Till the day which knows not night! Amen.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

SUPPLICATION.

7.7.7.7.

J. B. CALKIN.

*"Fight the good fight."*—1 Tim. vi. 12.

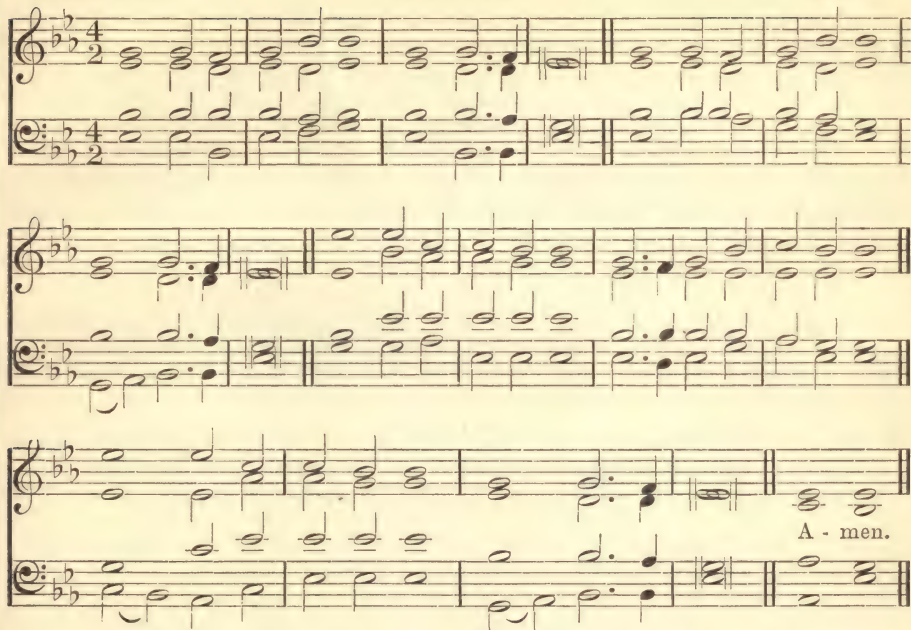
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|--|--|
| <p>1 FATHER, lead me day by day, Ever in Thine own sweet way; Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.</p> <p>2 When in danger make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save; Keep me safe by Thy dear side, Let me in Thy love abide.</p> <p>3 When I'm tempted to do wrong, Make me steadfast, wise, and strong; And when all alone I stand, Shield me with Thy mighty hand.</p> | <p>4 When my heart is full of glee, Help me to remember Thee; Happy most of all to know That my Father loves me so.</p> <p>5 When my work seems hard and dry, May I press on cheerily; Help me patiently to bear Pain and hardship, toil and care.</p> <p>6 May I see the good and bright, When they pass before my sight; May I hear the heavenly voice When the pure and wise rejoice.</p> |
|--|--|
- 7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below;
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be. Amen.

J. P. HOPPS.

HAPPY LAND.

6.4.6.4. 6.7.6.4.

Adapted.



"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, 'I will give it you'; come thou with us."—Num. x. 29.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour-King;
Loud let His praises ring;—
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,—
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run:
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye! Amen.

A. YOUNG.

THE MANY MANSIONS.

8.7.8.7. D.

E. G. MONK.

First system of musical notation for "The Many Mansions". The music is in 4/2 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is marked $\text{♩} = 84$. The first staff (treble clef) begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of chords and moving lines. The second staff (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with sustained chords and moving bass lines. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation. The first staff (treble clef) includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The music continues with harmonic development in both staves, maintaining the 4/2 time and B-flat major key. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The first staff (treble clef) includes a piano crescendo (*p cres.*) marking. The music continues with harmonic development in both staves, maintaining the 4/2 time and B-flat major key. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The first staff (treble clef) includes a marking for "A - men." at the end of the system. The music continues with harmonic development in both staves, maintaining the 4/2 time and B-flat major key. The system ends with a double bar line.

Hymns for Children.

"In My Father's house are many mansions."—St. John xiv. 2.

1 IN the Paradise of Jesus
There are many homes of light,
And they shine beyond the darkness
With a radiance clear and bright.
Oh, that I might hear the Angels
Singing o'er the crystal sea,
And amidst the many mansions
Find a home prepared for me!

2 There are sounds of many voices
In the golden streets above,
Filling all the air with gladness,
Blended in eternal love.
Oh, that, &c.

3 In those quiet resting places,
'Midst the pastures green and fair,
Jesus gathers in the homeless,
And He dwells among them there.
Oh, that, &c.

4 Can we see the happy faces
Of the dear ones gone before?
They are ready now to greet us
When we gain that blessed shore.
Oh, that, &c.

5 Then the pearly gates, unfolding,
Never shall be closed again,
We shall see within the City
Jesus, 'mid his white-robed train.
Oh, that, &c.

6 Oh, to join the Alleluia,
And the glad thanksgiving raise,
With the ransomed hosts of Jesus,
In their songs of endless praise!
Oh, that, &c. Amen.

CHARLOTTE STREATFIELD.

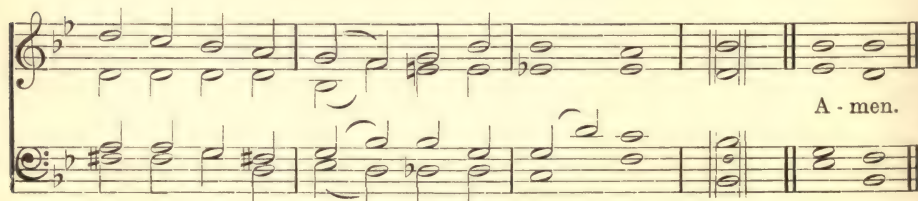
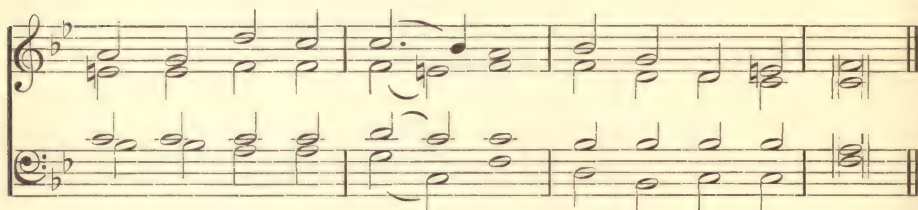
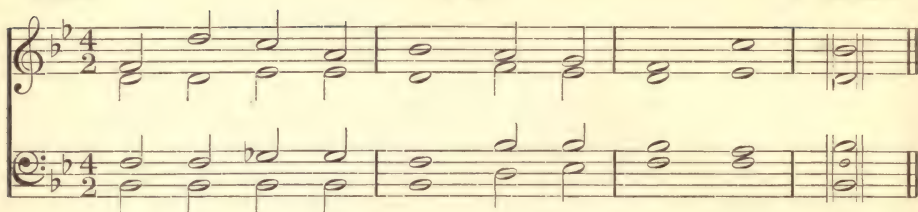
✓ Hymns for Children.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

LIGHT.

P.M.

T. ADAMS.



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Hymns for Children.

" Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—St. Matt. v. 16.

1.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light;
Like a little candle
Burning in the night:
In this world of darkness,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

2.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it
If our light grows dim:
He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound,—
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine. Amen.

MIDNIGHT.

6.5.6.5. D.

A. M. GOODHART.

Simply, and not too slow.

1. In the si - lent mid - night, Home - less and a - lone,

p

Ped.

poco cres. Ja - cob slept a - wea - ry *dim - in - u - en - do.* Pil - lowed on a stone;

poco cres. *dim - in - u - en - do.*

mf Far from all who loved him, *dim.* Was the wand'rer then, . .

mf

Ped.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with a tempo marking 'poco rit.' above it. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Fa - ring forth to la - bour In the world of men. A - men.' are written below the top staff. The bottom staff includes performance markings: 'cres' (crescendo), 'cen' (crescendo), 'do.' (diminuendo), 'dim.' (diminuendo), and 'p' (piano).

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"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."—Gen. xxviii. 16.

1 In the silent midnight,
Homeless and alone,
Jacob slept awearry
Pillowed on a stone;
Far from all who loved him,
Was the wand'rer then,
Faring forth to labour
In the world of men.

2 Then what sudden glories
Flashed across his dream,
Heavenly splendours breaking
Over hill and stream;
Down from heights of glory,
Through the wondering air,
Angels, countless angels,
Thronged the golden stair.

3 In the solemn midnight
Jacob woke from sleep,
God was close beside him
In the silent deep:
Through the misty morning
Soon he must depart,
With the heavenly vision
Bright within his heart.

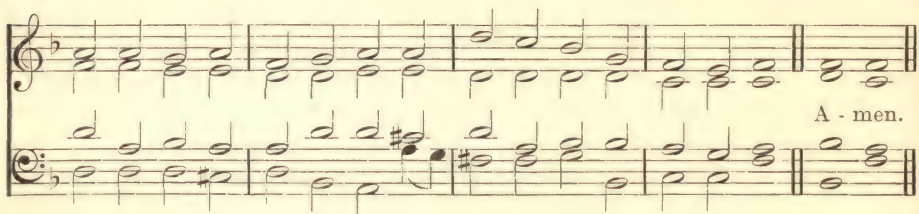
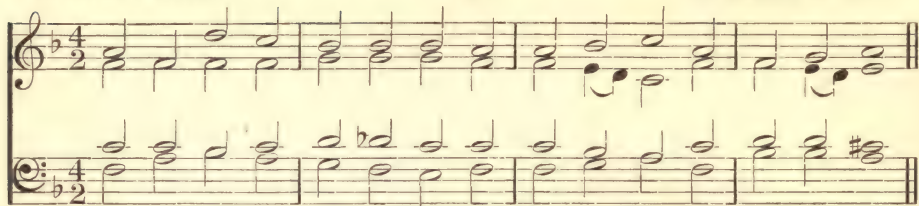
4 We must take our journey
To the land unknown,
We may fail in courage,
Homeless and alone:
Angel-hosts to guard us,
God in heaven above:
And we dare not falter
If we trust His love. Amen.

A. C. BENSON.

EVENING PRAYER.

8.7.8.7.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



" Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."—St. Matt. xviii. 10.

- 1 SWEET it is to know my Angel
Watches ever by my side,
Sent by God from highest heaven,
Me, His sinful child, to guide.
- 2 'Twas an Angel told St. Mary
She should bear the Holy Child,
Angels cheered our Blessed Saviour,
Lonely in the desert wild.
- 3 'Twas an Angel, in His Passion
Stayed our sad and suffering Lord,
Angels, of His Resurrection
Brought the holy women word.
- 4 Now o'er His baptizèd children
Holy Angels watch around,
Jesu! may I ever faithful
To my Guardian's voice be found.
- 5 Grant that at my dying pillow
I may feel his presence blest;
May he bear my ransomed spirit
Safe to my eternal rest! Amen.

A - men.

"Grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 16.

1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesu,
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesu :
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesu,
For I am very blind,
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With dark and evil mind ;
I need the light of Jesus
To tread the thorny road
To guide me safe to glory,
Where I shall see my God.

5 I need Thee, precious Jesu,
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way ;
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

6 I need Thee, precious Jesu,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne :
There, with Thy Blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesu,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

934 (FIRST TUNE.)

Mission Services.

GOSPEL.

7.6., 10 lines.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

A - men.

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Mission Services.

"Tell it to the generation following."—Psalm xlviii. 13.

- 1 TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love. Amen.

K. HANKEY.

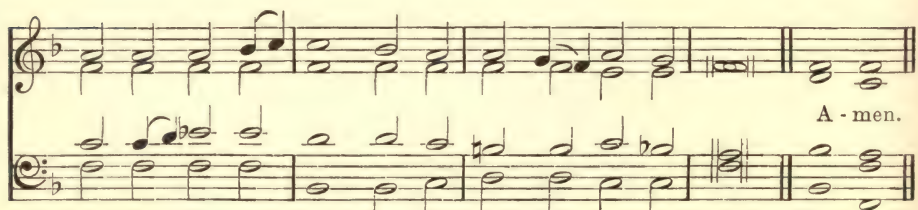
934 (SECOND TUNE.)

Mission Services.

CONSOLATION.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. H. MAUNDER.



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Mission Services.

"Tell it to the generation following."—Psalm xlviii. 13.

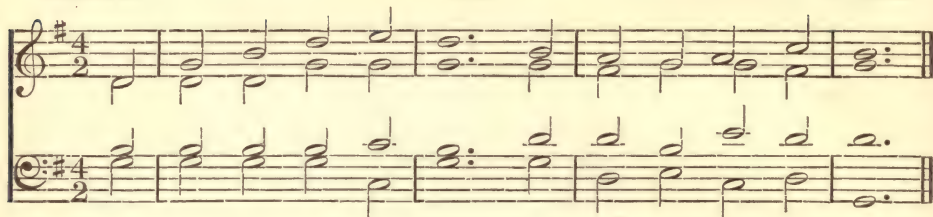
- 1 TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
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When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole." Amen.

K. HANKEY.

FAREHAM.

S.M.

J. Goss.



"The Lord bless thee."—Psalm cxxxiv. 3.

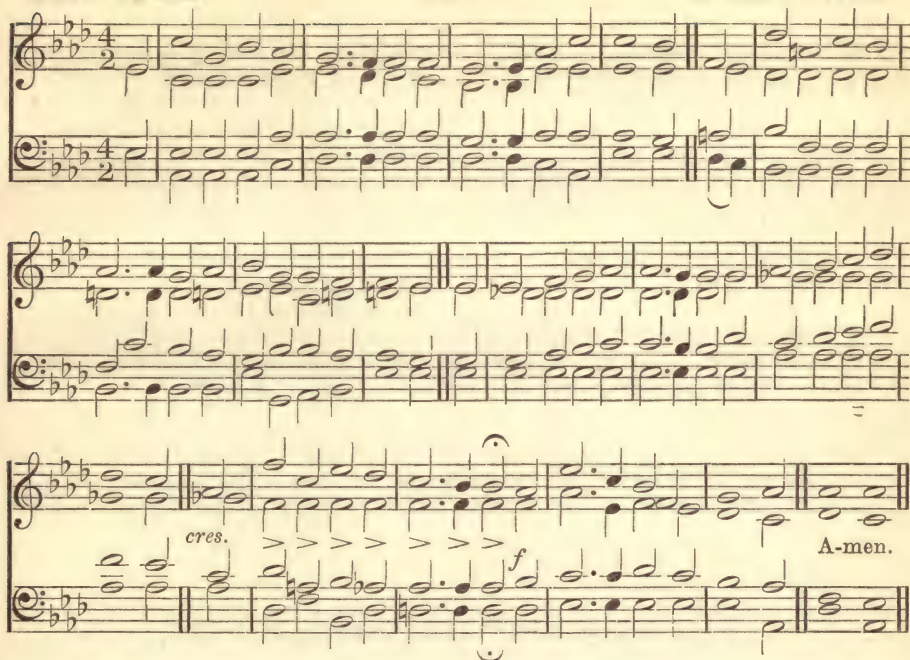
- 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy mighty arm make bare ;
 Speak with the voice that 'wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Disturb this sleep of death,
 Quicken the smouldering embers now,
 By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Create soul-thirst for Thee,
 And hungering for the bread of life,
 O may our spirits be.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt Thy precious Name ;
 And by the Holy Ghost our love
 And zeal for Thee inflame.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 And give refreshing showers,
 The glory shall be all Thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours. Amen.

A. MIDLANE.

I HAVE A FRIEND.

8.7.8.7. D.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—St. John xv. 13.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I HAVE a Friend ; oh, such a Friend, He loved me ere I knew Him ; He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him ; And round my heart still closely twine Those ties which nought can sever : For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and for ever.</p> | <p>3 I have a Friend, oh, such a Friend, All power to Him is given, To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heaven. Th' eternal glories gleam afar, To nerve my faint endeavour : So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to praise for ever.</p> |
| <p>2 I have a Friend ; oh, such a Friend, He bled, He died to save me ; And not alone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me ; Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giver : My heart, my strength, my life, my all Are His, and His for ever.</p> | <p>4 I have a Friend ; oh, such a Friend, So kind, and true, and tender ; So wise a Counsellor and Guide, So mighty a Defender. From Him Who loves me now so well What power my soul shall sever : Shall life or death, shall earth or hell ? No, I am His for ever. Amen.</p> |

J. G. SMALL.

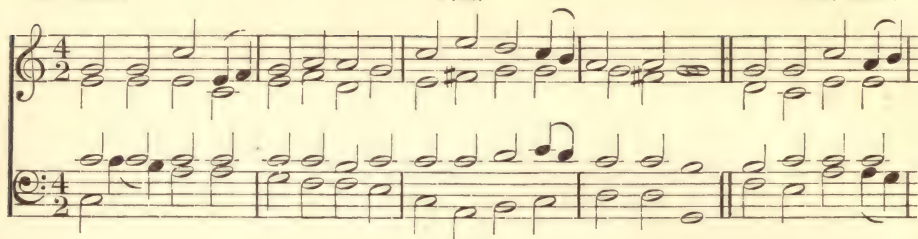
937 (FIRST TUNE.)

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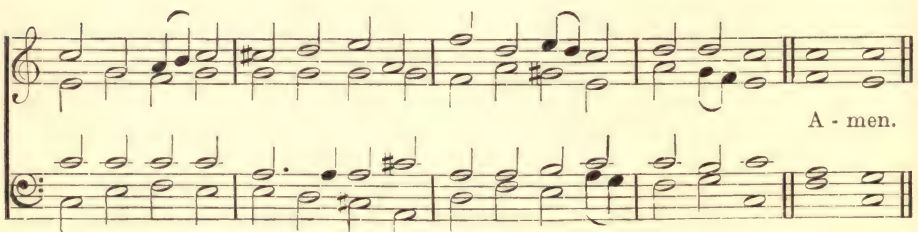
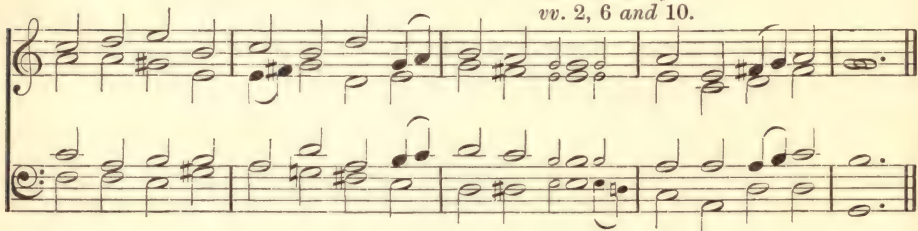
ST. MARY.

P.M.

C. J. MAY.



*Small notes for
vv. 2, 6 and 10.*



A - men.

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Processional.

"Joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness that the Lord had done."—1 Kings viii. 66.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 SEE, the Church herself rejoices, Brothers, on our festal day Lift your hearts and raise your anthems: Cast all thought of earth away, On our festal day. * Then Alleluia, raise the anthem, Praise our God, to Whom belong All the worship man can offer, All the praise of prayer and song.</p> <p>2 Come, ye white-robed choir, and raise ye Echoes of the Angels' song; Teach us how to blend our voices, Joining with an unseen throng In holy harmony, Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>3 We are pilgrims, treading slowly O'er the weary sands of time, Bearing each his heavy burden, Fainting in a desert clime, Longing to be home. Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>4 They who join the Angel chorus In a chant that shall endure, Must in life be cleansed from evil, And in every thought be pure In the Lord's own sight. Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>5 Therefore of Thy gifts of beauty, First-fruits, Lord, to Thee we bring; Consecrating to Thy service Taught by love—this offering That we owe to Thee. Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>6 Soon we hope to meet in glory All the loved ones gone before;</p> | <p>Brothers, sisters, parents, children— Parting from them nevermore Throughout eternity! Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>7 But while severed yet in body We can join in heart, and raise Each his own sweet chant to Jesus, Joining in one act of praise To the Lord of all. Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>8 Loved ones, as your earthly voices Once were lifted to our Lord, Join us as we sing in chorus, Praising Him, by all adored Both in earth and heaven. Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>9 Children, who with holy Angels Sweetly play midst heaven's flowers, Lift, oh, lift your little voices, Join your tiny chant with ours, In a children's song. Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>10 Ye who sped to God in glory, Ere your robes were stained by sin, Martyr'd boys and virgin maidens, Greet us as we pass within The narrow gate of heaven. Then Alleluia, &c.</p> <p>11 God Almighty, Great JEHOVAH, May we reach Thy kingdom blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest, Safe at last with God. Then Alleluia, &c. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

B. HARDWICK.

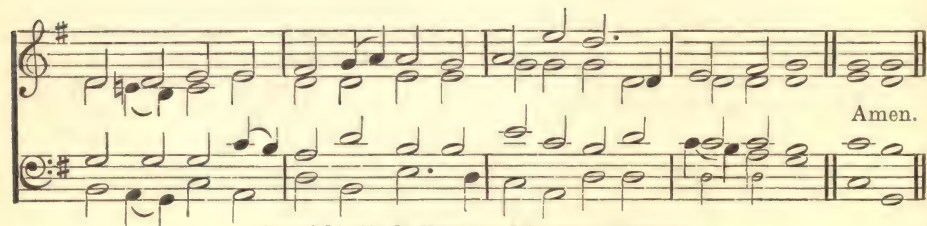
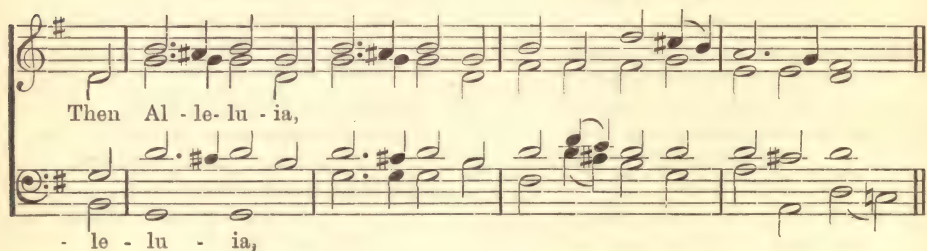
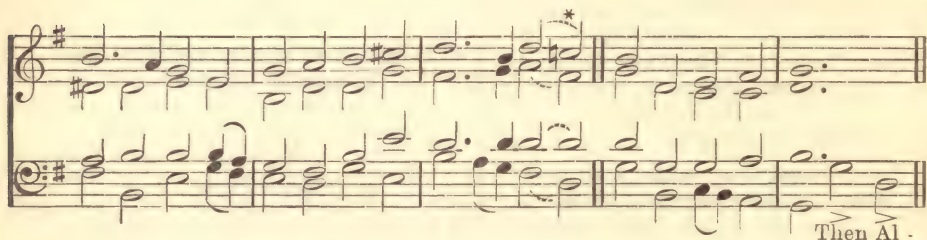
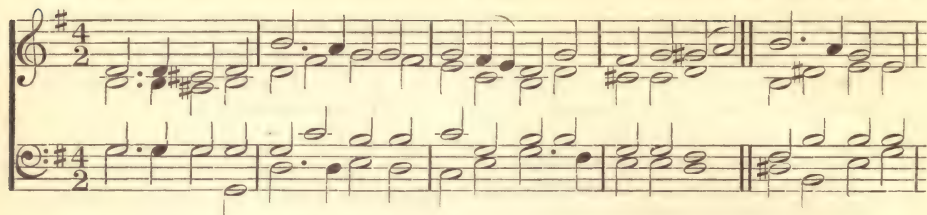
* The above is given as an alternative to the refrain originally written as under :—

Then swing the incense, raise the anthem,
 Praise our God, to Whom belong
 All the worship man can offer,
 All the praise of sense and song.

EARL'S COURT.

P.M.

T. MALLETT JONES.



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* The 5th line of verses 2, 6 and 10 will commence at this chord.

Processional.

"Joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness that the Lord had done."—1 Kings viii. 66.

- 1 SEE, the Church herself rejoices,
Brothers, on our festal day
Lift your hearts and raise your anthems:
Cast all thought of earth away,
On our festal day.
* Then Alleluia, raise the anthem,
Praise our God, to Whom belong
All the worship man can offer,
All the praise of prayer and song.
- 2 Come, ye white-robed choir, and raise ye
Echoes of the Angels' song;
Teach us how to blend our voices,
Joining with an unseen throng
In holy harmony,
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 3 We are pilgrims, treading slowly
O'er the weary sands of time,
Bearing each his heavy burden,
Fainting in a desert clime,
Longing to be home.
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 4 They who join the Angel chorus
In a chant that shall endure,
Must in life be cleansed from evil,
And in every thought be pure
In the Lord's own sight,
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 5 Therefore of Thy gifts of beauty,
First-fruits, Lord, to Thee we bring;
Consecrating to Thy service
Taught by love—this offering
That we owe to Thee.
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 6 Soon we hope to meet in glory
All the loved ones gone before;
- Brothers, sisters, parents, children—
Parting from them nevermore
Throughout eternity!
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 7 But while severed yet in body
We can join in heart, and raise
Each his own sweet chant to Jesus,
Joining in one act of praise
To the Lord of all.
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 8 Loved ones, as your earthly voices
Once were lifted to our Lord,
Join us as we sing in chorus,
Praising Him, by all adored
Both in earth and heaven.
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 9 Children, who with holy Angels
Sweetly play midst heaven's flowers,
Lift, oh, lift your little voices,
Join your tiny chant with ours,
In a children's song.
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 10 Ye who sped to God in glory,
Ere your robes were stained by sin,
Martyr'd boys and virgin maidens,
Greet us as we pass within
The narrow gate of heaven.
Then Alleluia, &c.
- 11 God Almighty, Great JEHOVAH,
May we reach Thy kingdom blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest,
Safe at last with God.
Then Alleluia, &c. Amen.

B. HARDWICK.

* The above is given as an alternative to the refrain originally written as under :—

Then swing the incense, raise the anthem,
Praise our God, to Whom belong
All the worship man can offer,
All the praise of sense and song.

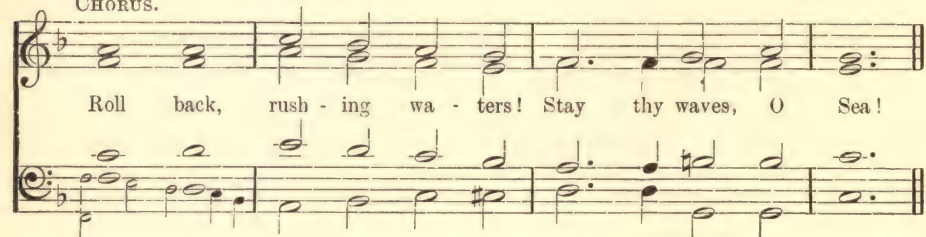
FORWARD SAID THE PROPHET.

P.M.

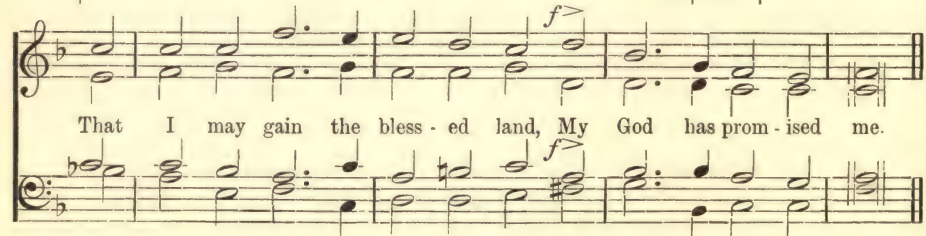
H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD.

*Org.**Org.**Org.*

CHORUS.



Roll back, rush - ing wa - ters! Stay thy waves, O Sea!



That I may gain the bless - ed land, My God has prom - ised me.

From "Church Songs," by S. Baring-Gould.

Chorus for last Verse only.

Processional.

Strike, strike the sound - ing tim - brel By the pla - cid sea ;

Shout, shout to God, as thun - der, Songs of vic - to - ry.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Ex. xiv. 15.

- 1 FORWARD! said the Prophet,
Pointing to the sea,
March, ye royal people,
Through it fearlessly!
What though foes are gath'ring,
Dark'ning all the plain,
God's right arm extended
Shall their force restrain.
Roll back, rushing waters!
Stay thy waves, O sea!
That I may gain the blessed
land,
My God has promised me.
- 2 What though broad before you
Spreads a tossing tide?
God is strong and mighty
Waters to divide.
At my rod uplifted,
See the waters stand
Opening us a pathway
To the Promised Land.
Roll back, &c.
- 3 March! God's chosen people!
Over doubt and dread;
All that daunts shall vanish
Where ye fearless tread,

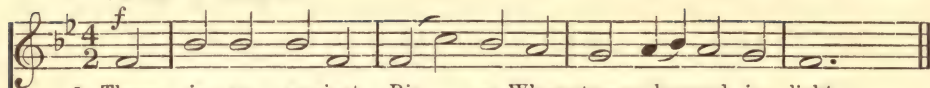
- Only march on boldly,
Looking far away
From Egyptian darkness
To the breaking day.
Roll back, &c.
- 4 Dread not threatening billows
Which like walls uprear;
Dread not hosts pursuing,
Armed with sword and spear.
Wherefore now faint-hearted?
Trust ye in your God!
Look on me, your leader,
With uplifted rod.
Roll back, &c.
- 5 Soon shall all be gathered
Safe on yonder shore;
Foes who long have daunted,
Ye shall see no more:
Looking back, shall wonder
What ye had to fear;
Marvel how ye doubted
When your help was near.
Strike, strike the sounding tim-
By the placid sea; [brel
Shout, shout to God, as thunder,
Songs of victory.

THE RIVER.

7.6.7.6. D.

G. C. MARTIN.

VOICES IN UNISON.



ORGAN.



Processional.

VOICES IN HARMONY.

ff Up rose the Ho-ly Ci-ty, The Lord's e-lect a-bode. A-men. *sf sf*

ff sf sf

ff sf sf

ff sf sf

"A pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxii. 1.

2 The River still is flowing,
But now with fuller stream ;
And still the light is falling,
But now with brighter beam :
Of old the Song of Moses
Soared as it swept along ;
But now the name of Jesus
Is made its sweeter song.

3 Its radiance lights us onward,
Its chanting waters cheer ;
Blest is the eye beholding,
Blest is the hearing ear ;
For, as the earth-clouds darken,
The glory clearer grows,
And gladder for life's tumult
The stream of music flows.

4 God's River ! The One Spirit,
Grace of the mystic Seven,
From seaward passing seaward,
From heaven it flows to heaven.
Fair city of these waters !
Cheered with their light and song,
So are thy children joyful,
So are thy servants strong.

5 O Beautiful, the River !
The Church upon thy shore
In bliss of expectation
Abideth evermore :
Till at some holy even
Her children on thy breast
From foretaste pass to fulness,
From working into rest.

6 Then laud to God the Spirit,
And laud to God the Son,
And laud to God the Father—
Laud to the Three in One ·
Laud in the Song of Moses,
Laud in our chant to-day,
And in the City Glorious
Laud from the Church for aye. Amen.

S. J. STONE.

THE GOOD FIGHT.

P.M.

J. BARNBY.

"He went forth conquering, and to conquer."—Rev. vi. 2.

f *mf*

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

f *mf*

Sw.

f *ff* *His*

lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His Ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

Gt.

Processional.

Ho - ly arm



His arm spread o'er us. 2. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, In

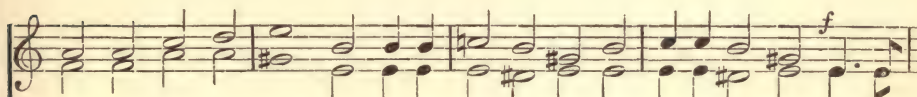
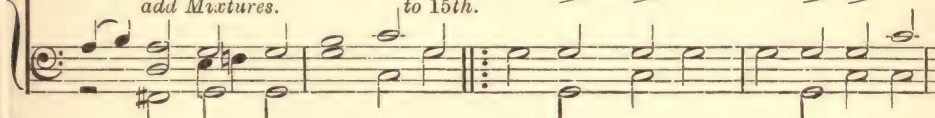


His arm

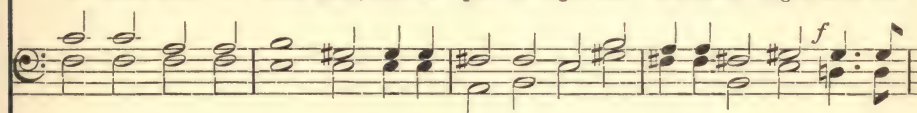


add Mixtures.

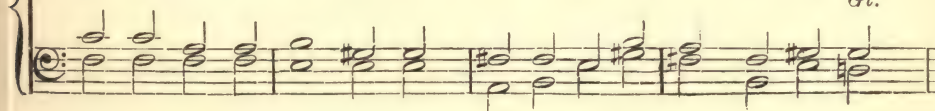
reduce to 15th.



or - dered train to meet Him; And we put to flight the armies of night, That the



Gt.



sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him. We

mf

mf

Sw.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble and bass clef) begins with the lyrics 'sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him. We'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *Sw.* (Sustained).

march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

mf

mf

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *mf*.

Processional.

lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly arm spread

His Ho - ly arm

All verses except last. *Last verse only.*

o'er us, His Ho - ly arm spread o'er us. The o'er . . . us.

Brd verse.

His arm

- 3 The bands of the Alien flee away,
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the Lord in serried
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder. [array
We march, we march, &c.
- 4 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—The Incarnation.
We march, we march, &c.

- 5 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the Golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.
- 6 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from
And His Holy arm spread o'er us. [above,
We march, we march, &c. Amen.

ESTHER.

11's, 6 lines.

A. H. BREWER.

First system of music for Esther. Treble and bass staves in 4/2 time, key of D major. Tempo marking: $\text{♩} = 108$. Dynamic marking: *mf*. The music consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Second system of music for Esther. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic marking: *cres.* (crescendo). The music continues with harmonic progression.

Third system of music for Esther. Treble and bass staves. The music concludes this section with sustained chords.

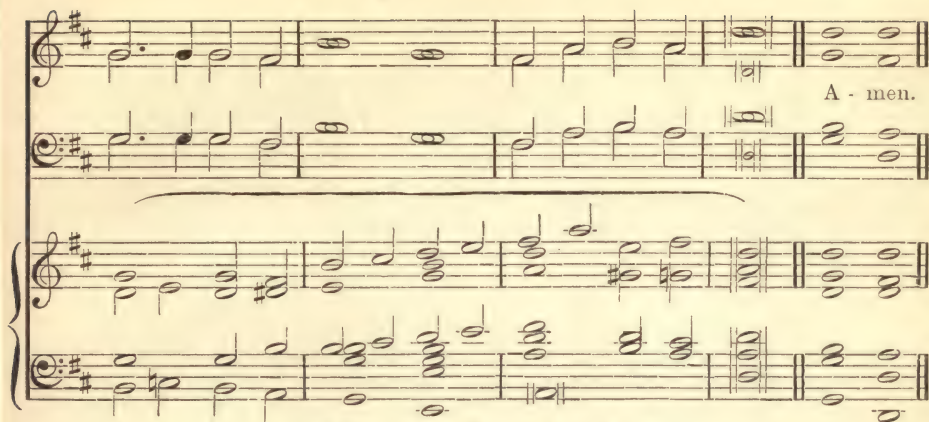
VOICES.

First system of music for VOICES. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic marking: *f* (forte). The music features a vocal melody in the treble and accompaniment in the bass.

ORGAN.

First system of music for ORGAN. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic marking: *f* (forte). The organ part provides a harmonic accompaniment with sustained chords and moving lines.

Processional.



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"Giving thanks always for all things unto God."—Eph. v. 20.

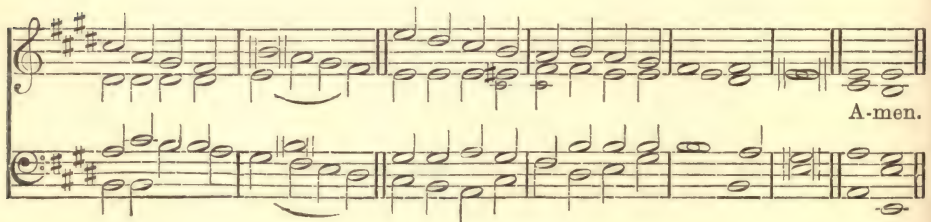
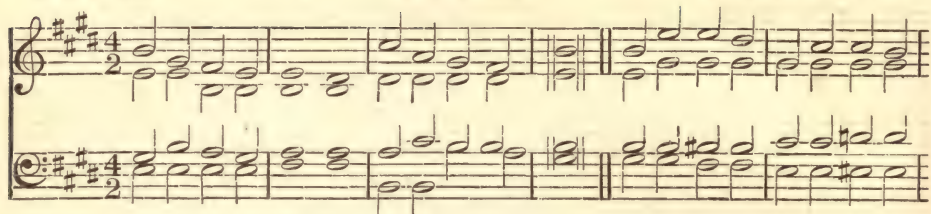
- 1 On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from Thee.
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
- 2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
- 3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
- 4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

SUMUS TIBI.

6.5., 12 lines.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



Processional.

"Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. xxxii. 26.

1 Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm.
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own Life-Blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour we are Thine!

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Processional.

FOR CHILDREN.

WANBOROUGH.

8.7.8.7. D.

G. C. MARTIN.



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Processional.

"And He shewed me that great City, the holy Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 10.

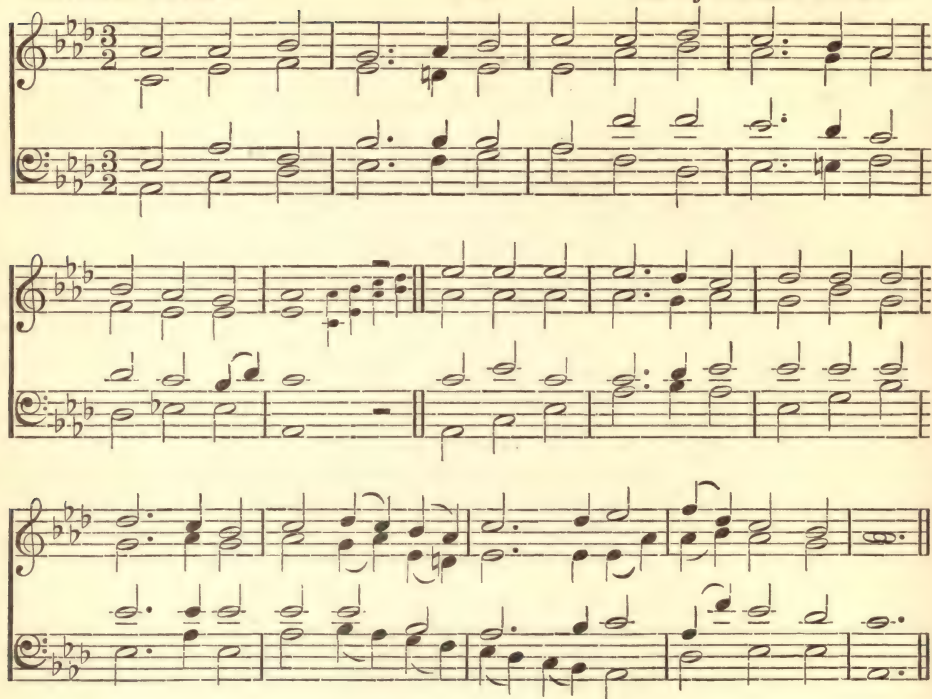
- 1 DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made ;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid ;
Oh, that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly ;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky !
- 2 All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold ;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.
- 3 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.
- 4 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a beam of silver light.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.
- 5 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs and the Elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.
- 6 Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain !
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain !
Oh, that I had wings,
Here to spread and heavenward fly ;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky ! Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

P.M.

Har. by VINCENT NOVELLO.

*"God save the King."*—1 Sam. x. 24.

- 1 God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King!
- 2 O Lord, our God, arise—
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks;
 On Thee our hopes we fix—
 God save us all.

- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour;
 Long may he reign!
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the King!

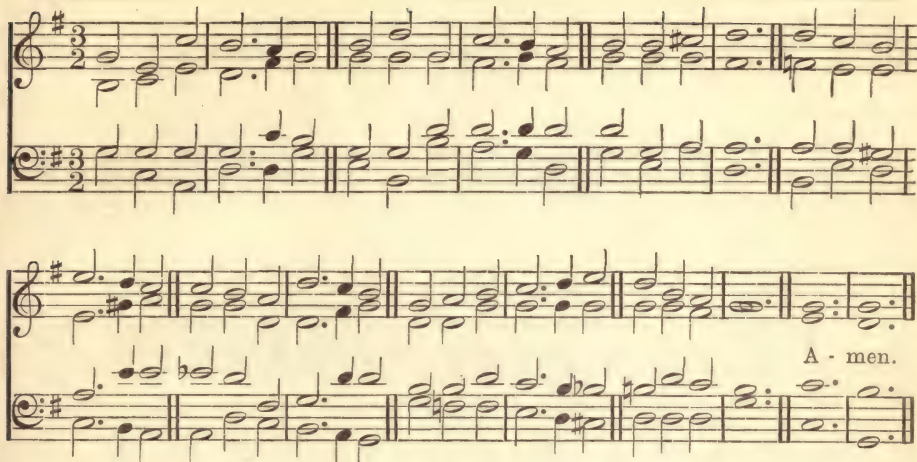
Alternative 2nd Verse.

O Lord our God arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 Make wars to cease.
 Keep us from plague and dearth,
 Turn Thou our woes to mirth
 And over all the earth
 Let there be peace. Amen.

FATHERLAND.

P.M.

J. H. MAUNDER.



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"All nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land."—Mal. iii. 12.

- 1 God bless our native land!
 May heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore;
 May Peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On might no more.
- 2 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause
 And bless our isle.
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind heaven may smile
- 3 And not this land alone,
 But be Thy mercies known
 From shore to shore.
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be
 And form one family,
 The wide world o'er. Amen.

W. E. HICKSON.

BISHOPGARTH.

8.7.8.7. D.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/2. The tempo marking is $\text{♩} = 72$. The music is written for two staves, Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The first measure of the Treble staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat). The Bass staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat).

Second system of musical notation. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/2. The music is written for two staves, Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The first measure of the Treble staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat). The Bass staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat).

Third system of musical notation. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/2. The music is written for two staves, Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The first measure of the Treble staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat). The Bass staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat).

Fourth system of musical notation. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/2. The music is written for two staves, Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The first measure of the Treble staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat). The Bass staff contains a whole note chord (B-flat, D, F, A) followed by a half note (B-flat). The system concludes with the text "A-men." in the right margin.

National.

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King."—1 St. Peter ii. 17.

1.

OH King of kings, Whose reign of old
Hath been from everlasting,
Before Whose throne their crowns of gold
The white-robed saints are casting;
While all the shining courts on high
With Angel songs are ringing,
Oh let Thy children venture nigh,
Their lowly homage bringing.

2.

For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with joy set free,
Its happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,
And lo! we come confessing—
'Tis Thou hast dower'd fair England's throne
With countless years of blessing.

3.

Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving,
To larger love, and purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
Oh teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

By permission of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

THE RECESSIONAL.

6.6.6.6. 6.6.

E. W. NAYLOR.

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RECESSIONAL.

"Beware lest thou forget the Lord."—Deut. vi. 12.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GOD of our fathers, known of old— Lord of our far-flung battle line— Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p> | <p>2 The tumult and the shouting dies— The captains and the kings depart— Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice. An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p> |
| <p>3 Far-called our navies melt away— On dune and headland sinks the fire— Lo, all our pomp of yesterday Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p> | <p>5 For heathen heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and iron shard— All valiant dust that builds on dust, And guarding calls not Thee to guard— For frantic boast and foolish word, Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!</p> |
| <p>4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe— Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser breeds without the Law— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p> | |

RUDYARD KIPLING.

* The last two verses may be omitted when sung in public worship.

BOLWELL.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN.

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"Give the king Thy judgments, O God."—Ps. lxxii. 1.

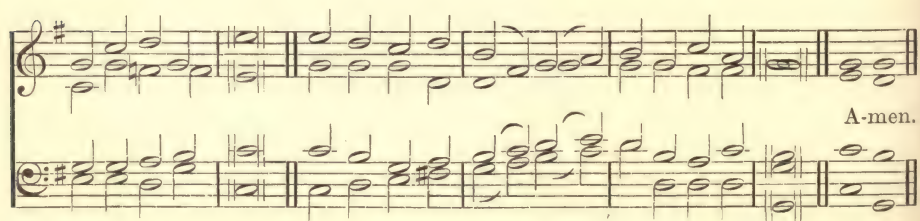
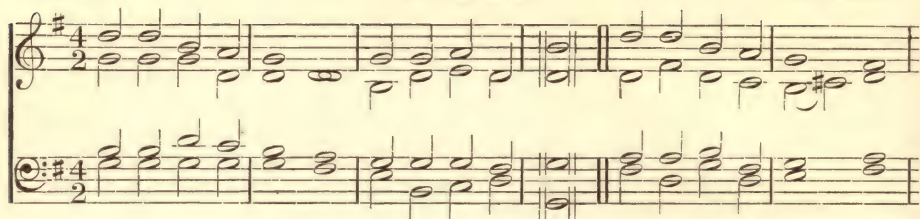
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 LORD of Might, our land's Defender, God of hosts, our Strength and Stay, Thanks and praise to Thee we render For Thy mercies day by day; While our prayer to Thee we bring— Guard our land and shield our King!</p> | <p>3 Lord of Peace, by land and ocean Bind our world-wide realms in one, May they all with true devotion Gather round our ancient throne; While each heart this prayer shall bring, Guard our land and shield our King!</p> |
| <p>2 Lord of Joy, we stand confessing Wealth and honour come from Thee; Pour upon us of Thy blessing, May we all Thy mercy see; But should grief its shadow fling, Guard our land and shield our King!</p> | <p>4 Lord of lords, the God of Heaven, On our King Thy blessings show'r, May Thy strength to him be given, Guide and guard him by Thy pow'r; Then, where deathless triumphs ring, In Thy kingdom crown our King! Amen.</p> |

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

SMART.

6. 5., 12 lines.

H. SMART.



A-men.

Unity.

"There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism."—Eph. iv. 4, 5.

1 JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and Spirit,
Ever One in Thee.
We the cross are bearing,
Once on Jesus laid,
We the prayer are praying,
That our Master prayed.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and Spirit,
Ever One in Thee.

2 Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
E'en though faint and weary,
Waiting for the day,
When the Church uniting,
In one host shall fight
Gainst the power of darkness
In the Lord's own might.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and Spirit,
Ever One in Thee.

3 Thou, our heavenly Master,
Bid contentions cease ;
Thou, true Prince of Salem,
Give Thy children peace ;
Peace from God the Father,
Peace from God the Son,
Peace from God the Spirit,
From the Three in One.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and Spirit,
Ever One in Thee.

4 When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When the world is vanquished,
By the Church made One,
East and West together,
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and Spirit,
Ever One in Thee.

5 Praise we God the Father,
Praise the Son Who died,
Praise Him Who doth ever
In the Church abide ;
Praise through endless ages
In that Heaven be done,
Where the Three bear record,
And the Three are One.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and Spirit,
Ever One in Thee. Amen.

H. JENNER.

950 (FIRST TUNE.)

Unity.

CHENIES.

7.6.7.6. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

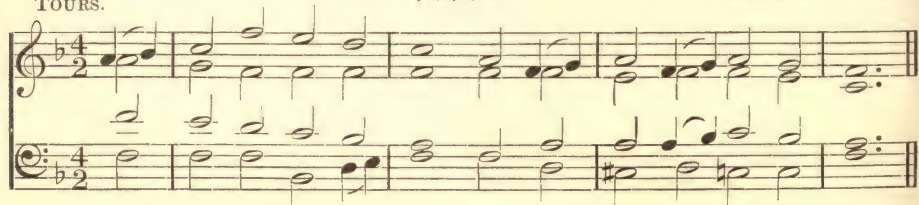


950 (SECOND TUNE.)

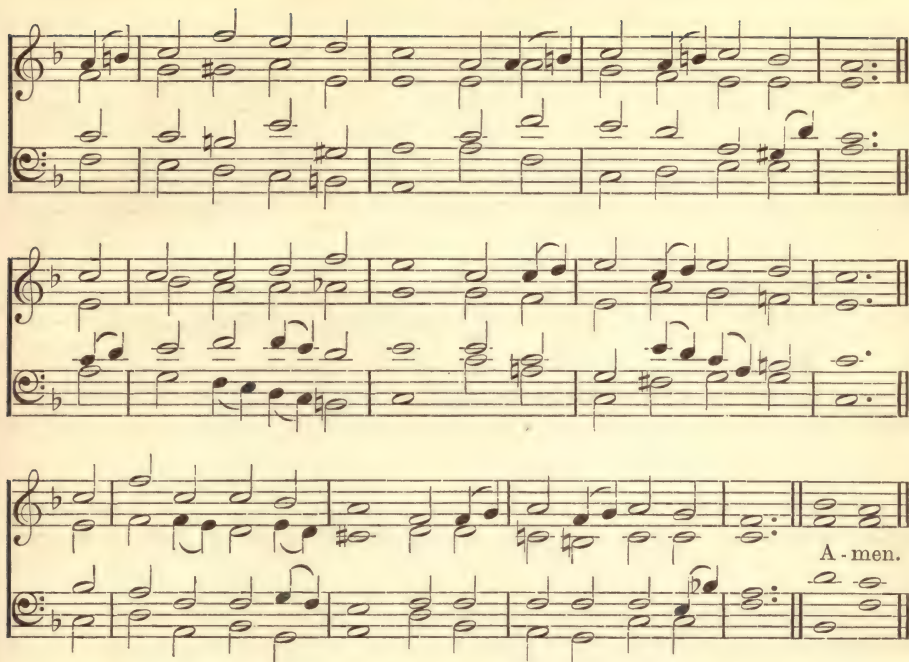
7.6.7.6. D.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

TOURS.



Unity.



That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me.—St. John xvii. 21.

1 WHEN 'mid the Church's anthems
 A note of discord wails,
 When love grows faint and weary
 And high endeavour fails,—
 Lord, o'er the strife 'mid brethren
 That leaves Thy work undone,
 Plead Thou before the Father
 That they may all be one.

2 Earth's mists before us gather,
 We know nor friend nor foe,
 Nor see the light that lighteth
 The way that we should go :
 In strife our strength is wasted,
 By hate our zeal outrun,
 Forgetful of Thy promise
 That we shall all be one.

3 Lord, from this strife 'mid brethren
 That own no Lord but Thee,
 Recall us to Thy promise,
 From rancour set us free :
 Forgetting things behind us,
 Lead forth to fields unwon,
 Teach us by Thy great Spirit
 That we in Thee are one. Amen.

W. WADE.

St. Alban

(ENGLAND'S FIRST MARTYR).

ST. ALBAN.

8.7., 12 lines.

J. F. BRIDGE.

^ ^ ^

v v v

A. men.

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St. Alban.

"Peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. v. 7-8.

1

ENGLAND, by thine own Saint Alban,
Put thy Christian heart to school :
Learn to sacrifice and suffer
By thy Proto-Martyr's rule.
Life in Christ is stern and selfless,
Gentle though it be and bright ;
Life in Christ is dying with Him,
Though in pure and living light.
England, by thine own Saint Alban,
Put thy Christian heart to school :
Learn to sacrifice and suffer
By thy Proto-Martyr's rule.

2

Meteor-like athwart the darkness
Flashes still the Signal Cross ;
Still the trumpet on the night-wind
Sounds the summons unto loss :
Yet how blessed is the losing,
And how stately is the war ;
And how beautiful the ending
In the bliss for evermore !
England, by thine own Saint Alban,
Put thy Christian heart to school :
Learn to sacrifice and suffer
By Thy Proto-Martyr's rule.

3

See! thy hero, prudence scorning,
All for noble pity dares :
Finds the priest he saved his prophet,
Meets "an angel unawares" :
Sits as at the feet of Jesus,
Soon is to His Laver led :
Then himself as on an altar
Offers in his Teacher's stead.
England, by thine own Saint Alban,
Put thy Christian heart to school :
Learn to sacrifice and suffer
By thy Proto-Martyr's rule.

4

"I am Christ's : I therefore suffer :
I am Christ's : I therefore die :
I am Christ's : so I am happy,
And my life is His on high " ;
Thus he faced the Roman's torture,
Youth, wealth, honour sacrificed ;
Losing thankfully the whole world
That he might be found in Christ.
England, by thine own Saint Alban,
Put thy Christian heart to school :
Learn to sacrifice and suffer
By thy Proto-Martyr's rule.

5

Primal Hero-Saint and Soldier !
Still thy story speeds us on :
Though, since thou didst bravely witness,
Twice eight hundred years have gone.
Lord, Who gavest him to England,
Grace like his to England give—
Grace to bear Thy cross with gladness,
Grace to die that we may live.
England, by thine own Saint Alban,
Put thy Christian heart to school :
Learn to sacrifice and suffer
By thy Proto-Martyr's rule.

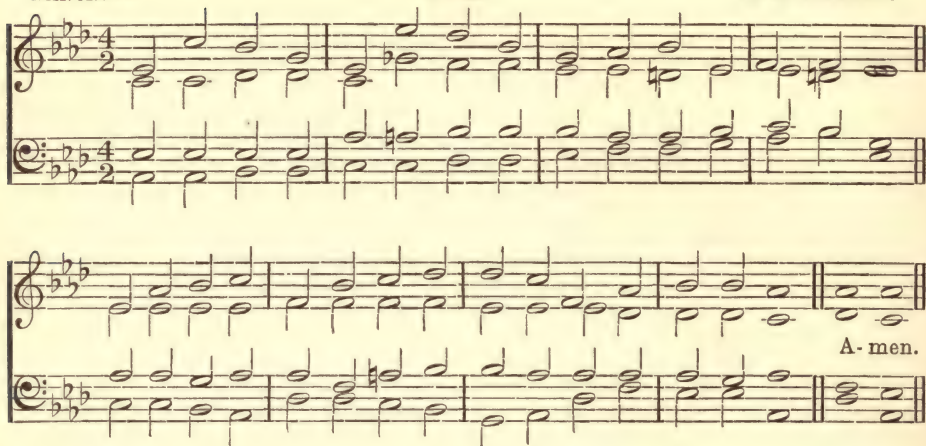
Amen.

S. J. STONE.

BANCROFT.

8.7.8.7.

G. M. GARRETT.



"Assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them."—Acts xvi. 10.

- 1 To a land from Christ's faith sunder'd
From a distant shore there came
Great Augustine, saint and hero,
God's glad gospel to proclaim.
- 2 To the Saxon King he journeyed,
Caring naught for wind and wave,
Told of One Who for men suffered,
Rose triumphant from the grave.
- 3 Soon the Pagan King he baptised,
Now no longer Satan's thrall,
And the people in their thousands
Came, obedient to his call.
- 4 Still the faith Augustine strove for,
Leading forth his fearless band,
Nothing changéd, nothing weakened,
Rules and sways our native land.
- 5 Keep us, Lord, both now and ever
In Thine all-embracing care,
Holding fast the faith we cherish,
Loyal to the Name we bear. Amen.

W. WADE.

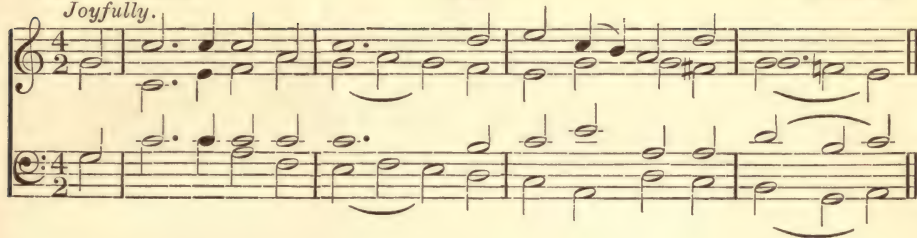
St. George

(PATRON SAINT).

DEUM VIDEBUNT.

S.M.

J. STAINER.

Joyfully.

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"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord: awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art Thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon?"—Isaiah li. 9.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Amid the ceaseless strife, 'Twixt evil and the good, [Divine, The Saints, sustained by strength Have aye their foes withstood.</p> <p>2 Despite the Pagan's frown, Or vengeful tyrant's sword, Or persecution's terrors dire,— Still stedfast in Thee, Lord.</p> <p>3 By Thee they right the wrong, By Thee the weak defend; Each haughty foeman quell'd by Thee Before Thy saints must bend.</p> <p>4 St. George, "The Martyr Great," The Church to-day recalls, Who "good confession witnessèd" 'Neath Nicomedia's walls.</p> | <p>5 Erst in the holy wars, In distant days of yore, His blood-red blazon on their breasts The British warriors bore.</p> <p>6 The conflict rages still, The Cross is raised on high, And soldiers of the Crucified Shall gain the victory.</p> <p>7 "Be followers of me," Christ's warrior seems to say; "E'en as 'twas mine to follow Him, Choose ye His side to-day."</p> <p>8 O Triune Deity, Make us Thy servants bold; "Vice to rebuke and truth confess," Like suffer'ing saints of old. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

S. CHILDS CLARK.

954 Hail! Festal Day. (Salve! Festa Dies.)

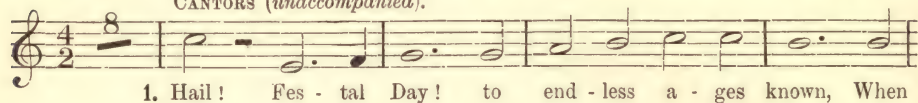
THE ANCIENT PROCESSION OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

EASTER.

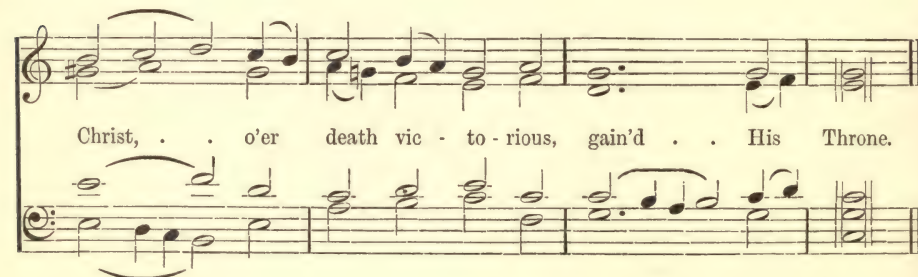
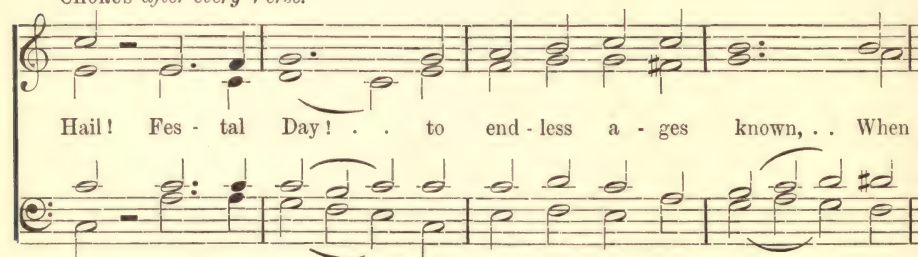
From the "Sarum Processionale." *Tr.* T. A. LACEY.

J. BADEN POWELL.

CANTORS (*unaccompanied*).



CHORUS after every Verse.



Copies of the accompaniment and complete music arrangement of these Salves can be had of
Novello and Co., Ltd. Price 3d. each.

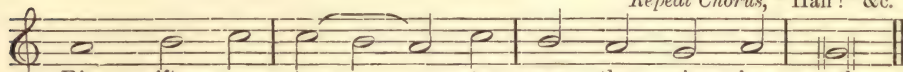
Hail! Festal Day.

CANTORS.



2. Now . . with the Lord . . of new and heaven - ly birth,
7. Cast . . off the grave - clothes; let them there re - main:

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



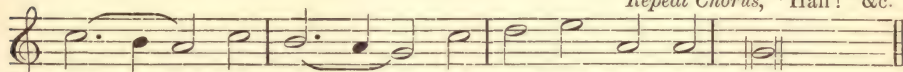
His gifts re - turn . . to grace the spring - ing earth.
Come forth to us, . . our All, our on - ly gain.

CANTORS.



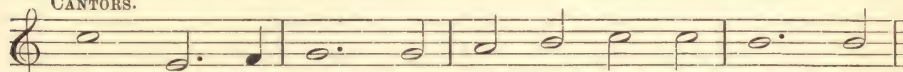
3. He reigns . . su - preme, . . Who died the death of shame; And
8. Cre - a - tor, Fount of Life, . . Thou know'st . . the grave; And
11. The shades of death are pierc'd, . . his laws . . un - done, And

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



all . . cre - a - ted things a - dore His Name.
thence . . re - turn - ing, Thou art strong to save.
trem - bling cha - os flees the ri - sing sun.

CANTORS.



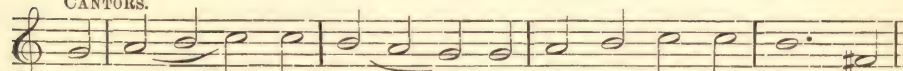
4. Ful - fil Thy prom - ise, King of Love, we pray, The
9. Light of the world! show us Thy face once more, The

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



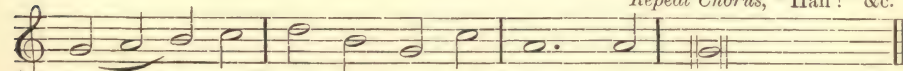
third . . morn bright - ens; rise, and come a - way.
day . . that died with Thee, to - day re - store.

CANTORS.



5. No mould - 'ring tomb . . shall hold Thee in re - pose; No
6. Who hold - est all . . things in Thy hal - low'd Hand, No
10. A count - less peo - ple, from death's bond - age freed, Own

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



stone . . the Ran - som of the world en - close.
rock . . y bar - rier can be - fore Thee stand.
Thee . . Re - deem - er, fol - low - ing Thy lead. *Verses 11 under 8.*

955 Hail! Festal Day. (Salve! Festa Dies.)

ASCENSION DAY.

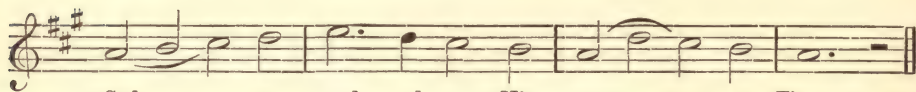
From the "Sarum Processionale." Tr. T. A. LACEY.

J. BADEN POWELL.

CANTORS.



1. Hail! Fes - tal Day! to end - less a - ges known; When



God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - - ry Throne.

CHORUS after every Verse.



Hail! Fes - tal Day! to end - less a - ges known; When



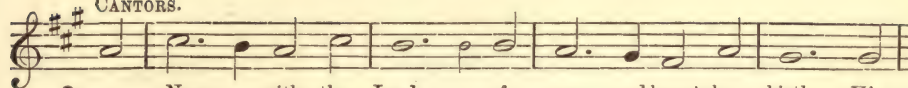
God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - - ry Throne.



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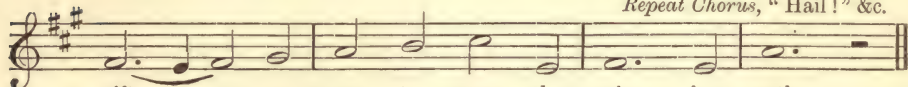
Hail! Festal Day.

CANTORS.



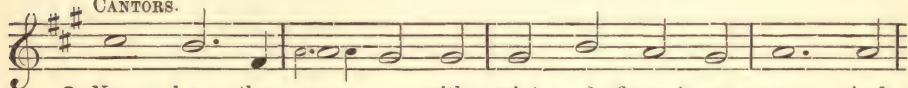
2. Now . . with the Lord of new and heav'nly birth, His
 5. The reign of Death o'er-thrown, He mounts . . on high; Sent
 8. Stain - less, and strong, and in Thine Arms sus - tain'd, Bear
 11. Co - e - qual, co - e - ter - nal, — Thou . . . to Whom The

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



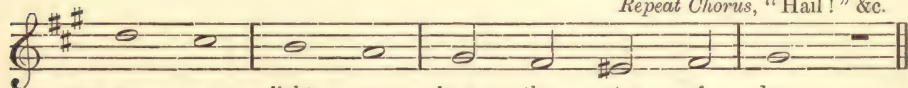
gifts . . . re - turn to grace the spring - ing earth.
 forth . . . with joy - ous praise from sea and sky.
 them . . . to God, an off - spring pure - ly gained.
 king - - - dom of the world de - creed shall come.

CANTORS.



2. Now glows the year with paint - ed flowers' ar - ray, And
 6. Loose now the cap - tives, — loose the pris - on door, The
 9. One wreath be Thine, that of Thy la - bour comes, And
 12. Thou, look - ing on our race in dark - - - ness laid, To

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



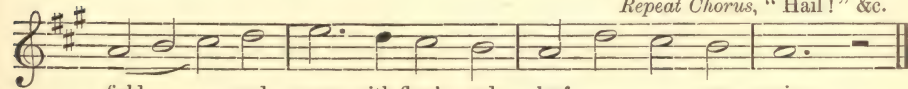
warm - er light un - bars the gates of day.
 fall - en from the deep to light re - store.
 one, that of Thy ran - som'd peo - ple blooms.
 res - cue man, Thy - self true man wast made.

CANTORS.



4. Now Christ from gloom - y Hell comes tri - - - umph - ing; And
 7. A count - less . . peo - ple from death's bond - age freed, Own
 10. Cre - a - tor, and Re - deem - er! Christ . . . our Light! The

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



field . . and grove with flow'r and leaf - - - age spring.
 Thee . . Re - deem - - - er, fol - low - ing Thy lead.
 One . . be - got - ten of the Fa - - - ther's might.

956 Hail! Festal Day. (Salve! Festa Dies.)

WHITSUNTIDE.

From "York Processionale." Tr. T. A. LACEY.

J. BADEN POWELL.

CANTORS.

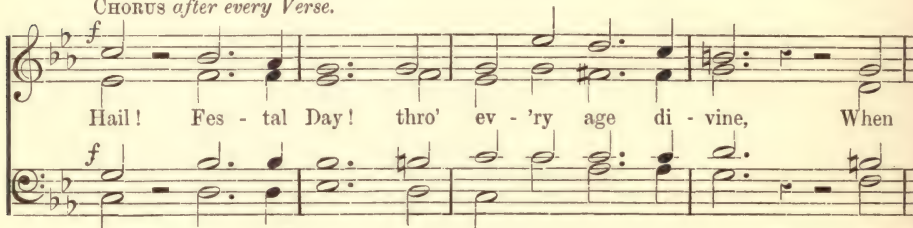


1. Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, When God's . . fair



grace from Heav'n on earth . . did shine : Hail! Fes - - tal Day di - vine.

CHORUS after every Verse.



Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, When



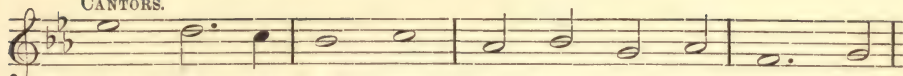
God's . . fair grace from Heav'n on earth . . did



shine : Hail! Fes - - tal Day . . . di - vine.

Hail! Festal Day.

CANTORS.



2. Lo! God the Spi - rit to th' A - pos - tles' hearts This
5. Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Ho - ly Fount of Light! Life -

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



day in form of fire . . . Him - self im - parts.
Giv - er! Fire of ra - - - diance ev - er bright!

CANTORS.



3. Forth from the Fa - ther bear - ing mys - tic powers,
6. Thou Good all good con - tain - ing, Peace di - vine!
8. Bid Heav'n - ly wis - dom all our thoughts em - ploy,

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



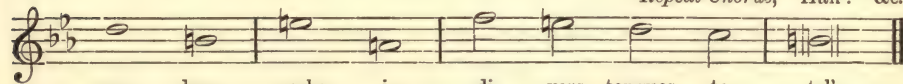
On hu - man hearts new strength He rich - ly showers.
Fill with Thy sweet - ness all these hearts of Thine.
A hid - den fore - taste of che - ru - bic joy.

CANTORS.



4. Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell, God's
7. Who fill - est all things, earth, and sky, and sea, Cleanse
9. On lips their liv - ing coal bid Se - raphs lay, That

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



won - drous works in di - vers tongues to tell.
Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee.
hearts with Thy pure love may burn al - way.

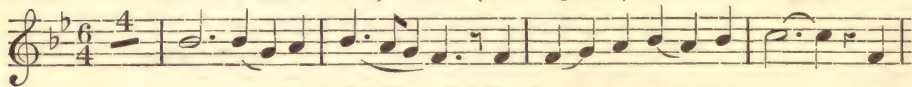
957 Hail! Festal Day. (Salve! Festa Dies.)

FEAST OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

From the "York Processionale." Tr. GERARD MOULTRIE.

J. BADEN POWELL.

CANTORS. 2 BARITONES, 1 TENOR (*unaccompanied*).



1. Hail! Fes - tal Day! . . in ev - 'ry age di - vine; . . Where-

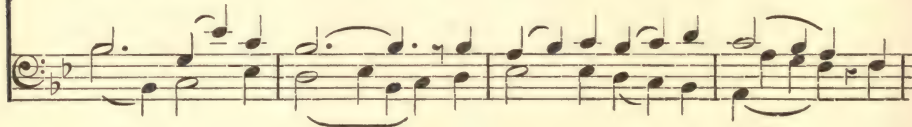


- in . . . God hal - - lows to . . Him-self a shrine.

CHORUS after every Verse.



Hail! Fes - tal Day! . . in ev - 'ry age di - vine; . . Where-



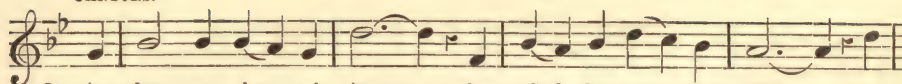
- in . . . God hal - - lows to . . Him-self . . a shrine.



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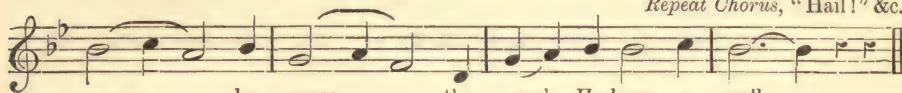
Hail! Festal Day.

CANTORS.



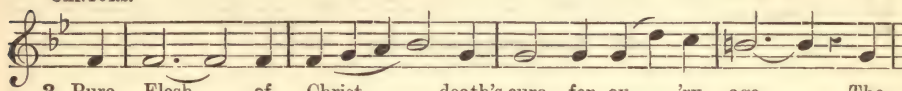
2. A day, a day of joy, . . . when God dis-hon-ours Hell, . . . And
5. The Bread, the Bread of An-gels, heaven's im-part-ed Food, . . . To
8. At sup-per, seat-ed, to . . . the twelve He gave, . . . His

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



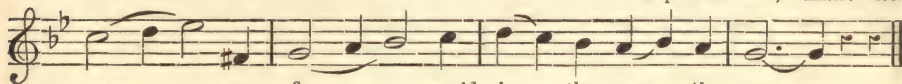
saves . . . by grace . . . the souls He loves so well. . .
sin - - ners death, . . . sal - va - tion to the good. . .
Bo - - dy with His Blood, from death, from death to save. . .

CANTORS.



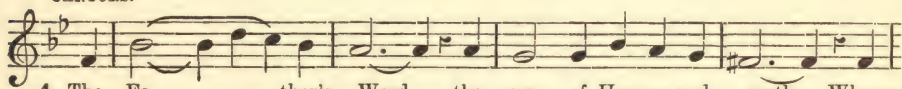
3. Pure Flesh . . . of Christ, . . . death's cure for ev - 'ry age, . . . The
6. True Bo - - dy, cen - tre of the u - ni - verse, . . . This
9. God's Wis - dom, sub - - stance of the Bless - ed Maid, . . . His
11. With hands . . . ex - tend - - ed, life for death He gave, . . . To

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



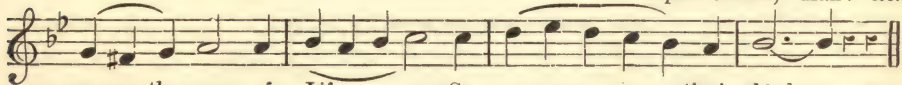
man - na fi - - gur'd in . . . the mys - tic page. . .
con - quers Hell, . . . re - deems us from the curse. . .
sa - - ving Vic - tim on . . . our al - tar laid. . .
life, . . . the third . . . day, rose He from the grave. . .

CANTORS.



4. The Fa - - ther's Word, the norm of Heaven and earth, Whence
7. He took . . . this Bo - dy - He th'In-car - nate Child Of
10. By death He con - quer'd death, by death . . . doth reign, The
12. Thee, Fount and Source of bless - ing, Thee . . . we . . . a - dore, O

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



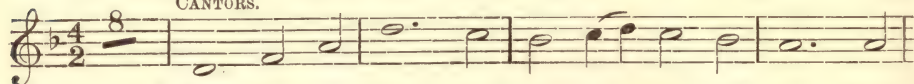
sprang the germ of Life, . . . Cre - a - - - tion's birth.
Ma - - - ry, Maid and Mo - ther un - de - filed.
Blood . . . and Wa - - - ter pu - ri - fy our stain.
grant . . . us Light . . . that fades not ev - er - more.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

From "York Processionale." Tr. GERARD MOULTRIE.

J. BADEN POWELL.

CANTORS.



1. Hail! Festal Day! Hail! ever... sacred tide, Where-

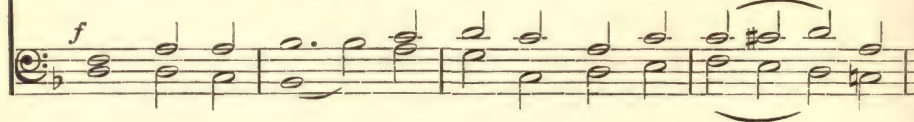


- in . . . the Bride-groom weds the Church, . . . His Bride.

CHORUS after every Verse.



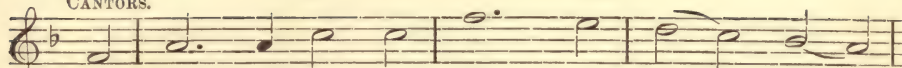
Hail! Festal Day! Hail! ever sacred tide, . . . Where -



- in . . . the Bride-groom weds the Church, . . . His Bride.

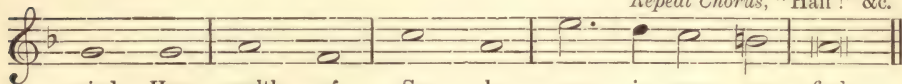
Hail ! Festal Day.

CANTORS.



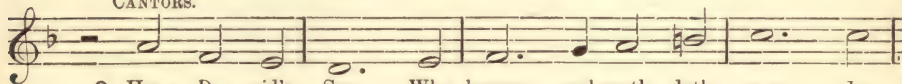
2. This is the court of God ; the cra - - ving . .
 5. Here New Je - ru - sa - lem, all pure . . and . .
 8. This is the Ark of God, which goes . . be - .

Repeat Chorus, "Hail !" &c.



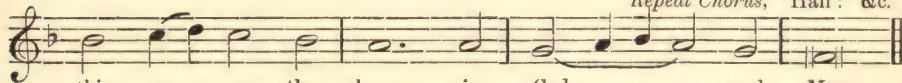
mind Here wealth of So - lo - mon in peace may find.
 bright, De - scends from God, in bri - dal ves - ture dight.
 - fore Our steps, ad - vanc - ing on from shore to shore.

CANTORS.



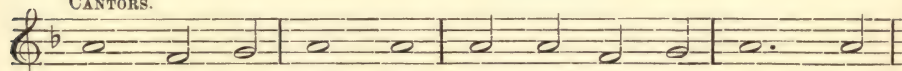
3. Here Da - vid's Son, Who heaven and earth doth span, In
 6. The King of Right - eous - ness, with - in this place, From
 9. Here Ja - cob's lad - der points the heaven - ly way ; Here

Repeat Chorus, "Hail !" &c.



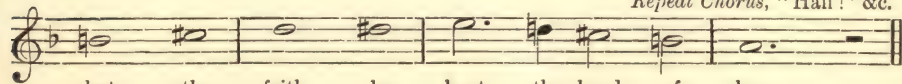
this our . . mo - ther - home is God . . and Man.
 heaven . . . be - stows the font's bap - tis - mal grace.
 we as - cend to life's e - ter - - nal day.

CANTORS.



4. Ye have a har - mo - ny with heaven a - bove, If
 7. 'Tis here the soul draws nigh to Da - vid's shrine, Here

Repeat Chorus, "Hail !" &c.



but the faith be kept, the bond of love.
 finds the pled - ges mys - ti - cal, di - vine.

959 Hail! Festal Day. (Salve! Festa Dies.)

FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME.

From "Sarum Processionale." Tr. W. WADE.

E. W. NAYLOR.

CHORUS after every Verse.

1. Hail! Festal Day! re-noun'd for ever-more,

On which the . . Name of Je-sus we a-dore.

VERSES 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.

Org.

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2 All things in heaven and earth confess His fame,
And Hell's dark portals tremble at His Name.

Hail! &c.

4 Hell's legions it destroys and puts to flight,
It saves the guilty, shields them with its might.

Hail, &c.

6 "I am the Saviour," Jesus to us saith,
For His dear flock obedient unto death.

Hail, &c.

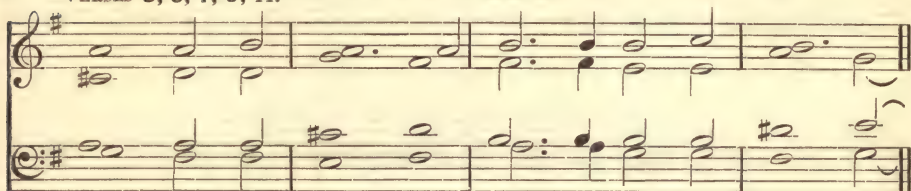
Hail! Festal Day.

8 To those who mourn it bringeth joy, for tears
Hath comfort, stilleth warfare's cruel fears.
Hail! &c.

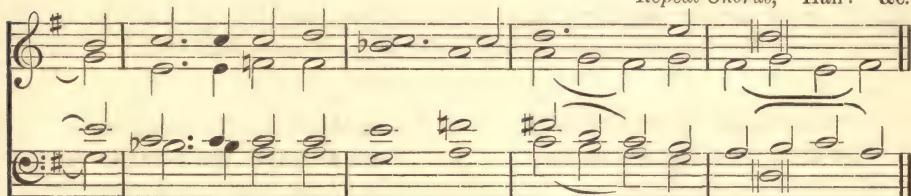
10 Ask why this Name awakes our praise to-day,
" 'Tis well, for He is God and man," we say.
Hail! &c.

12 When life is ended, when Thy face we see,
May we, O Jesus, ever reign with Thee.
Hail! &c.

VERSES 3, 5, 7, 9, 11.



Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.



3 O Name most holy, Name of mightiest worth,
Transcending every name in heaven and earth!
Hail! &c.

5 Sweet Name of names, to every heart it brings
New life and joy, sweet thoughts of heavenly things.
Hail! &c.

7 On upright hearts and true is written clear,
Traced with love's passion, this great Name most dear.
Hail! &c.

9 O Jesus, throned in might, Whom none may see,
Sinless and gentle, make us like to Thee.
Hail! &c.

11 O Thou Who art as God uplifted high,
Give heed, we pray, to this Thy servants' cry.
Hail! &c.

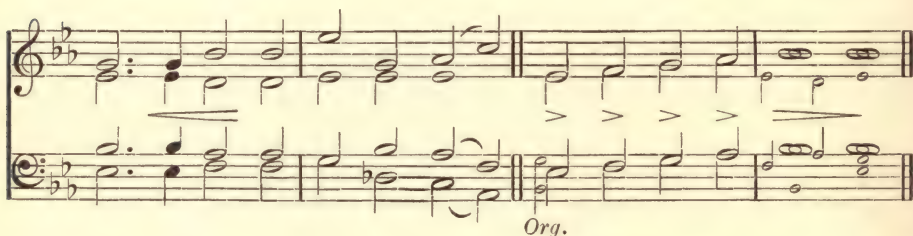
FOR USE AT SERVICES OF INTERCESSION.

Verses marked A, Home Missions ; B, Foreign Missions.

CLOISTERS.

7.7.7.6.

J. BARNBY.



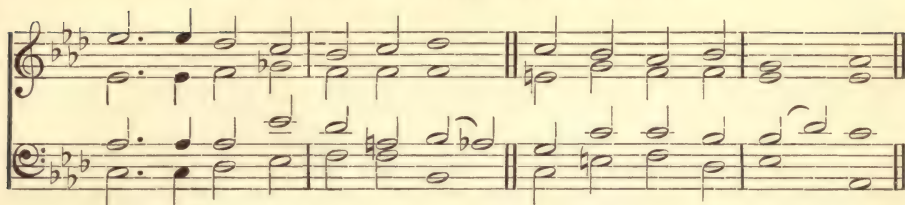
1 God the Father, throned on high,
Who didst send Thy son to die
For our sin and misery,
Hear us, Holy Father.

2 God the Son, Who wert indeed
Born at length the woman's seed,
Thou Who hast Thy servants freed,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 God the Spirit, ever nigh,
Thou Who hear'st the contrite cry,
Ever plead for us on high,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.



Children's Litany for Missions.



4 For Thy Church we humbly pray,
In her warfare day by day,
Be Thou still her strength and stay,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Purge her from all spot and stain,
May she victory attain,
Lift her to Thy side to reign,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May Thy flock be ever fed
With the true and living bread;
Let not error lift its head,
We beseech Thee, hear us.



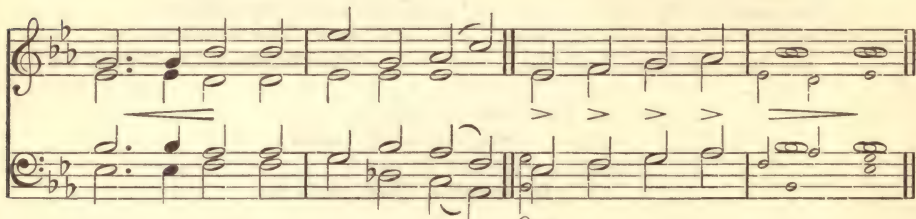
7 Give us grace and zeal aflame
For the glory of Thy name,
For the empire Thou dost claim,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Into fields to harvest white,
Send forth those who in Thy might
Shall restore lost souls to light,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Strengthen them in hours of need,
Keep them pure in word and deed,
Give them grace, we humbly plead,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

[Continued on next page.]

960 (continued.) Children's Litany for Missions.



Org.

Verses marked A, Home Missions; B, Foreign Missions.

A 10 May the haunts of sin and shame,
Through the glory of Thy Name,
Dying souls no longer claim,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

B 10 May the souls in Satan's thrall,
Hear from far Thy joyous call,
At Thy feet in worship fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

A 11 Let the sinful souls that stray
On the broad and narrow way,
Turn to Thee while yet they may,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

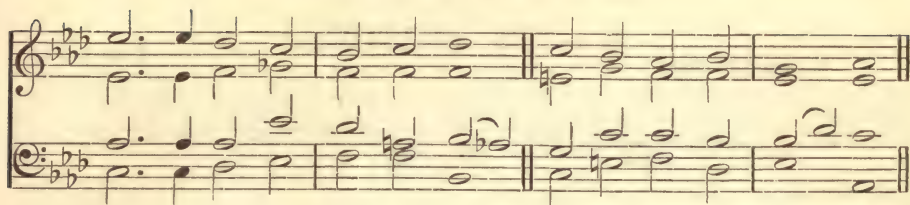
B 11 Where false gods have held their
Shed abroad the Gospel ray, [sway
Till there break the perfect day,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

A 12 May the Gospel news be borne
Where in misery forlorn
Still the little children mourn,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

B 12 Gather from earth's farthest shore
Thine elect, to stray no more,
But to worship and adore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.



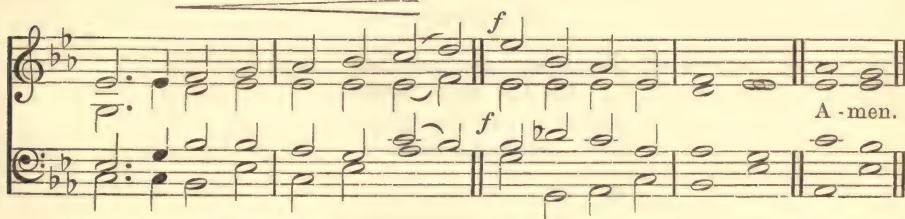
Children's Litany for Missions.



13 Not for earthly gifts we plead,
But for those we intercede
Who Thy loving mercy need,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that did not scorn
Scourge and bitter crown of thorn,
Nor cruel death for sinners borne,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 By the blood for us outpoured,
Pledge of Paradise restored,
Jesu, by Thy saints adored,
We beseech Thee, hear us.



16 While in earthly courts we pray,
Till the shadows flee away,
Till there dawn the endless day,
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

W. WADE.

I.—THE QUESTION.

J. STAINER.

8 Bars Prelude.

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- 1 In His own raiment clad—
With His blood dyed;
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.
- 2 Heavy that Cross to Him—
Weary the weight—
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.
- 3 See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.
- 4 Oh, whither wandering,
Bear they that tree?
He Who first carries it,
Who is He?

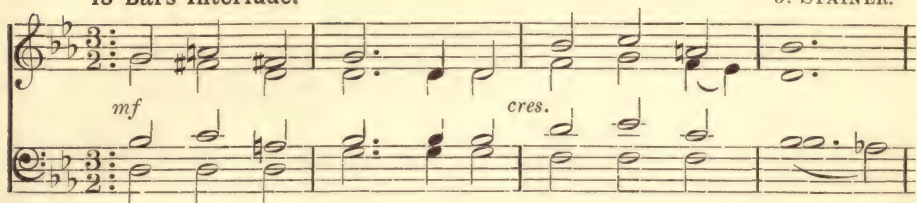
For the complete Edition, containing the Organ Interludes, see *Novello's Octavo Anthems*,
No. 452, price 3d.

The Story of the Cross.

II.—THE ANSWER.

13 Bars Interlude.

J. STAINER.



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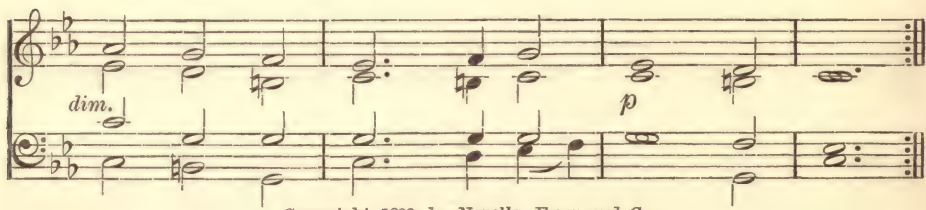
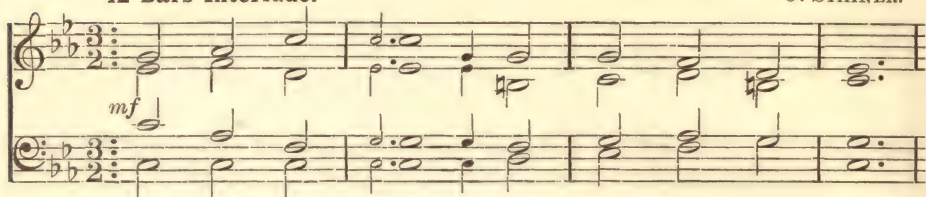
- 1 FOLLOW to Calvary—
Tread where He trod—
He Who for ever was
Son of God.
- 2 You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His face;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.
- 3 As the swift moments fly
Through the Blest Week,
Read the great story the
Cross will speak.
- 4 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by
In that lone Figure which
Marks the sky?

[Continued on next page.

III.—THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

12 Bars Interlude.

J. STAINER.



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- 1 ON the Cross lifted,
Thy face we scan—
Bearing that Cross for us,
Son of Man.
- 2 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne—
For us Thy blood is shed—
Us alone.
- 3 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head—
Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.
- 4 Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

Unison.

- mf* 5 Shadows of midnight fall,
f Though it is day—
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

- Unison.
f 6 Loud is Thy bitter cry :
dim. Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding Head
Without rest.

- Unison.
f 7 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me ?

- Harmony.
p 8 Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Call'st Thine own.

- 9 I see Thy Title, Lord,
Inscribed above—
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love!

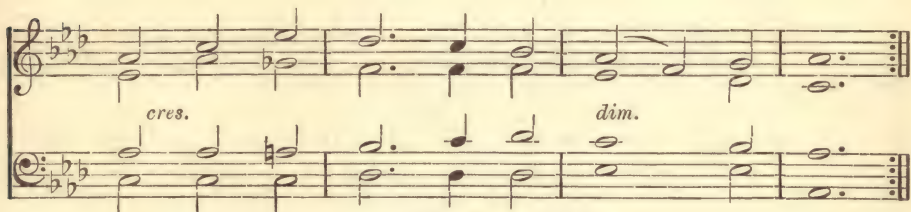
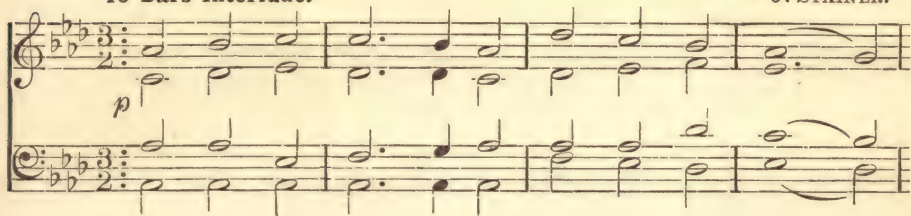
- 10 What, O my Saviour !
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me ?

The Story of the Cross.

IV.—THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS.

16 Bars Interlude.

J. STAINER.



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p 1 CHILD of My grief and pain—
 Watched by My love,
 I came to call thee to
 Realms above.

2 I saw thee wandering
 Far off from Me:
 In love I seek for thee—
 Do not flee.

3 For thee My blood I shed—
 For thee alone:
 I came to purchase thee
 For Mine own.

4 Weep not for *My* grief,
 Child of My love—
 Strive to be with Me in
 Heaven above.

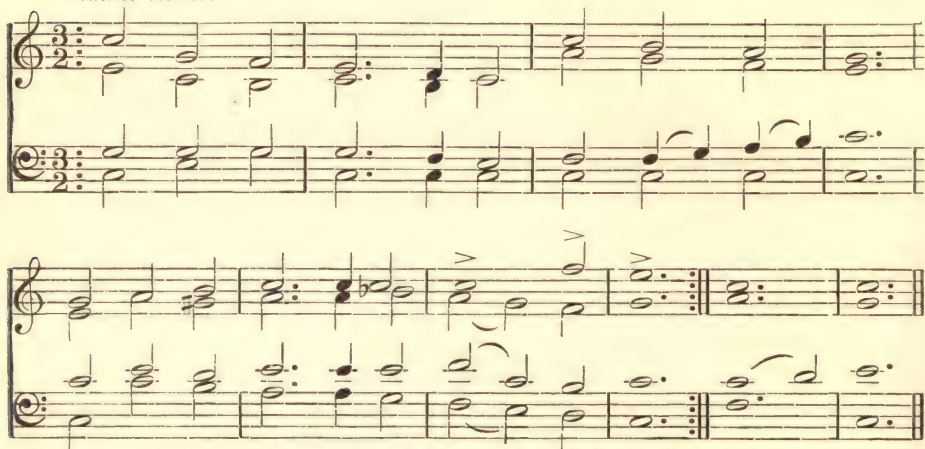
[Continued on next page.

V.—OUR CRY TO JESUS.

14 Bars Interlude.

Rather slower.

J. STAINER.



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer and Co.

f 1 Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.

mf 2 Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

mp 3 Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

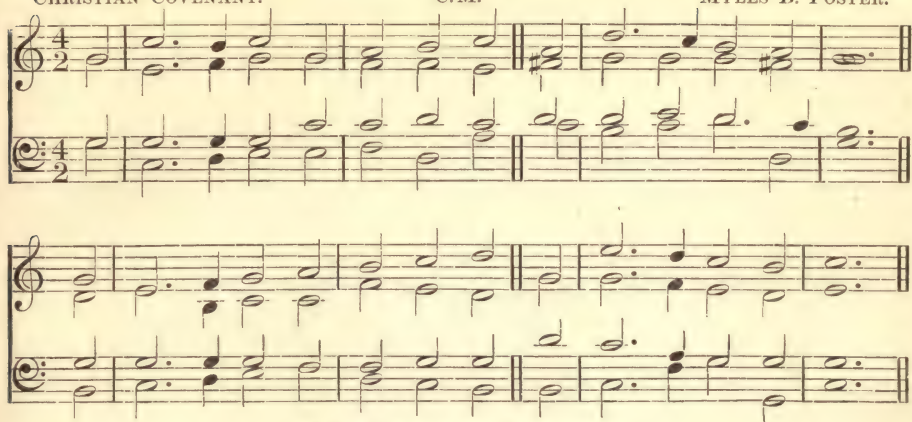
ff 4 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee:
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be. Amen.

E. MONRO.

CHRISTIAN COVENANT.

C.M.

MYLES B. FOSTER.



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THE COVENANT.

- 1 WHEN, brought by sponsors to the Font,
My Christian name was given,
A member I was made of Christ,
God's child, and heir of heaven.
- 2 Three things my sponsors, standing by,
Did promise then for me:—
From Satan's works, from worldly pomps,
And sinful lusts to flee;
- 3 The Christian Creed, the one true Faith,
To hold for ever fast;
And God's Commandments to obey,
As long as life shall last.
- 4 This is the Christian covenant,
The bond 'twixt God and man,
Which I must ever strive to keep,
As by God's help I can.
- 5 I thank my God, and meekly pray,
That through my Saviour dear,
I may in His salvation's path
Have grace to persevere.

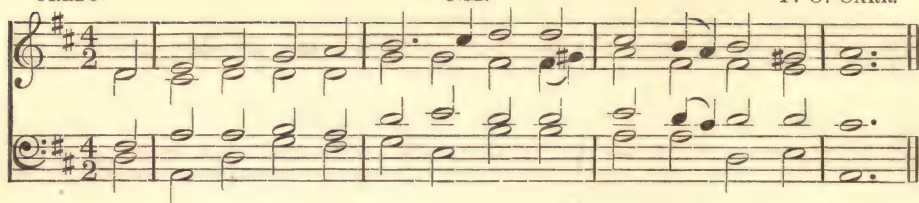
H. L. AND A. JENNER.

From a complete arrangement by Myles B. Foster. Novello and Company, Limited. Price 3d.

CREDO.

C.M.

F. O. CARR.



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FAITH.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 IN God the Father I believe, Who heaven and earth did make ; And in His dear Son Jesus Christ, Incarnate for our sake.</p> <p>2 Conceived by the Holy Ghost, And born of Virgin pure ; Both Cross and Death, when Pilate For us He did endure. [ruled,</p> <p>3 His Body buried in the tomb, His soul went down to hell ; The third day He arose again, As Scripture did foretell.</p> <p>4 Ascending after forty days, He sits at God's right hand, Till Judgment calls the quick and dead Before His throne to stand.</p> | <p>5 I in the Holy Ghost believe, As God by all adored ; And One Church Catholic confess, The Body of our Lord.</p> <p>6 Also the Fellowship of Saints ; For sins forgiveness free ; The body's rising, and the life Through all eternity.</p> <p>7 One God, in Persons Three revealed, I learn to love and fear : The Almighty Father, Who hath made All things, both far and near ;</p> <p>8 The Eternal Son, Who gave Himself A ransom for my sin ; The Holy Ghost, Who sanctifies, And keeps me pure within.</p> |
|--|--|
- 9 As thus his lips the truth proclaim,
So may each Christian child
Faith in this blessed Trinity
Keep whole and undefiled.

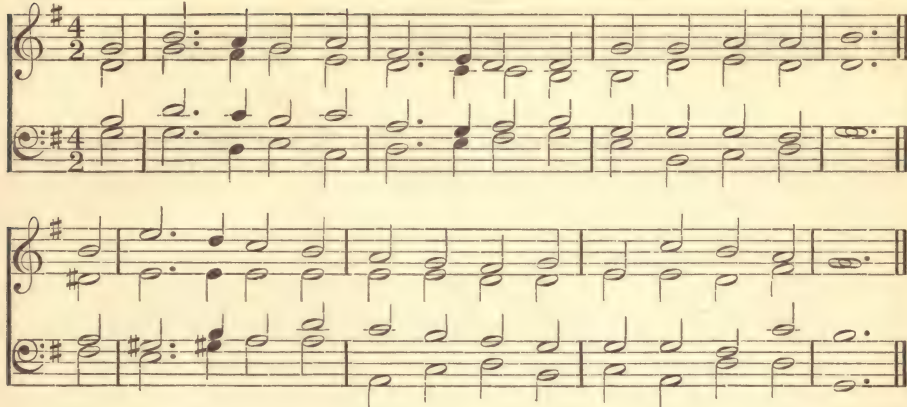
H. L. AND A. JENNER.



ST. WINIFRED.

C.M.

Arranged by C. W. A. BROOKE.



PRAYER.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 "Lord, teach us how to pray," 'twas thus Of old the Apostles cried ; He taught the prayer we call His own, Upon the mountain side.</p> <p>2 Prayer is the lifting of the heart From earth to God on high ; The spirit's breathing, and the wings Of faith and charity.</p> <p>3 Our Father—thus He bids us pray— Who fillest earth and heaven, To Thy great Name all reverence, All thanks and praise be given.</p> <p>4 Thy kingdom come, Thy heavenly reign ; O hasten, Lord, the day When all the kingdoms of the world Shall own Thy sovereign sway.</p> | <p>5 Grant us obedience here on earth To work Thy will in love, As Angels and Archangels do Who serve and wait above.</p> <p>6 Give us our daily bread, and all That soul and body need ; Above all, with the Bread of Life Thy children ever feed.</p> <p>7 Our trespasses, the load of guilt, The debt we ne'er can pay, As we forgive our brother's sin, Do Thou, Lord, put away.</p> <p>8 Oh, keep us from all sin, and from Our ghostly enemy ; And save us from eternal death, Sin's awful penalty.</p> |
|---|---|
- 9 For His Name's sake, Whose precious Blood
Was for our sins outpoured,
In mercy hear our humble prayer ;
Amen. So be it Lord.

H. L. AND A. JENNER.

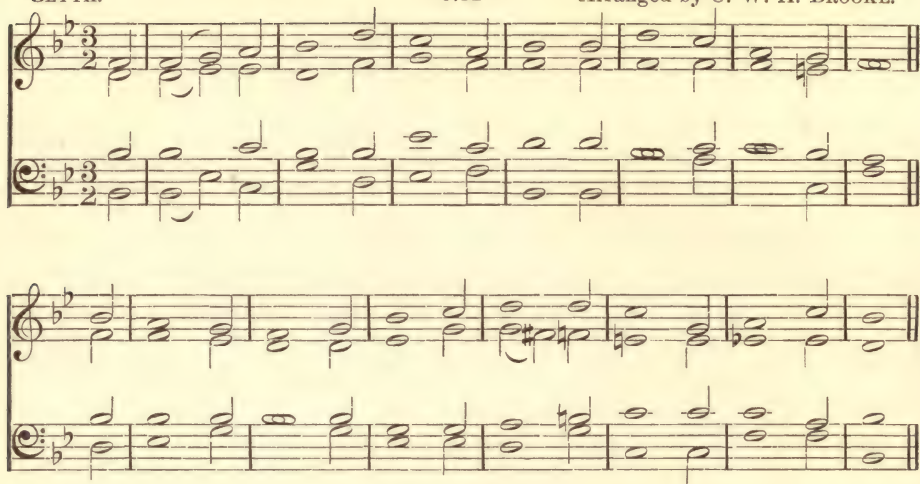


* For No. 964 see next page.

BLYTH.

C.M.

Arranged by C. W. A. BROOKE.



DUTY.

INTRODUCTION.

- a** WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
From Pharaoh's bondage freed,
God gave them laws to rule their life,
In thought, and word, and deed.
- b** The Ten Commandments, by the light
The Gospel doth impart,
On stony tables graven then,
He now writes on our heart.
- c** For Christ, our Moses, Who has saved
From Satan's power His own,
Has taught us how to keep His law
By love, and love alone.

To God.

- 1** THE love of God demands from us
(O Christian Israel, hear !)
One God alone, the Lord most high,
To worship and to fear.
- 2** The love of God allows to none
That which to Him is due ;
It keeps the ancient ways, and shuns
All worship strange and new.
- 3** The love of God preserves our lips
From oaths, and words of shame ;
And bids us honour holy things,
Nor lightly breathe His Name.
- 4** The love of God inclines our heart
The God of love to praise ;
To serve Him truly all our life,
And keep His holy days.

Catechism Verses.

TO ONE'S NEIGHBOUR.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 So heavenly love will teach us how All honour due to give To parents, pastors, King, and all Beneath whose rule we live.</p> <p>6 Love angry words and deeds will check, And guard our hearts within From malice, hatred, envious thoughts, Which lead from sin to sin.</p> <p>7 Since temples of the Holy Ghost, The source of love, are we, Our souls and bodies love will keep In perfect purity.</p> | <p>8 In all our dealings, each with each, Love makes us just and true,— Doing to others as we would That they to us should do.</p> <p>9 From evil speaking, idle tales, Which work our brother's ill, Love will preserve us, and will bid The unruly tongue be still.</p> <p>10 Love checks inordinate desire, And thankless murmuring; Makes duty plain, and manifests God's love in everything.</p> |
|---|---|

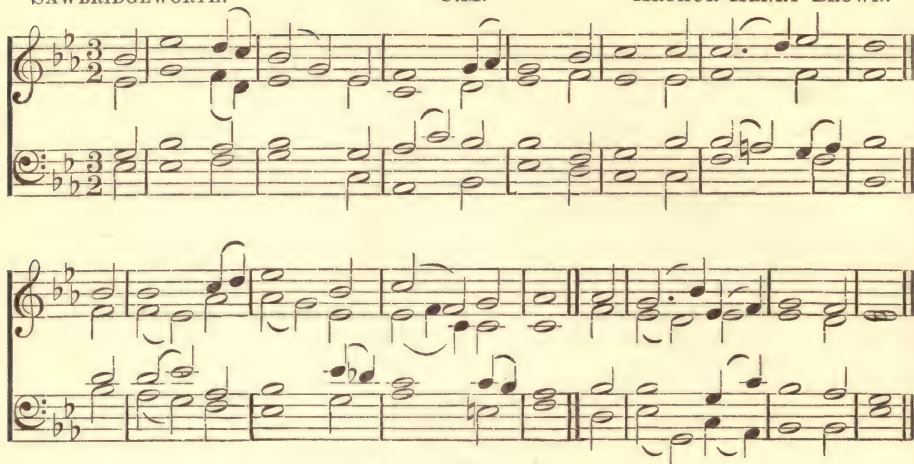
H. L. AND A. JENNER.



SAWBRIDGEWORTH.

C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



THE SACRAMENTS.

- 1 OUR Saviour Christ did in His Church
Two Sacraments ordain,
As needful for all those who would
His free salvation gain.
- 2 His holy Baptism, foremost step
In every Christian's life;
And that blest Sacrament which gives
Help in the daily strife.
- 3 What meaneth this word Sacrament?
What tells it to our hearts?
It tells of Christ's own outward sign,
Which inward grace imparts.

BAPTISM.

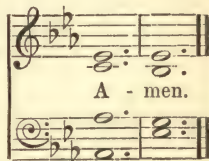
- 4 In Baptism, first, the outward sign
Is "Water and the Word,"—
The washing, in the threefold Name,
Ordained by Christ the Lord.
- 5 The new birth then, the inward grace,
Doth sinful man receive,
By nature child of wrath, he now
As child of grace doth live.

Catechism Verses.

- 6 All those who seek this heavenly birth,
Two things must with them bring,—
Repentance and true Faith whereby
To God's pledged word they cling.
- 7 And as when infants are baptised,
These things cannot be found,
The sponsors must pronounce the vow
By which the child is bound.

HOLY COMMUNION.

- 8 The Blessed Sacrament of Love
Appears before us now,
Where He draws nigh, before Whose face
All things created bow.
- 9 In memory of His saving Death,
Here Christ, the great High Priest,
Himself a Sacrifice presents,
And bids us on Him feast.
- 10 The outward part which we behold,
Before our eyes displayed,
Is Bread and Wine by Him ordained,
And on the Altar laid.
- 11 And this the holy inward part,
Unseen by mortal eye,
The Body and the Blood of Him
Who came for us to die.
- 12 Thus as our bodies frail are fed
By simple bread and wine,
So from His Flesh and Blood our souls
Draw nourishment divine.
- 13 What need they who would worthily
Of this blest Food partake?
Repentance true, firm faith in Him
Who suffered for their sake;
- 14 The thought of His most precious Death
Kept thankfully in mind;
The will to mend their life, and be
To all men true and kind.



H. L. AND A. JENNER.

DOMINE, DIRIGE NOS.

Lord,

Dr. S. S. WESLEY.

Lead me, Lord, Lord, lead me in Thy right-eousness,
Lord, . .

make Thy way plain be - fore my face: For it is Thou, Lord,

Thou, Lord, on - ly that ma - kest me dwell in . . safe - ty.

From the Anthem "Praise the Lord, my soul," by Dr. S. S. Wesley, published by
Novello & Co., Ltd.

L' AUTEL.

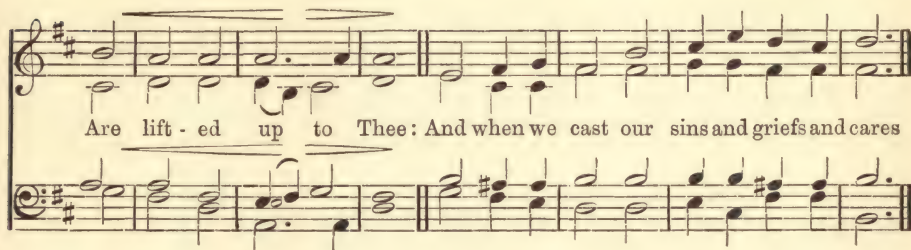
FELIX W. MORLEY.

O Thou, Who with the al-tar's liv-ing coal, Didst touch I - sa - iah's

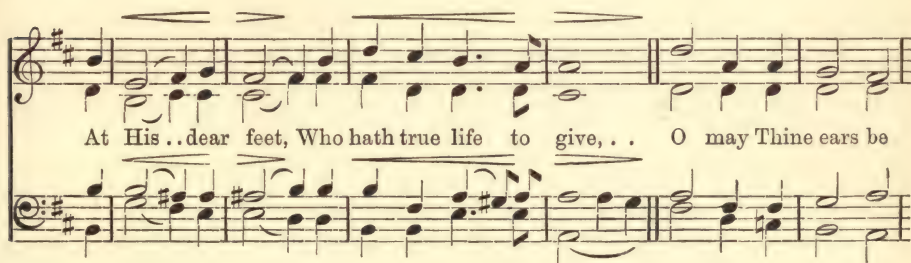
Vestry Hymns before Service.



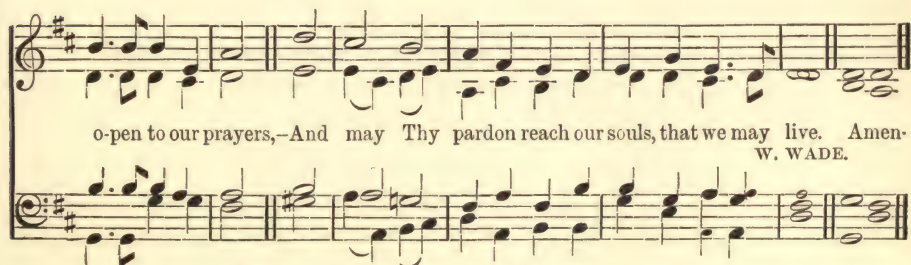
lips in a - ges past, Be with us now, when heart and voice and soul



Are lift - ed up to Thee: And when we cast our sins and griefs and cares



At His .. dear feet, Who hath true life to give, . . O may Thine ears be



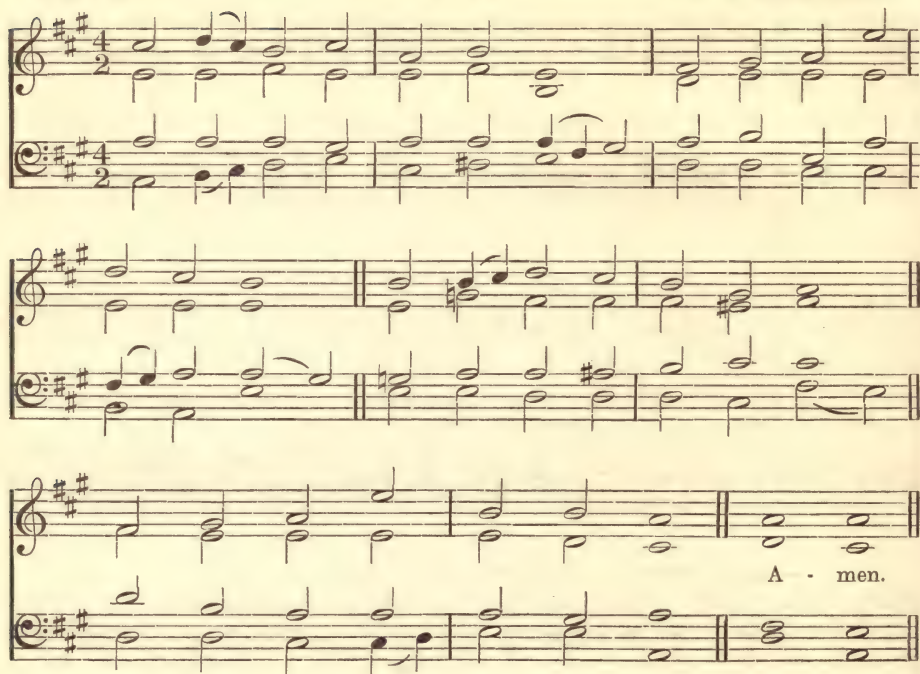
o - pen to our prayers, - And may Thy pardon reach our souls, that we may live. Amen.
W. WADE.

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ELEANOR.

7.7.7.7.

C. A. ENGELHARDT.



- 1 JESUS, we Thy promise claim;
We are gathered in Thy name!
In the midst do Thou appear;
Manifest Thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come and dwell within each heart;
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet—
Meet to stand before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

VESPERS. (FIRST TUNE.)

S.M.

Adapted from BEETHOVEN.
(Harmony by JOHN E. WEST.)

pp *Rather slowly.*

Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from ev - 'ry fear;

cres. *dim.*

May An - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pear. A - men.

cres. *dim.*

IN MEMORIAM. (SECOND TUNE.)

S.M.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Slowly. ♩ = 69.

p

Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from ev - 'ry fear,

p

pp *rall.*

May An - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pear. A - men.

rall. *pp*

Vesper Hymns for the close of Service.

(To be sung unaccompanied.)

HIDE ME.

JOHN E. WEST.

Andantenon troppo. $\text{♩} = 76.$ *pp legato.*

Hide me un - der the shad - ow of Thy wings, O

Lord, . . . and give Thine an - gels charge . . . con-cern-ing

poco cres.

Lord, and give Thine an - gels charge, con - cern - ing charge . . . con-cern-ing

poco cres.

Lord, . . . and give Thine an - gels charge con - cern - ing

me:

That I may lie down in

mf *dim.*

me: That I may lie down in

me:

That I . . . may lie down in

me:

That I may lie down in

mf *dim.*

me: That I may lie down . . . in peace, . . .

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Vesper Hymns for the close of Service.

peace, and take my rest, . . . for it . . . is
 peace, and take my rest, . . .
 peace, . . . and take my rest, . . .
 . . . in peace, . . . and take my rest, . . .

Thou, Lord, . . . for it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, that
 . . . for it is Thou, it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, that
 . . . for it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, that

ma - kest me to dwell . . . in safe - - - ty.
 ma - kest me to dwell in safe - - - ty.
 ma - kest me . . . to dwell in safe - - - ty.

* The small notes should be sung by 2nd Basses, if possible.

SILENTIA.

Anon.

pp

Si - lent-ly, soft - ly fall - eth the night, Dark-ness sur-rounds me, be

pp

Thou my Light; Peace - ful - ly sleep - ing soon shall I .. be, . . .

cres.

O be Thou ev - er near un - to me: Guard from all dan - gers Thy

cres.

pp

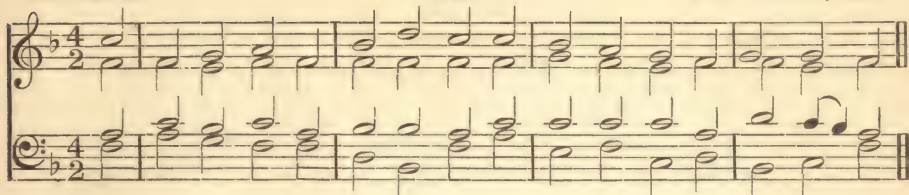
cres.

child, and may we Wake with bright vi - sions of Heav'n and Thee. A - men.

cres.

ROCHESTER.

L.M.

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

BLESS, Lord, these gifts, we meekly pray
 Who humbly trust Thy holy Word,
 And may we serve Thee day by day,
 Through Jesus Christ our risen Lord. Amen.

or

W. WADE.

BE present at our table Lord ;
 Be here and everywhere adored ;
 Bless these Thy gifts, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

J. CENNICK.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

WE thank Thee, Lord, Who from above
 Sendest good gifts from out Thy store,
 O may we thank and praise Thy love
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

or

W. WADE.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
 For life and health and every good ;
 May manna to our souls be given,
 The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven. Amen.

J. CENNICK.

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